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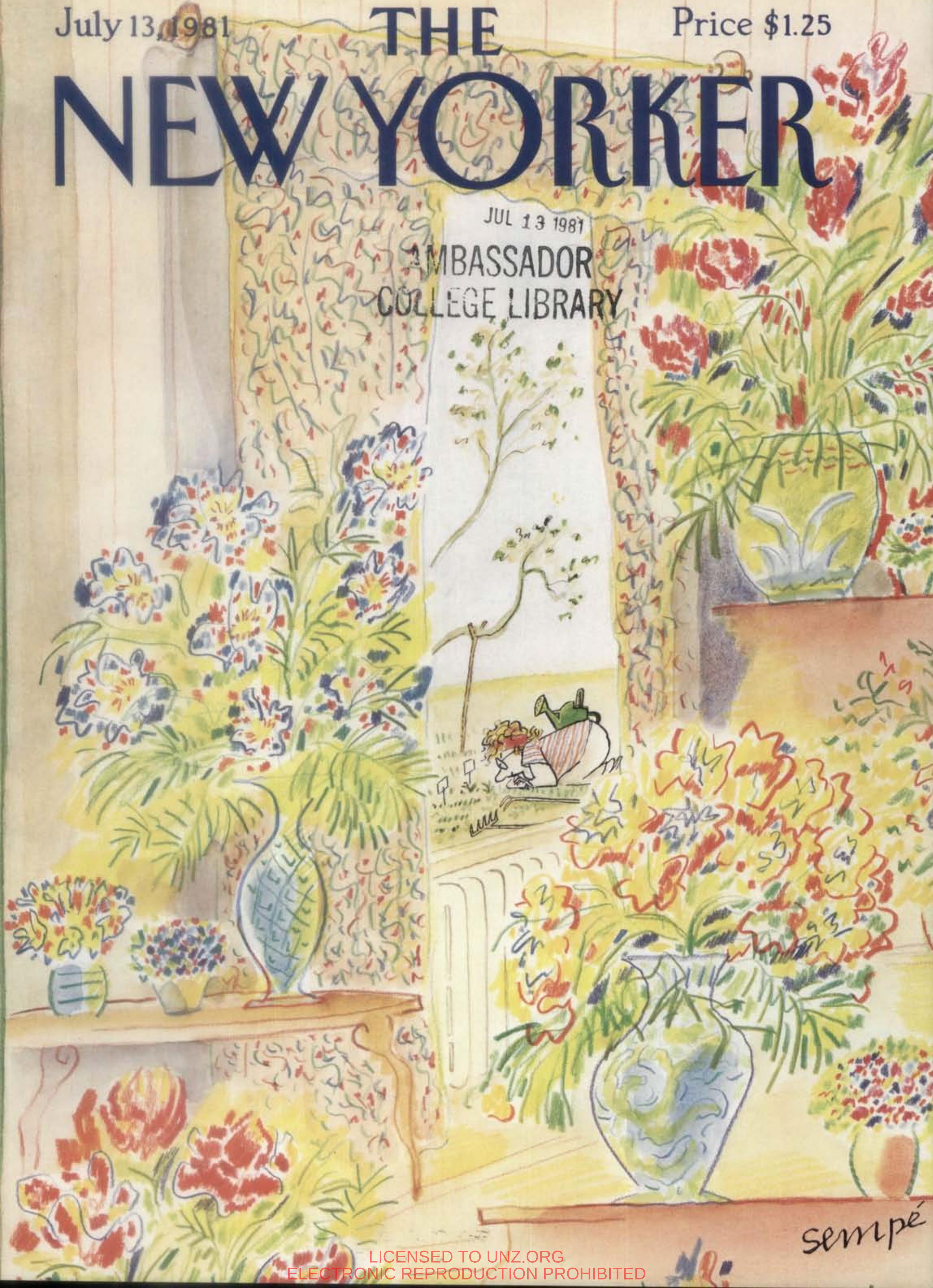

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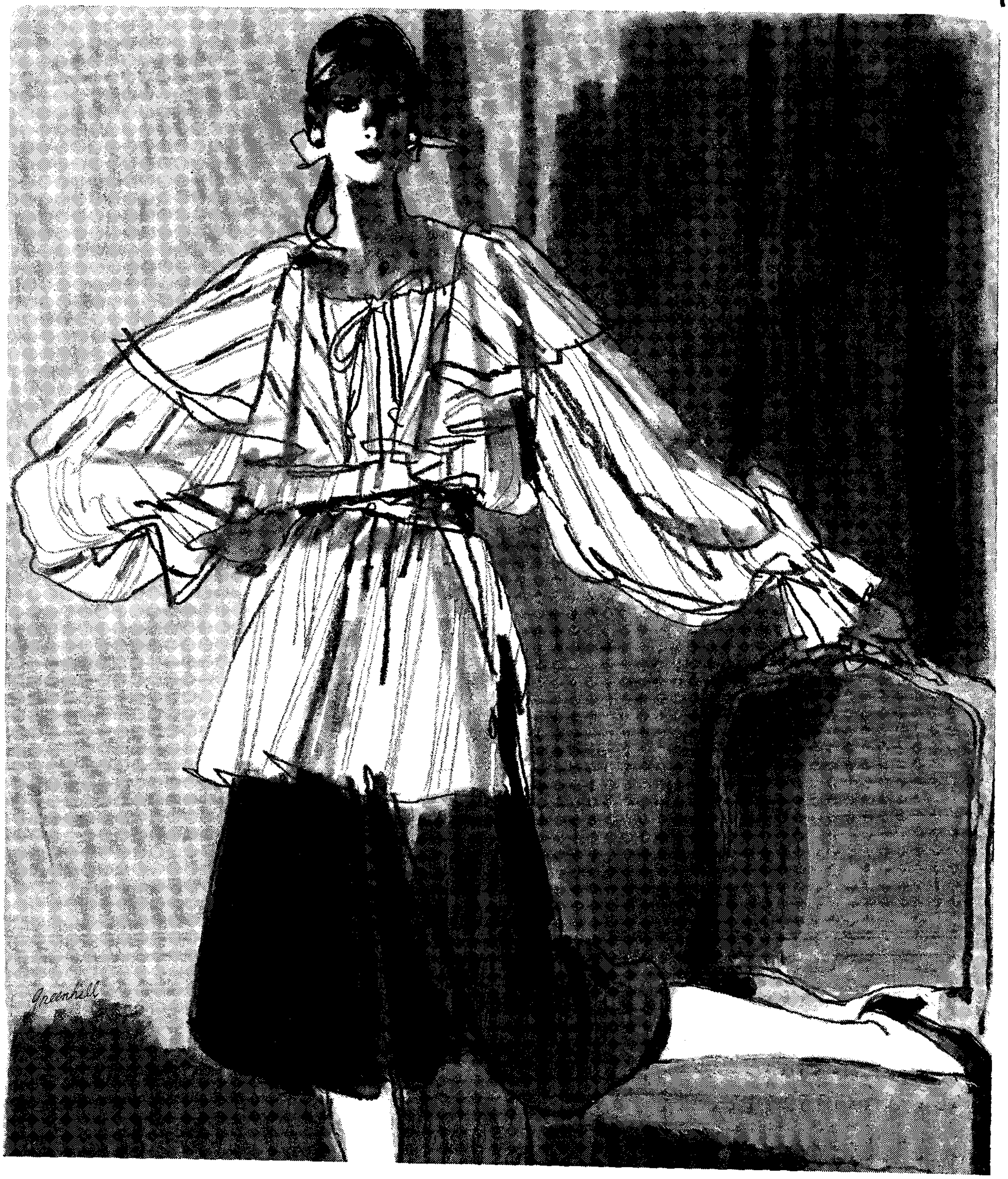

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Amadeus—Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. Ian McKellen plays the villainous Salieri superbly. Peter Firth has replaced Tim Curry as Mozart. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/29/80.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

American Buffalo—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime, although he is something of a loner onstage. Thomas Waites and Clifton James are very good as his cronies. (6/15/81) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Cloud 9—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Veronica Castang, Nicolas Surovy, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Zeljko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (6/1/81) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

El Bravo!—A musical about a Puerto Rican Robin Hood in New York's Barrio. The book is by Jose Fernandez and Thom Schiera, and the music and lyrics are by John Clifton. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—A satisfying revival of Joe Orton's astonishing, funny comedy about a handsome young criminal who becomes the sex object of his middle-aged landlady and her homosexual brother. Barbara Bryne, Joseph Maher, Maxwell Caulfield, and Gwyllum Evans are the good actors. John Tillinger is the good director. (7/6/81) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova in a limited engagement of a revival of the Stein-Bock-Harnick musical. Directed by Jerome Robbins. Previews Wednesday, July 8. Opens officially on Thursday, July 9, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 23. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 4.)

Fifth of July—One of a series of plays that Lanford Wilson is devoting to the Talley family of southern Missouri. The Wilson method is a cocktail consisting of two-thirds George S. Kaufman and one-third Tennessee Williams, well-shaken; the results are substantial. (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Heebie Jeebies—A musical about the career and the songs of the Boswell Sisters, by Mark Hampton and Stuart Ross. With Memrie Innerarity, Audrey Lavine, and Nancy McCall as the Sisters. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

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I Can't Keep Running in Place—A dismal non-musical musical about a women's "assertiveness workshop." The setting is a loft in SoHo, but "role-playing" and "sharing" and "caring" and other bits of California patois are tossed around with some abandon in both lyrics and dialogue. There are seven actresses in the company, poor souls. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Key Exchange—A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Brooke Adams as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (6/22/81) Reopens on Tuesday, July 14. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music—Miss Horne has seen some stormy weather in her time, and when she sings "Stormy Weather" you know she means it. A dazzling show, well worth waiting months to see. (5/25/81) (Nederlander Theatre, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinée Saturday, July 11, at 2. After Saturday, July 11, no performances until Friday, July 17.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, July 12: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.** . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, July 15-19: **THE MIKADO.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

The Little Foxes—A superb cast, headed by Elizabeth Taylor and including Maureen Stapleton, Tom Aldredge, and Anthony Zerbe, carries out a searing battle of wits in this spellbinding story of venomous family life in a turn-of-the-century town in the South. (5/18/81) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

March of the Falsettos—William Finn's clever, talented musical (barely over an hour long) about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is

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COVER: *J. J. Sempé*

DRAWINGS: *Donald Reilly, William Steig, W. B. Park, Jack Ziegler, Al Ross, Michael Maslin, James Stevenson, Arnie Levin, Joseph Mirachi, Dana Fradon, Joseph Farris, Thomas B. Allen, Henry Martin, Tom Cheney, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Barney Tobey, Mischa Richter, Lee Lorenz, Roz Chast, Charles Barsotti, Robert Weber, Dean Vietor, Gahan Wilson*

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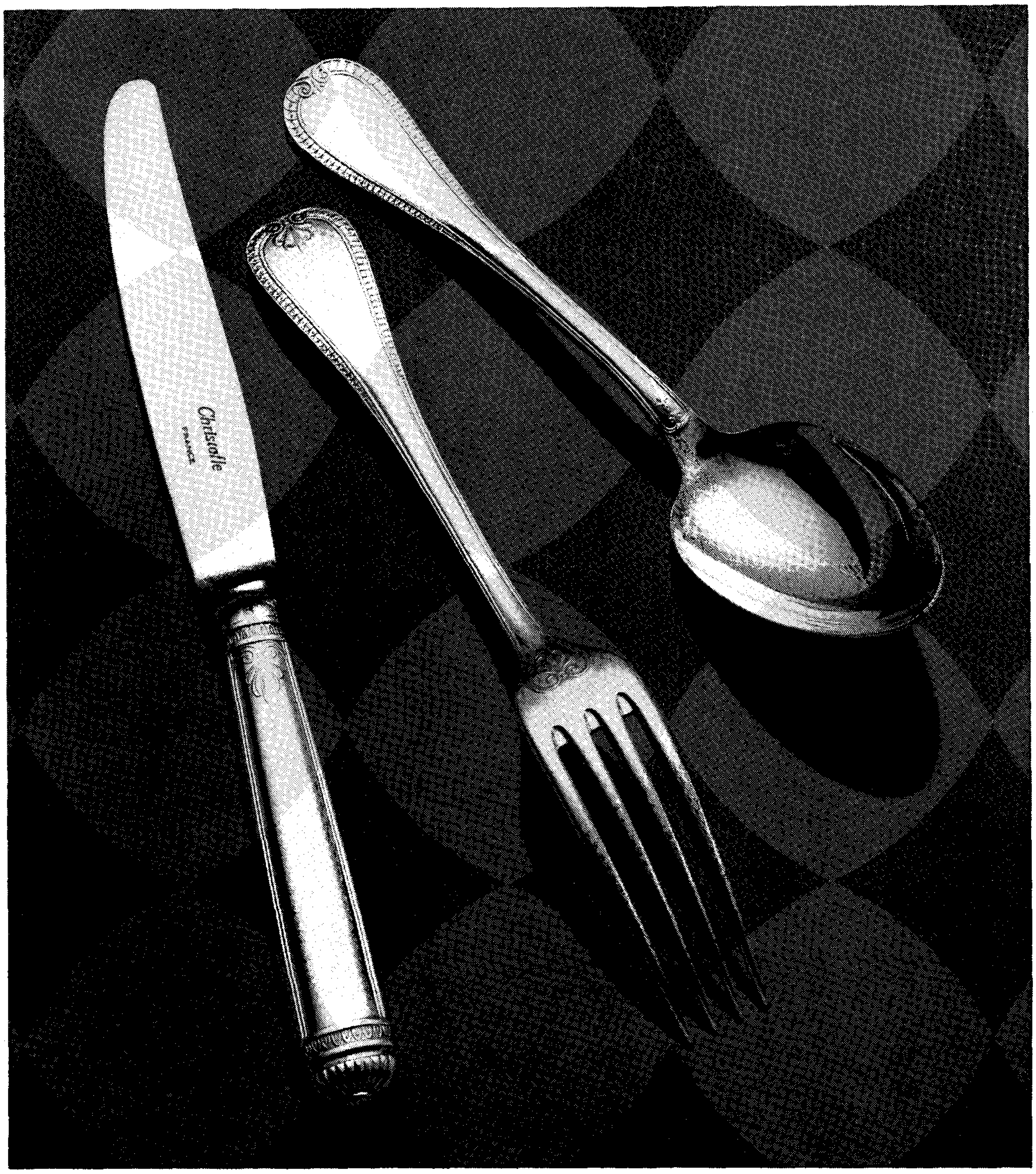

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light and lively. (5/18/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and Wednesdays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Negro Ensemble Company—A return engagement of **ZOOMAN AND THE SIGN**, a strong, accomplished play, by Charles Fuller, about the murder of a little girl by a vicious street kid and the effect of the killing upon her shattered, courageous family. The production has been masterfully directed by Douglas Turner Ward, and the cast does him proud. With Giancarlo Esposito as the frightening Zooman; Mary Alice as the girl's mother; Ray Aranha as her brave father; and Alvin Alexis and Frances Foster, among others. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, July 26.)

The Pirates of Penzance—A hellzapoppin version of the good old Gilbert and Sullivan warhorse. (1/19/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Scenes and Revelations—A literary exercise that tiptoes in a gingerly fashion around the possibility of ever becoming a real play. The author is Elan Garonzik, the setting is Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and the time is the eighteen-nineties. (7/6/81) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sophisticated Ladies—Song and dance, song and dance, song and dance, and since the music is by Duke Ellington and the cast is an exceptionally lively and gifted one, the show is both elegant and entertaining. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Taste of Honey—A fine revival of Shelagh Delaney's play set in a Lancashire slum. It's about a brave, cheeky schoolgirl, deserted by her whorish mother, who finds herself pregnant. The play is just as good as it seemed twenty years ago, and the performance, under Tony Tanner's scrupulous direction, is entirely worthy of it. With Valerie French as the mother, Amanda Plummer as the girl, and Keith Reddin as a homosexual art student who moves in to take care of her. (5/11/81) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—Ann Corio as M.C., star turn, and director of a revival of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of stripteasers. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Woman of the Year—Lauren Bacall in a custom-tailored role. Admirable music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb, and a mildly amusing book by Peter Stone. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Zora and **When the Chickens Came Home to Roost**—Two one-acters by Laurence Holder. The first is a monologue, spoken by Phylicia Ayers-Allen, in which Zora Neale Hurston, broken in spirit, waits for the bus that will take her back to the South and reminisces about past joy in Harlem. The second is a dramatization of the crucial breach between Elijah Muhammad and Malcolm X, with Kirk Kirksey as crusty, irascible Muhammad, and Denzel Washington (fine performance) as the idealistic Malcolm. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, July 19.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario but everything to do with Jim Dale, a Slinky in human form. The circus setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD / A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE:** The second half of this frolicsome little musical is very funny indeed: A Chekhov play as it might be enacted (and torn to shreds) by the Marx Brothers. David Garrison is a formidable Groucho. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Farley Granger, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,816 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **MORNING'S AT SEVEN:** A superb cast pitches us gently back to the early nineteen-twenties and a small town in the Middle West, where all is plainly not right with the world (in spite of Browning and his happy Pippa). A new production of a sturdy old play by Paul Osborn. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, Michael Davis (a comedy juggler who is actually comic), and some buxom chorus girls, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Diana Canova and Ted Wass. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—A show called "America," which includes, if you can believe it, the state songs of all the fifty states, plus fifty corresponding changes of costume and set. The Rockettes turn out for New York, Texas, and Hawaii. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

DANCE

Netherlands Dance Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday through Friday, July 8-10, at 8: "Dream Dances," "Overgrown Path," and "Sinfonietta." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 2: "Soldiers Mass," "Symphony in D," and "Symphony of Psalms." Saturday, July 11, at 8: "Symphony in D," "Symphony of Psalms," and "Sinfonietta." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830.)

La Scala Opera Ballet—Opening performances of a three-week engagement by this company from Milan. Margot Fonteyn, Rudolf Nureyev, Carla Fracci, and Paolo Bortoluzzi will appear as guest artists. Monday, July 13, at 7:30, and Tuesday through Thursday, July 14-16, at 8: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . ¶ Friday, July 17, at 8: "Le Sacre du Printemps," "La Luna," "Adagio," "Incontro," and "Miraculous Mandarin." . . . ¶ Saturday,

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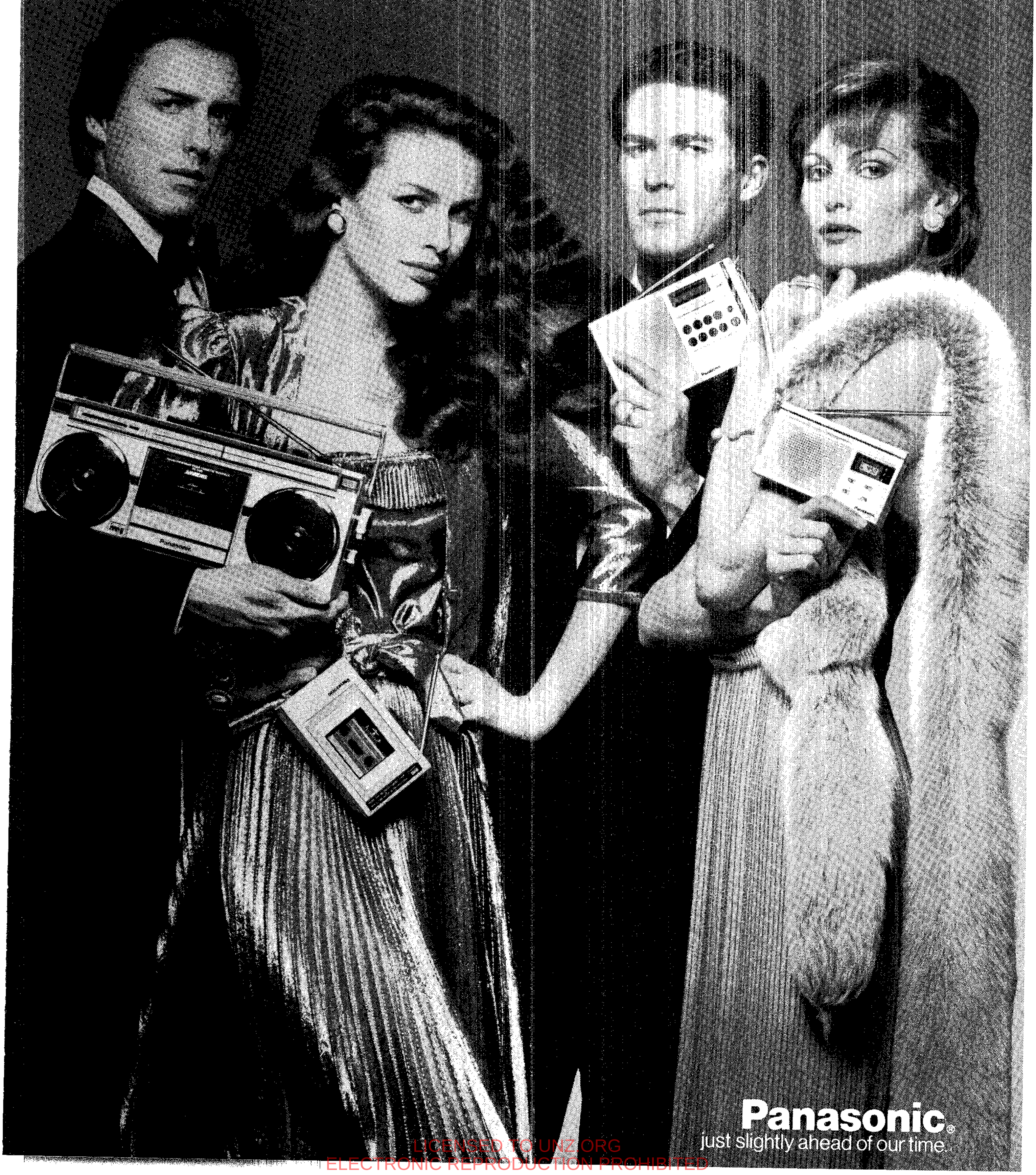

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

July 18, at 2 and 8: "Romeo and Juliet." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. The weekend-trio roster: pianist **DANNY MIXON'S** trio on Friday and Saturday, July 10-11, and free-stride pianist **JAKI BYARD'S** threesome on Friday and Saturday, July 17-18. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BECHET'S, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ,** who plays Tatum-inspired piano solos and some of the fastest stride ever heard, teams up with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** through Monday, July 13. On Tuesday, July 14, **MARY OSBORNE,** an early electric guitarist and a Charlie Christian disciple, will take over with her trio. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The current lineup: Wednesday, July 8, John Kay & Steppenwolf and Silverado; Friday and Saturday, July 10-11, the comedy duo of **MONTEITH & RAND;** Tuesday, July 14, the Glenn Miller Orchestra; Wednesday and Thursday, July 15-16, trumpeter **DONALD BYRD;** Friday, July 17, borscht-belt comedians Betty Walker and Gene Baylos; and Saturday, July 18, Carl Wilson, the youngest Beach Boy. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—For many people, Bradley's epitomizes the sophisticated New York bar. It has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. The good pianists and bassists: **HAROLD MABERN** and **JAMIL NASSER** through Saturday, July 11, and **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **CECIL MC BEE** beginning Monday, July 13. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**MARIAN MC PARTLAND,** who has taken on her usual summer slot here, is always lively and energetic, and seems totally unbothered by the T.H.I. She leads a trio Sundays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dining.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Pianist and composer **EDDIE HEYWOOD,** Mr. "Canadian Sunset," is playing nightly, except Sundays, from about the time of a Manhattan sunset (around eight) until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, July 8, the Brief, the Kind, Wise, and Best Seller; Thursday, July 9, Bankstir, Teenage Furniture, and Top Tones; Friday, July 10, Reverse and the Colors; and Saturday, July 11, the Fast and Violets. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

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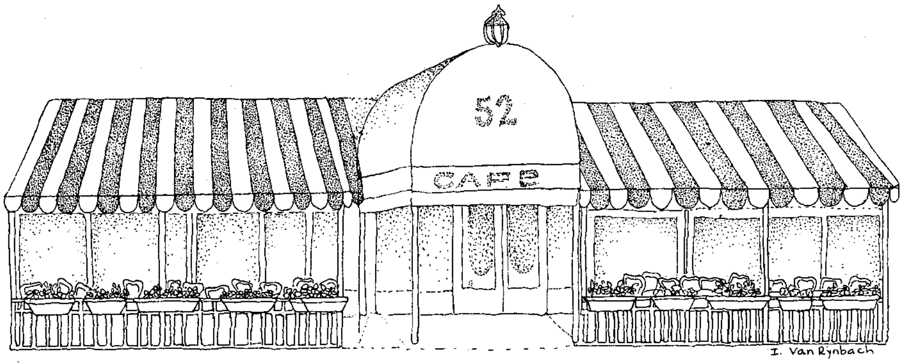
CITY LIMITS, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**RUTH BROWN** had a string of modest hits when she was an R. & B. singer for Atlantic Records about thirty years ago—about the same time that Joe Turner (see Tramps, below) recorded for Atlantic. The shuffling "Teardrops from My Eyes" featured a Budd Johnson solo and came out in 1951, "5-10-15 Hours," a rocker with a Willis Jackson solo on it, was released in 1952, and "Mama, He Treats Your Daughter Mean" was recorded in 1953 and has been done over the years by a succession of young white women blues singers. Miss Brown, who has just begun an eight-week engagement here, introduces these numbers by saying, "Ruth Brown is considered a rhythm-and-blues singer. Well, here's some rhythm and blues." (She's not exclusively an R. & B. singer: she also does convincing versions of "Skylark" and "Here's That Rainy Day.") Miss Brown is supported only by a modest, subdued backup trio and her own polyrhythmic hip-bashing tambourine playing. One wishes that she would team up with the young, busting-open local band the Uptown Horns, but she's so good and puts out so much that her set is quite enjoyable as it is. There's nothing like a pro. Her shows begin at nine and eleven Mondays through Saturdays. On Sundays, also at nine and eleven, one can listen to the singing and piano playing of **DARDANELLE,** a wily mainstream-jazz musician who doesn't emote, doesn't "put songs over," doesn't sock it to you. She just plays and sings, clearly, effortlessly, and directly, and it's delightful. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. In spite of all the harpoons, ships' figureheads, and mounted fish hanging on the walls, you might swear you were in the hills somewhere, because of the lively bluegrass, folk, and old-time country music that is presented every week. Saturday, July 11, Metropolitan Opry; Sunday, July 12, guitarists Arlen Roth, Erik Frandsen, and Tucker Smallwood; and Saturday, July 18, Winchester, with Stacy Phillips. Music from about eight-fifteen on Saturdays, and from nine on Sundays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Fridays, and from nine-thirty to three on Saturdays. Wednesdays through Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. Sunday, July 12, alto saxophonist Danny Turner's quintet will play at about nine-fifteen. Dining.



FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, lots of people, and famous jazz players. **ESTHER PHILLIPS** is singing here with her quartet through Sunday, July 12; on Tuesday, July 14, drummer-headmaster **ART BLAKEY** and his Class of '81 **JAZZ MESSENGERS** will take over. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. Lee Genesis sings through Thursday, July 9; Friday and Saturday, July 10-11, will belong to singer Ebony Jo-Ann; on Monday, July 13, tenor saxophonist **HAROLD VICK,** trumpeter **RICHARD WILLIAMS,** pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** and bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** will play some good old reliable bebop; on Tuesday and Wednesday, July 14-15, Neva Small will be present; and Thursday through Saturday, July 16-18, Miles Jaye will be onstage. On Sundays **DENISE DELAPENHA** performs Brazilian-jazz tunes. The first show gets under way after eleven. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and bassist Ronnie Markowitz on standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They are all present Wednesdays through Sundays from ten. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. Sundays, from seven to ten, Stephanie Nakasian sings to the accompaniment of **HOD O'BRIEN.**

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little spiffier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts East Side-looking couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **PATTI BOWN** is the jazz pianist through Saturday, July 11; on Sunday and Monday, July 12-13, **RED RICHARDS** will man the keyboard; and on Tuesday, July 14, stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD** will return for five nights. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Only jaded customers don't ask for a table by the windows. Pianist Chuck Folds guides a trio for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a pianist and composer, alternates with them after nine.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—Friday and Saturday, July 10-11, will be the property of drummer **STEVE MC CALL** and his band; Friday and Saturday, July 17-18, Brazilian-jazz singer **DENISE DELAPENHA** will perform with her backing crew. Music from nine; on Fridays and Saturdays, following the sets by the guest musicians—which ought to be about two or three in the morning—Mike Morgenstern, the saxophonist-proprietor, jams with a bunch of musical colleagues. On Sundays from eight to midnight, there is dancing to recorded jazz music.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Six resident Dixieland journeymen swing it Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A lively corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded, but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. Pianist and composer **RAY BRYANT** gives his bassist, **JIMMY ROWSER,** a workout Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays and Mondays are given over to singer and pianist **NINA SHELDON** and bassist **BOB BODLEY.** Music from about ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—The Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. The country-folk-rock-blues lineup: veteran folkie **ERIC ANDERSEN** on Wednesday, July 8; country-rocker **RICKY SKAGGS** on Thursday, July 9; Kinky Friedman on Sunday, July 12; the great singer and mandolinist **BILL MONROE** (the father of bluegrass) on Monday, July 13; soul brothers **SAM & DAVE** on Tuesday, July 14; Tex-Mex crooner **FREDDY FENDER** on Wednesday, July 15; and Texas singer and songwriter **BILLY JOE SHAVER** on Thursday, July 16. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The singers' room on the upper East Side. **ANITA O'DAY,** who began making vocal breakthroughs some thirty years ago, is here through Saturday, July 11, with her backup combo and with her refined and sometimes elusive musical insights. On Wednesday, July 15, **MARLENE VER PLANCK,** a lively singer who has recorded scores of commercials—it is her "Yeah!" that punctuates the end of Michelob spots—will arrive. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A noteworthy rock club where over the past couple of decades the extremist fringe has turned into the mainstream. The lineup: Wednesday, July 8, the Invaders, the Debutantes, and Kitsch; Thursday, July 9, Joe Bidewell, Jon King & the Cats, and X-Patriots; Friday, July 10, Ozone and Charlie Midnight; and Saturday, July 11, Lenny Kaye Connection and the Peter Dayton Band. Shows usually begin long after eleven.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**DICK HYMAN** and **ROGER KELLAWAY** are at the twin pianos (there are now twin pianos on this bandstand) Tuesdays through Saturdays; the first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, traditional New Orleans-style music is played by a septet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Thursday, July 9, Deuce; Friday and Saturday, July 10-11, African-funk trumpeter **HUGH MASEKELA;** Tuesday, July 14, Sherry Winston. Music from ten to two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, mostly just-folkies club, but there is jazz, and even some rock, thrown in here and there. Thursday, July 9, folkie Paul Siebel and blues singer Paula Lockheart; Friday, July 10, Oasis and the Hardbeats; and Saturday, July 11, Bernie Shanahan and Will Rambeau. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. On Mondays, a new-talent showcase begins about nine-thirty. Dining.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten. From ten to two, debonair, straight-arrow baritone **RONNY WHYTE** takes over the keyboard with a repertory of Coward, Gershwin, Porter, and Joel (Billy).

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** and his All-Star Band perform Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Sort of a big bustling rec room with walnutty Masonite panelling, globe lights, curled-cast-iron ice-cream-parlor chairs, red tablecloths, and traditional jazz bands every night of the week. The music begins at seven on Sundays and at nine the rest of the time. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom; the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up in occasional big names. The lineup: Wednesday, July 8, singer **PHOEBE SNOW;** Thursday, July 9, two rapper bands, the Funky 4 Plus 1 and the Treacherous 3; Friday, July 10, Romeo Void and Kim Larsen; Saturday, July 11, the A's and Great Buildings; Monday, July 13, Junk Rock and Boulevard Jacks; Tuesday, July 14, Kieran Liscoe & the Attitude; Wednesday, July 15,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

singer **DAVID JOHANSEN** and the Lenny Kaye Connection; and Thursday, July 16, Wishbone Ash. Music begins usually after mid*night. Dancing.*

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the positively sleek King Cole Room, "The Sounds of Rodgers and Hammerstein, Part II," the current tribute, is under way. The participants are Susan Bigelow, Ron Holgate, Martin Vidnovic, and Laura Waterbury. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor: The great hard-bop guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** is here with a trio through Sunday, July 12; on Monday, July 13, alto saxophonist Ed Palermo *will head a big band;* Tuesday, July 14, will belong to the Bill Kirschner nonet; on Wednesday, July 15, a rock group called Tomorrow will be on the bandstand; *and Thursday through Sunday,* July 16-19, trumpeter **JON FADDIS** will perform with his quintet. Music from ten to two. Closed Mondays.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in bentwood chairs, and live jazz. Friday and Saturday, July 10-11, **DAKOTA STATON** sings with pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND'S** trio, and on Friday and Saturday, July 17-18, Townsend will perform with a bass player. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

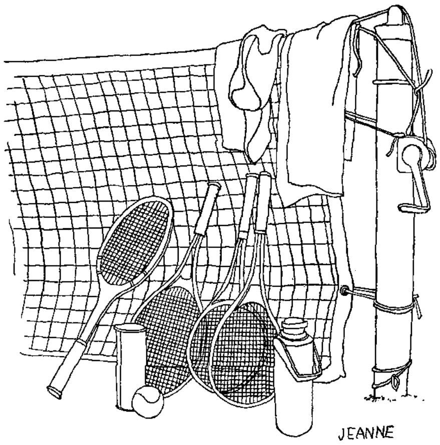
Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Singer and pianist **BOB DOROUGH** leads his group through Saturday, July 11; on Tuesday, July 14, cornettist **NAT ADDERLEY,** who uses a mute a whole lot and whose solos *are smooth, terse, and* energetic, will bring in his quintet. Sundays and Mondays are reserved for the **JUNIOR MANCE-MARTY RIVERA** duo. Shows from about *ten. Dining.*

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A blues, rock, R. & B., and reggae lineup. Wednesday through Saturday, July 8-11, **JOE TURNER,** *the* Kansas City blues shouter and early rock-and-roll singer, can be heard in these wonderfully loose, informal, and oh-so-sympathetic surroundings. The rest of the schedule: Wareika on Wednesday, July 15; Texas-blues singer Johnny Copeland on Thursday, July 16; and Chicago-blues singer and guitarist **MIGHTY JOE YOUNG** on Friday and Saturday, July 17-18. Tuesdays, the **UPTOWN HORNS,** a basic-blue local octet, does moving renditions of James Brown, Jackie Wilson, and other soul-shaking material from the fifties and sixties. Shows most nights around nine-thirty.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. Some of the musicians: Wednesday, July 8, the **UPTOWN HORNS;** Thursday, July 9, Marshall Crenshaw and F.R.O.N.T.; Friday, July 10, Boxtalk and Catholic Girls; Saturday, July 11, Mrozinski; Tuesday, July 14, Rachel Faro; Wednesday, July 15, Screentest and Patty Scialfa; Thursday, July 16, Bernie Shanahan and American Passions; and Friday, July 17, Sic F*cks and Nitecaps. Music every night but Sunday after eleven. Dancing.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays the barnlike downstairs room is given over to salsa bands, which begin playing at nine. Upstairs, at the Top of the Gate, **JOE PASS,** the guitarist who is revered by jazz and rock guitarists alike (and by a substantial number of the non-playing laity) winds up his visit on Sunday, July 12. He goes on at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. And meanwhile, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio are on duty on Tuesdays after nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—No mirrors or clean-line décor here in the most famous jazz club in the world. Hard-boppers **CLIFFORD JORDAN** and **BARRY HARRIS** *are in charge of a quintet* through Sunday, July 12; on Tuesday, July 14, vibraharpist **BOBBY HUTCHERSON** will come in with a quartet that features **JOHN HICKS** on *piano. Mondays are* **MEL LEWIS** big-band blast-off nights. Music from ten.



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West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Esther Blue on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and **SADIK HAKIM** Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight-thirty.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing music admirers and players. Wednesday through Sunday, July 8-12, trombonist and occasional vocalist **DICKY WELLS** performs with a quartet; and on Wednesday, July 15, bebop pianist **JOE ALBANY'S** New Yorkers will begin a stint here. On Mondays, saxophonist Percy France's quartet is present; Tuesdays are claimed by master drummer **JO JONES** and his band. Music *every night from nine.* Steam-table dining.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

REO Speedwagon—Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, July 10, at 8.

Raphael—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, July 11, at 8, and Sunday, July 12, at 3.

Moody Blues—Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, July 14, at 8.

Jimmy Buffett—With the Coral Reefer band. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, July 16, at 8.)

Irving Plaza—Friday, July 10: Johnny Thunders. . . . ¶ Friday, July 17: Slits. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18: Grandmothers. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 982-4863. Shows after 11:30.)

Jazz Forum—*Jazz in a fifth-floor loft.* Wednesday and Thursday, July 8-9, at 11 and 1: Mike Treni Big Band. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 10-11, at 10: Sonny Fortune quartet. . . . ¶ Sundays at 10: Jaki Byard & the Apollo Stompers. . . . ¶ Tuesdays at 9: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, July 15-16, at 10: Frank Gordon quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 17-18, at 10: Mickey Bass quartet, with Steve Nelson. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Savoy—Wednesday, July 8, at 9: Joe Jackson's Jumpin' Jive. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 9, at 8:30 and 11:30: Jerry Jeff Walker and the Dave Perkins band. . . . ¶ Friday, July 10, at 8:30 and 11:30: The Temptations, with Esther Williams. . . . ¶ Monday, July 13, at 9: Jorma Kaukonen & Vital Parts. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 14, at 9: Ramsey Lewis, with Noel Pointer. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 16, at 9: Stanley Clarke & George Duke Project. . . . ¶ Friday, July 17, at 9: Split Enz. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

Soundscape—Friday, July 10: Trilok Gertu. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11: Ahmadu Jarr. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 12: Lester Chambers. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Shows begin at 8:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Luis Benedit—Drawings and plastic sculptures by an Argentine artist. Through Aug. 30. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Joseph Cornell (1903-72)—About twenty of his boxes (all miniatures) on the gallery walls. Through July 31. *(Castelli Feigen Corcoran,* 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Dan Flavin—The gallery space is divided into alleyways that glow with one or another of this artist's fluorescent installations—pink, yellow, green, orange. The show will remain up all summer. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Louis I. Kahn (1901-74)—Drawings. Through July 31. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Shari Urquhart—Large tapestries that tell *vivid stories: "Rape" is the title of one, and* "Fantasy, or Splash to Quell the Heat" is another. The artist teaches at Rikers Island. Through July 31. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. *Opens at noon.)*

William Zorach (1889-1966) / **Turku Trajan** (1887-1959)—Early paintings, done from 1911-22. / Sculptures, and paintings on paper. Through Friday, July 10. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Art on the Beach—Battery Park is the setting for Creative Time's show of sculptures by twelve artists, among them Gina Wendkos (a painted-concrete pool, benches, umbrellas), Tim Watkins (nylon pinwheels), and Cathey Billian (vertical bundles of rough wood). Through Sept. 13. (Battery Park City, Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

Sculpture—*At the* **FOURCADE,** *36 E. 75th St.:* A summer selection of works by eight artists: Tony Berlant, Louise Bourgeois, William Crozier, Willem de Kooning, Raoul Hague, *Michael Heizer, Tony Smith, and* H. C. Westermann. Through Sept. 11. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SALANDER-O'REILLY,** 22 E. 80th St.: A carved-stone figure by William Edmondson, a paint*ed-steel abstraction by David Smith, and a* bronze nude by Aristide Maillol are among the pieces by Americans and Europeans. Through July 31.

Group Shows—At **ART LATITUDE,** *29* E. 73rd St.: Cityscapes and landscapes by Ellen Phelan, Bill Sullivan, and others. Through July 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **AARON BERMAN,** 50 W. 57th St.: Works on canvas, works on paper, works on the wall by seven artists, including Po Kim, Grace Knowlton, and Sylvia Wald. Through Aug. 14. . . . **BLUM HELMAN,** 20 W. 57th St.: Recent paintings by Craig Kauffman, Edda Renouf, Bruce Robbins, and Hap Tivey. Through Friday, July 17. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DAVIS & LANGDALE,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Paintings and drawings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans (Ernest Haskell, Robert Henri, Maurice Prendergast) and Britons (David Cox, Lucian Freud, Gwen John). Through July 31. . . . **DE NAGY,** 29 W. 57th St.: One work apiece—paintings, drawings, and sculptural reliefs—by more than two dozen artists. Through July 24. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: Works by thirteen emerging young artists: colored pen-and-ink scenes of New Wave night clubs by Marc Lida, pastels of beach chairs by Nancy Ring, and figures by, among others, Baldo Diodato, Nachume Miller, and John Germain. Through Aug. 12. (Open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **HAMILTON,** 20 W. 57th St.: Six drawings and other works by Rafael Ferrer, three paintings by Ron Gorchov, and three large abstract oils by Richard Hennessy. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **JA-**

COBSON, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints having to do with flying—i.e., Malcolm Morley's painting of a plane crash, Bryan Hunt's drawing of a Concorde window (interior), and Vito Acconci's twenty-two-foot, twelve-part photoetching of airplane wings. Through Sept. 11. . . . **NARDIN,** 25 E. 73rd St.: New York City scenes of the past fifty years by Marsh, Sloan, Marin, and numerous others (including, unexpectedly, Alice Neel), plus contemporary works, among them collages by Loreen Matsushima and spooky sculpture in a shadow box by Jack Gavin. Through July 31. (Open daily; the Sunday hours are 1 to 6.) . . . **ODYSSIA,** 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Figurative oils by Michael Berg, Marjorie Portnow, and Sandra Rubin. Through July 31. . . . **O. K. HARRIS,** 383 West Broadway: An invitational show of paintings and sculptures by ten artists. Through Friday, July 10. . . . **SCHOELKOPF,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Figure drawings by realists, among them William Bailey, Bruno Civitico, and Leland Bell. Through Wednesday, July 15. . . . **TATISTCHEFF,** 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings by such realists as James Childs, William Clutz, John Stuart Ingle, John Gordon, Irene Buszko, and others. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **WASHBURN,** 42 E. 57th St.: A show of thirty works (paintings, drawings, mobiles) by Sheeler, Calder, Demuth, and other artists who are represented in the A. E. Gallatin Collection, at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Through July 31.

¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others pull from their stock and mount shows by gallery artists or others, sometimes varying the contents from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **ACA,** 21 E. 67th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St. . . . **ALEXANDER,** 20 W. 57th St. . . . **BROMM,** 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **COWLES,** 420 West Broadway. . . . **DINTENFASS,** 50 W. 57th St. . . . **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . **FRUMKIN,** 50 W. 57th St. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GLADSTONE,** 41 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GRUENEBAUM,** 38 E. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St. . . . **OSCARSSON HOOD,** 41 W. 57th St. . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St. . . . **SACHS,** 29 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **THORP,** 419 West Broadway. (Closed Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ARTHUR OLLMAN—Night views of houses and parks and bridges and trees by a California photographer. Through Friday, July 17. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

KAREN TWEEDY-HOLMES / SAM HASKINS—Black-and-white studies of nudes. / Figure studies, mainly, plus still-lifes and landscapes, all bordering on the surreal. Through July 24. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

DORIS ULMANN (1884-1934)—Soft-focus photographs of the Gullah people who lived and worked on the Lang Syne plantation near Fort Motte, South Carolina, in the early part of the century. Through Aug. 14. (Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St. Mondays and Wednesdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6.)

NEW YORK, NEW YORK—Two shows with the city as the theme: At the **WITKIN,** 41 E. 57th St.: Photographs, together with prints, drawings, and paintings—Central Park by Laura Gilpin, André Kertész, Ruth Orkin, others; Wall Street by Berenice Abbott. Through Friday, July 10. . . . **NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY,** 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: Three hundred shots taken around Manhattan during the past decade, with an emphasis on architecture: bridges, buildings, subway stations, and the waterfront. Fourteen photographers (Mark Feldstein, Leon Supraner, Philip Trager) provide a variety of perspectives. Through Oct. 1. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CASTELLI,** 4 E. 77th St.: A show called "Love Is Blind." It includes Magritte's "L'Amour" (1928) and the work of sixty-five other artists, Duane Michals, Barbara Kruger, and Eileen Cowin among them. Through July 31. . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Nearly ninety black-and-white photographs of the South by eleven contemporary photographers: Mardi Gras parades by Lyle Bongé, industrial landscapes by John McWilliams, masked figures by Ralph Eugene Meatyard, rural landscapes by Sally Mann. . . . ¶ An exhibit of enlarged prints made by Alexander Alland from Jacob Riis's original glass-plate negatives. The negatives date from 1888 to 1898. Both shows through Aug. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.: A survey show of photographs of the American landscape: Fifty-five prints by Timothy O'Sullivan, Carleton Watkins, Edward Weston, Dorothea Lange, Ansel Adams, Frank Gohlke, others. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . **PFEIFER,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Portraits by twelve photographers who have not yet received much attention. Included are studies of the famous (Orson Welles, Melvyn Douglas) by Timothy Greenfield-Sanders and Rosamond Purcell, and the not-so-famous by Mark Berghash, Wendy MacNeil, Toba Tucker. Through July 31. . . . **PRAKAPAS,** 19 E. 71st St.: Josef Albers, Constantin Brancusi, Walter Gropius, and other painters, sculptors, and architects meet on common ground in a show of their photographs. Most date from the twenties and thirties. Through Aug. 14. (Open Tuesday evenings until 8; closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Astor Court and the Douglas Dillon Galleries for Chinese paintings (north wing, second floor) are now open. The Court incorporates a Ming furniture room and a Ming garden; the Dillon Galleries house some eighty works, the earliest of them a painting of a horse by the eighth-century court painter Han Kan. . . . ¶ The Muriel Kallis Steinberg Newman collection of twentieth-century and primitive art is being exhibited here for the first time. Léger, Ernst, Pollock, Moore, and Lipchitz; work from Africa and Oceania dating from the past hundred years; and pre-Columbian jewelry and artifacts. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ New acquisitions: Nearly fifty examples of medieval craftsmanship, including stained-glass panels, an ivory statuette of the Virgin and Child, a silver-gilt-and-enamel diptych. Through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ One hundred and twenty-five nineteenth-century French drawings and prints, taken from the museum's collection; Ingres, Delacroix, Degas, Manet, and Gauguin are among the artists. Through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Twenty-two mid-nineteenth-century Baltimore album quilts (commemorating local people or events), in a show put together by that city's Museum of Art. Through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ A show of traditional African masks and wood, ivory, and bronze sculptures arranged in geographical rather than chronological or stylistic groupings. The hundred and fifty articles, nearly all of which were created with a specific function in mind, are from the Tishman collection. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. Through Aug. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

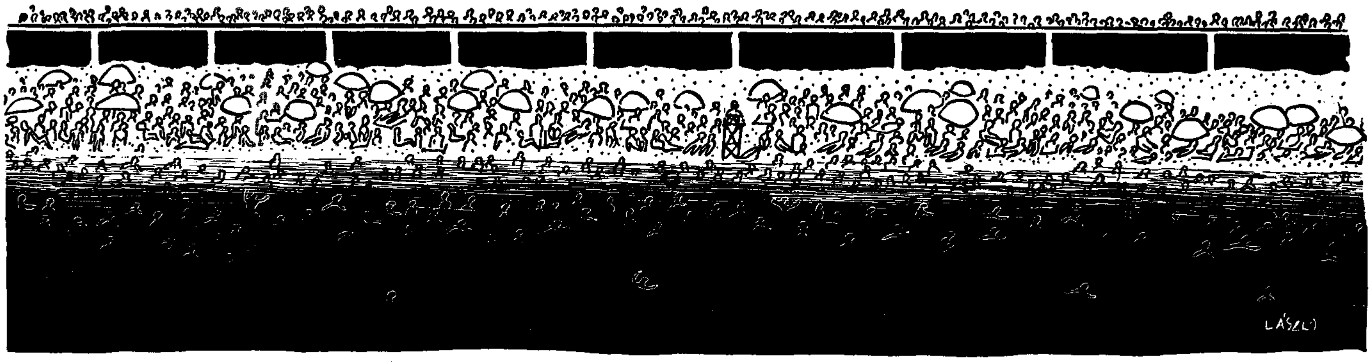
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of prints by Pierre Alechinsky. Through Aug. 11. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** "American Landscapes." Starts Thursday, July 9. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings and works on paper of Arshile Gorky. . . . ¶ A companion show of forty paintings by Europeans who influenced Gorky's work. Both shows through July 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of Philip Guston (1913-80): nearly a hundred paintings and drawings, beginning with the realism of the thirties and forties (studies for W.P.A.-commissioned murals), and moving to the Abstract Expressionism of the fifties and sixties, and the figurative style of the seventies. Through Sept. 13. . . . ¶ "Disney Animations and Animators," a show of drawings and other film artwork in a setting—dark walls and silvery lighting—appropriate to such stars as Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, and Bambi. Also, short and full-length Disney films daily, except Mondays, at 1 and 3:30, and Tuesday evenings at 6:15. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ "Decade of Transition": nearly a hundred and fifty works (painted, drawn, or sculpted during the nineteen-forties) from the museum's permanent collection. The cast and styles are diverse: Wyeth, Marsh, Shahn, Rothko, Pousette-Dart, Pollock, and others. Through Sunday, July 12. . . . ¶ Ten works by Georgia O'Keeffe from the museum's collection. Through Oct. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show of African furniture and household objects. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ An exhibit of contemporary Korean drawings. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ A small show of Japanese prints and paintings of the nineteenth-century Shijō School. Through Sept. 27. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Folger Shakespeare Library has installed a show that does its eponymous hero proud: walk-through recreations of Elizabethan Stratford, a model of the Globe Theatre, the first collected edition of his plays, as well as evidences of his legacy, extending from language (a list of quotations) to movie productions (Olivier as Hamlet) to T-shirts. An electronic scoreboard flashes up-to-the-minute computations of Shakespeare's popularity in the world. He is popular, it



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

turns out. Through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ A display of Japanese textile stencils, together with clothing (a deerskin coat is stencilled inside and out) and other related items. Through Oct. 1. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The main galleries and the garden here have been given over to a show reflecting the influence of horticulture on the decorative arts—drawings, prints, furniture, glass, ceramics, metalwork, and textiles. The first floor has been turned into an actual garden, complemented by garden plans (Versailles, for one). The second floor is narrowed to flowers—flowers in Tiffany lamps, Fabergé *objets*, Morris wallpaper, Louis Sullivan architectural details. Through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Animated films are the subject of an exhibit of about a hundred pieces of artwork related to that craft, ranging from what are called concept drawings to the final cels, which are photographed. Both obscure (Winsor McCay's 1918 "The Sinking of the Lusitania") and perennial ("Fantasia") films are represented. Through Aug. 16. . . . ¶ Samples of earthenware and stoneware (that is, pottery exclusive of porcelains) in a display taken from the museum's own cupboards. The decorative and utilitarian items range from ancient Greek and Egyptian terra-cottas to Wedgwood basaltware to Rookwood vases of the twentieth century. Through Aug. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Eight portrait busts by the eighteenth-century French sculptor Jean-Antoine Houdon. One, of Thomas Jefferson, must have pleased the subject enormously—he regarded Houdon as "perhaps the foremost artist in the world." Through Aug. 9. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—In an exhibit of music scores from Japan—mainly the notations of contemporary Japanese composers—is a Buddhist chant, dated 1472, said to be the oldest printed score extant. Also, occasional brief performances of some of the compositions; for information about schedules, call 832-1155. Through Aug. 2. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of Maurice Golubov's work, consisting of more than a hundred abstract paintings on paper. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Three shows: A display of autograph manuscripts and letters by nineteenth-century British authors, among them John Keats (represented by "Endymion"), Sir Walter Scott ("The Lady of the Lake"), Jane Austen ("Lady Susan"), and Oscar Wilde ("The Picture of Dorian Gray"). . . . ¶ Hand in hand with the manuscript show are David Levine's contemporary caricatures of these and other British authors—more than forty drawings in all. . . . ¶ Forty manuscripts of music for the piano by such composers as Mozart, Schubert, Saint-Saëns, Ravel, and Cage. (Open daily except Sundays and Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.) All three through July 31.

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Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A quilt show in two parts. At this museum: Twenty-one items (mostly quilts but also coverlets and bedspreads) including one mid-nineteenth-century bridal quilt in a Bird of Paradise pattern, for which the templates, cut out of a Poughkeepsie newspaper, are intact. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . ¶ At the Fashion Institute of Technology: Sixty quilts. Through Aug. 22. (Shirley Goodman Resource Center, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. Open daily except Sundays and Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A reincarnation of the Chicago Tribune Tower architectural competition of 1922, conceived by a group of contemporary architects who call themselves the Chicago Seven. Designers from around the world were invited to submit drawings and models to this (often tongue-in-cheek) rerun of the original contest. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection's survey of satire begins with the classical poets, moves on to Chaucer, takes in Swift, Pope, and Johnson, and closes with Ogden Nash, James Thurber, E. B. White, and S. J. Perelman. Eighty-six authors, all told; manuscripts, first editions, drawings. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Three artists—Jorge Rodriguez, Charles Abramson, and David Hammons—are exhibiting the works, primarily sculptures, they did as part of the museum's artists-in-residence program. In addition to individual shows of their works, they have jointly concocted a room installation that incorporates paint, old furniture, colored tiles, feathers, and string. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

Summermusic at the Y—Final performances in a series of chamber-music programs. The participants include Jaime Laredo and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Michael Tree, violin and viola; Samuel Rhodes and Walter Trampler, viola; Sharon Robinson and Joel Krosnick, cello; Julius Levine, bass; Harold Wright, clarinet; and Joseph Kalichstein and Lilian Kallir, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Wednesday, July 8, at 8:30, a Beethoven-Mendelssohn-Dvořák program, and Thursday, July 9, at 8:30, a Mozart-Mendelssohn-Dvořák program.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—Opening performances of a seven-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 29. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Monday, July 13, and Wednesday, July 15: Leonard Slatkin conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (No pre-concert recitals.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 14: The Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio, with Michael Tree, viola, and Julius Levine, double bass. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 16: Emanuel Ax, piano; Young-Uck Kim, violin; and Yo-Yo Ma, cello. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 17-18: Leonard Slatkin conducting the orchestra, with Mr. Ax, and Cho-Liang Lin, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Thursday, July 9, at 8:30: Jules Eskin, cello, and Gilbert Kalish, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 10, at 7: Mr. Kalish and Yehudi Wyner, both piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 10, at 9: Christoph Eschenbach conducting the Boston Symphony in a Mozart-Viotti-Tchaikovsky program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Mirella Freni, soprano; Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano; Ermanno Mauro, tenor; Nicolai Ghiaurov, bass; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 12, at 2:30: Christoph Eschenbach conducting and acting as piano soloist, in a Stravinsky-Mozart-Verdi program. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 15, at 8:30: Mirella Freni, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 17, at 7: The Messrs. Silverstein and Eskin in an all-Bach program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 17, at 9: Joseph Silverstein conducting an all-Bach program, with Jocelyne Taillon, mezzo-soprano, and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa directing scenes from Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunov," with Mr. Ghiaurov, Ara Berberian, and Aage Haugland, basses; Kenneth Riegel, Jacque Trussel, and Michel Sénéchal, tenors; Miss Taillon; the Tanglewood Festival Chorus; and the Boston Boy Choir. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 19, at 2:30: Andrew Davis conducting a Milhaud-Mozart-Schubert program, with Pierre-Laurent Aimard, piano. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Thursday, July 9, at 4: Jane Bryden, soprano; Frank Hoffmeister, tenor; and Guido's Other Hand, in a program of early music from Germany. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 8:30: Michael Feldman conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra, with Carol Shepard Gutknecht, soprano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 12, at 5:30, and Thursday, July 16, at 4: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 8:30: John Nelson conducting the orchestra, with Kun-Woo Paik, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 19, at 5:30: The Waverly Consort in a program of Renaissance music from Spain. (Katonah, N.Y. On Saturdays, buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 1-914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—The New York City Ballet in a three-week season (tentative schedule) that ends Saturday, July 25. Wednesday, July 8, at 8:15: "Scotch Symphony," "Kammermusik No. 2," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 9, at 2: "Scotch Symphony," "Firebird," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 9, at 8:15: "Raymonda Variations," "Firebird," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday, July 10, at 8:15 (a benefit performance), and Saturday, July 11, at 2: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 8:15: "Scotch Symphony," "Kammermusik No. 2," "Pas de Deux," and "Western Symphony." . . . [**Note:** A special concert will be given by Emmylou Harris and Jerry Jeff Walker on Sunday, July 12, at 7.] . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 14, at 8:15: "The Four Temperaments," "Lille Suite," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 15, at 8:15: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 16, at 2: "Raymonda Variations," "The Four Temperaments," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 16, at 8:15: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . ¶ Friday, July 17, at 8:15: "Concerto Ba-

rocco," "Histoire du Soldat Suite," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3 Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 2: "Concerto Barocco," "Kammermusik No. 2," "Pas de Deux," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 8:15: "Lille Suite," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Histoire du Soldat Suite," and "Agon." (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Summerfare '81—A six-weekend festival of theatre, dance, and music which takes place at the State University of New York, at Purchase. *Un soupçon:* Friday, July 10, at 8:30: The Abbey Theatre production of Sean O'Casey's play "Shadow of a Gunman." . . . ¶ Friday, July 10, at 10:30: Gretchen Cryer and Nancy Ford in a cabaret show. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 3 and 8:30: "Shadow of a Gunman." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 8: The Joffrey Ballet—"Suite Saint-Saëns," "Return to the Strange Land," "Fanfarita," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 10 and 11:30: Gretchen Cryer and Nancy Ford. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 12, at 2:30: The Joffrey Ballet—"Suite Saint-Saëns," "Land of Dancers," "Vivandière Pas de Six," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Sunday, July 12, at 3 and 7:30: The Abbey Theatre production of "Joycemen," a one-man show based on the characters in "Ulysses," written and performed by Eamon Morrissey. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 12, at 3 and 8: "Shadow of a Gunman." . . . ¶ Sunday, July 12, at 7:30: The Joffrey Ballet—"Celebration," "Epode," "Night," and "Postcards." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 16, at 8: "Shadow of a Gunman." . . . ¶ Friday, July 17, at 8: Bella Lewitzky Dance Company. . . . ¶ Friday, July 17, at 8:30, and Saturday, July 18, at 3 and 8:30: "Shadow of a Gunman." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 3 and 8: Bella Lewitzky Dance Company. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 19, at 3 and 8: "Shadow of a Gunman." . . . ¶ Sunday, July 19, at 7:30: Bella Lewitzky Dance Company. (For information about tickets, call 1-914 253-5900.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 11: Joffrey II Dancers. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 14-18: Dance Plus. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Bicycling—The Yoplait/Bloomingdale's 50 Kilometer Bicycle Challenge, covering a course around Central Park. Starting time: Saturday, July 11, at 7 A.M.; starting line: the Ramble parking lot, 79th St. and Fifth Ave. Finish at the same place a little over an hour later.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 27. The Juvenile, Wednesday, July 8; the Sword Dancer, Saturday, July 11; the Garden City, Sunday, July 12; the Astoria, Monday, July 13; and the Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 18. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 5. The Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 18. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:15.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Tuesdays, at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 12. The Jersey Derby, Saturday, July 18 (for this day only, post time will be 5).

Soccer—Trans-Atlantic Challenge Cup—Sunday, July 12, at 7:30: Cosmos vs. Russia. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 15, at 9: Cosmos vs. England. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 19, at 5: Cosmos vs. Seattle and Russia vs. England. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Tennis—The United States (represented by John McEnroe, Jimmy Connors, Stan Smith, and Bob Lutz) vs. Czechoslovakia (represented by Ivan Lendl, Tomas Smid, Stanislav Birner, and Pavel Slozil) in quarterfinal Davis Cup matches. (U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadow. 271-5100. Singles matches, Friday, July 10, and Sunday, July 12, at 1; doubles matches, Saturday, July 11, at 1.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 21. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Starting Saturday, July 18.)

ET ALIA

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, July 9, at 2: Haitian and Latin-American paintings, drawings, and prints. . . . ¶ Friday, July 10, at 10:15 and 2: American and European paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 14, at 2: Old Master paintings. Exhibition starts Thursday, July 9. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 15, at 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Monday, July 13. . . . **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, July 9, at 2, and Friday, July 10, at 10:15 and 2: Americana, including porcelain, folk art, furniture, and decorations. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 14, at 10:15 and 2: American, English, and Continental silver, as well as portrait miniatures and chess sets. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Final sales of the season. Wednesday, July 15, at 2: Old Master paintings. Exhibition starts Thursday, July 9. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 16, at 10: Paintings and furniture. Exhibition starts Friday, July 10.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **THE TEMPEST,** with Raul Julia as Prospero. The first of two productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, July 26. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Battery Park Landfill City—Music on sand-covered landfill (it may be advisable to wear sneakers). Sunday, July 12, at 6:30: Charlie Morrow and the Ocarina Orchestra. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 19, at 6:30: George Lewis. (Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. For information about tickets, call 825-1494.)

Central Park Mall—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in the second and third in a series of four productions. Thursday, July 9, at 8:30: Verdi's "Rigoletto." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 16, at 8:30: Puccini's "La Bohème."

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8.) . . . ¶ Martin Josman directing the National Chorale. (Saturday, July 11, an all-Gershwin program, and Saturday, July 18, at 8, an all-Bernstein program.)

Music Festival on the Pier—The Dr Pepper wingding, in a new location this year, Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 46th St. Wednesday, July 8: Santana. . . . ¶ Friday, July 10: Gary U. S. Bonds and Robin Lane & the Chartbusters. . . . ¶ Monday, July 13: Emmylou Harris. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 15: The Stanley Clarke & George Duke Project. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18: The Pointer Sisters. (Evenings at 6:30; through Friday, Sept. 11. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

South Street Seaport Museum—Musical offerings on Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. **BLUEGRASS:** Thursday, July 9, at 8: Tony Trischka band. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 16, at 8: Backwoods band. (For information about tickets, call 687-9000.) . . . **JAZZ:** Benefit concert—Sunday, July 19, at 8: The Average White band. (For information about tickets, call 766-9066.) . . . Free concerts—Friday and Saturday, July 10-11, at 8: David Amram quintet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 17-18, at 8: Billy Taylor trio.

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **DAMN YANKEES,** with Joe Namath and Eddie Bracken, is this summer's production. (Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. For tickets, call 1-516 221-1000.)

Walking Tour—"The World of Edith Wharton: Madison Square and Gramercy Park," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, July 12, starting at the Little Church Around the Corner, 1 E. 29th St., at 2. For information, call 534-1672.

TWO TO GO

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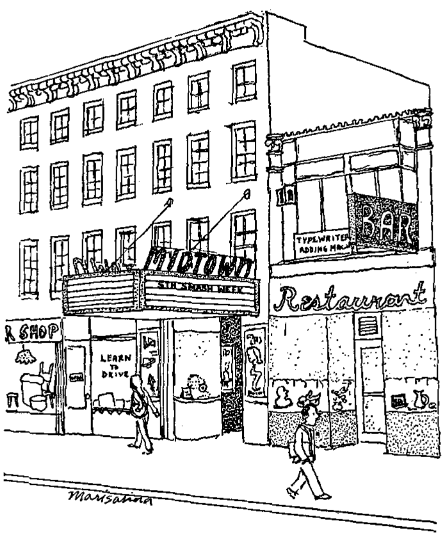
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 15.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 12: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie." (†)
July 13: Theatre closed.
July 14-15: "Slap Shot" (†) and "North Dallas Forty." (†)
July 16-17: "The Dogs of War" (†) and "Who'll Stop the Rain." (†)
From July 18: "1941." (†)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
July 8: "Gypsy" (†) and "Tonight and Every Night." (†)
July 9-10: "West Side Story" (†) and "On the Town." (†)
July 11-12: "Night and Day" (†) and "You'll Never Get Rich." (†)
July 13-14: "The Gay Divorcée" (†) and "Broadway Melody of 1940." (†)
July 15-16: "The Pirate" (†) and "Kiss Me Kate." (†)
July 17-18: "Silk Stockings" (†) and "High Society." (†)

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through July 9: "Bustin' Loose" (directed by Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson; *and* "*The Incredible Shrinking Woman.*" (†)
July 10-16: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker; and "Barbarella." (†)
From July 17: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Tess." (†)

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through July 9: "Dragonslayer." (†)
From July 10: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Superman II." (†)

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Stripes." (†)
Theatre 2: "For Your Eyes Only." (†)
Theatre 3: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"History of the World—Part I." (†)

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through July 9: "Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson.
From July 10: "The Fox and the Hound," an animated film from the Disney studios.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"History of the World—Part I." (†)

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Cannonball Run" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Roger Moore.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Superman II." (†)
Theatre 2: "Superman II." (†)

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)
Theatre 2: "S.O.B." (Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews and William Holden.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China." (†)

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through July 9: "New York, New York." (†) From July 10: "Lili Marleen" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.
Theatre 2: Through July 9: "Richard's Things" (Anthony Harvey), with Liv Ullmann. From July 10: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "For Your Eyes Only." (†)
Theatre 2: "For Your Eyes Only." (†)

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through July 16: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.
From July 17: "Arthur" (Steve Gordon), with Dudley Moore and Liza Minnelli.

Loews New York I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Stripes." (†)
Theatre 2: "Dragonslayer." (†)

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
July 8: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).
From July 9: "Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through July 9: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.
July 10-16: "La Cage aux Folles II." (†)
From July 17: "Outland." (†)

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through July 9: "The Cannonball Run" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Roger Moore.
From July 10: "The Fox and the Hound," an animated film from the Disney studios.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)
Theatre 2: "Superman II." (†)

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"For Your Eyes Only." (†)

R.K.O. 86th St. I and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through July 9: "Force Five" (Robert Clouse). From July 10: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef.
Theatre 2: Through July 9: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker. July 10-16: "Force Five" (Robert Clouse). From July 17: "Arthur" (Steve Gordon), with Dudley Moore and Liza Minnelli.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through July 9: "The Decline of Western Civilization" (directed by Penelope Spheeris), a documentary on punk rock.
From July 10: To be announced.

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through July 16: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker. From July 17: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through July 16: "The Cannonball Run" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Roger Moore. From July 17: "Arthur" (Steve Gordon), with Dudley Moore and Liza Minnelli.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Atlantic City." (†)
Theatre 2: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.
Theatre 3: Through July 16: "Outland." (†) From July 17 (tentative): "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.
Theatre 4: Through July 9: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (John Sayles). From July 10: "The Fox and the Hound," an animated film from the Disney studios.

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 9: "The Girl Can't Help It" (1957; Frank Tashlin), with Tom Ewell, Jayne Mansfield, and Edmond O'Brien; and "Don't Knock the Rock" (1957), with Bill Haley and Alan Dale.
July 10-11: "Let It Be" (†); and "The Concert for Bangladesh" (1972), a concert film.
July 12: "The Song Remains the Same" (1976; Peter Clifton and Joe Massot).
July 13-14: "Radio On" (1980; Christopher Petit); and "Shellshock Rock" (1980; John Davis).
From July 15: Theatre temporarily closed.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through July 9: "Jason and the Argonauts" (1963; Don Chaffey); and "The 7th Voyage of Sinbad" (1958; Nathan Juran).
From July 10: "The Fox and the Hound," an animated film from the Disney studios.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Great Muppet Caper" (Jim Henson).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through July 9: "Atlantic City" (†) and "Pretty Baby." (†)
From July 10: "S.O.B." (Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews and William Holden.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Stripes." (†)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Dragonslayer." (†)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"I Sent a Letter to My Love" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"History of the World—Part I." (†)

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 2: "Voyage en Douce" (Michel Deville; in French), with Dominique Sanda and Geraldine Chaplin.
Theatre 3: "Heart to Heart" (Pascal Thomas; in French), with Anne Caudry.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Cutter's Way" (Ivan Passer), with Jeff Bridges and John Heard.
Theatre 2: "Gaijin: A Brazilian Odyssey" (Tizuka Yamasaki; in Portuguese, Japanese, Italian, and English).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through July 9: "Jason and the Argonauts" (1963; Don Chaffey); and "The 7th Voyage of Sinbad" (1958; Nathan Juran). From July 10: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (John Sayles).
Theatre 2: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Atlantic City." (†)
Theatre 2: "Superman II." (†)
Theatre 3: Through July 9: "Outland." (†) From July 10: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.

Theatre 4: Through July 9: "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong). From July 10: "The Fox and the Hound," an animated film from the Disney studios.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "The Stunt Man" (†) and "Eyewitness." (†)
Theatre 2: Through July 9: "Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson. July 10-16: Six Satyajit Ray films. Call theatre for titles and times. From July 17: To be announced.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 2: Through July 9: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward. July 10-16: "Polyester" (John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter. From July 17: "History of the World—Part I." (†)
Theatre 3: Through July 9: "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong). July 10-16: "Outland." (†) From July 17: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.
Theatre 4: Through July 9: "Atlantic City." (†) From July 10: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through July 16: "Outland." (†) From July 17: "Arthur" (Steve Gordon), with Dudley Moore and Liza Minnelli.
Theatre 2: Through July 16: "History of the World—Part I." (†) From July 17: "Zorro, the Gay Blade" (Peter Medak), with George Hamilton and Lauren Hutton.
Theatre 3: Through July 16: "High Risk" (Stewart Raffill), with James Brolin and Anthony Quinn. From July 17: "History of the World—Part I." (†)
Theatre 4: Through July 16: "Polyester" (John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter. From July 17: "Force Five" (Robert Clouse).
Theatre 5: "Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson.
Theatre 6: Through July 16: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett. From July 17: "Outland." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th, east side. (757-2408)
"Dragonslayer." (†)

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through July 9: "Return of the Dragon" (1974), "The Chinese Connection" (1972), and "Game of Death" (1979), all with Bruce Lee. From July 10: "The Fox and the Hound," an animated film from the Disney studios.
Theatre 3: Through July 16: "Return of the Dragon" (1974), "The Chinese Connection" (1972), and "Game of Death" (1979), all with Bruce Lee. From July 17: "The Cannonball Run" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Roger Moore.
Theatre 4: Through July 9: "Return of the Dragon" (1974), "The Chinese Connection" (1972), and "Game of Death" (1979), all with Bruce Lee. From July 10: "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong).

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th, west side. (354-5636)
Through July 16: "The Cannonball Run" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Roger Moore.
From July 17: "On the Right Track" (Lee Philips), with Gary Coleman.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "For Your Eyes Only." (†)
Theatre 2: Through July 9: "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong). From July 10: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"S.O.B." (Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews and William Holden.

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Stripes." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through July 16: "Force Five" (Robert Clouse).
From July 17: "Endless Love" (Franco Zeffirelli), with Brooke Shields and Martin Hewitt.

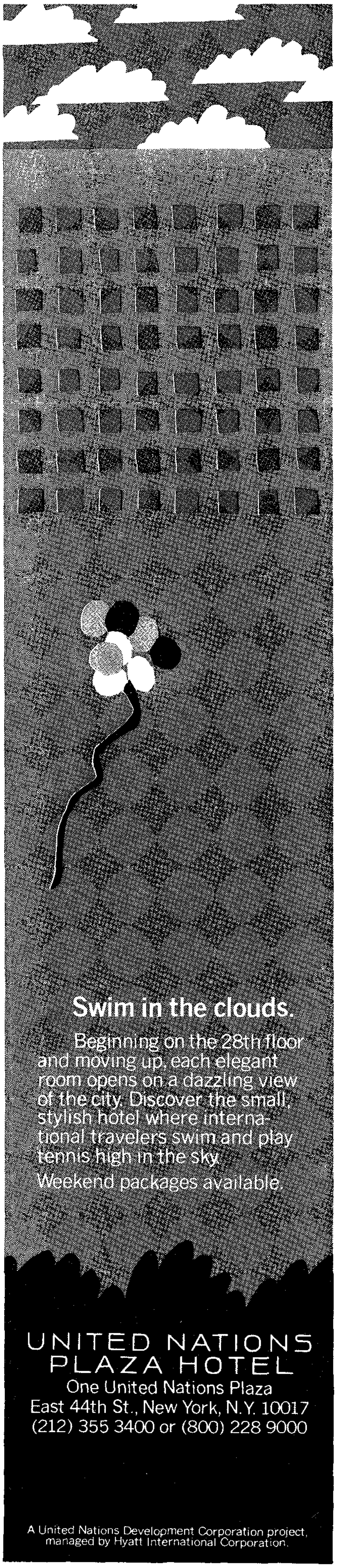
R.K.O. Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.
Theatre 2: "Superman II." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
July 8: "Day for Night" (1973; directed by François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese.
July 9: "Best Boy" (1980; Ira Wohl), a documentary film.
July 10: "The African Queen" (1951; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn.
July 11: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden.
July 12: "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent.
July 13: "The Deer Hunter." (†)
July 14: "Samurai, Part I" (1954; Hiroshi Inagaki; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and another Japanese film.
July 15: "The Last Wave" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett; and "The Man Who Lies" (1970; Alain Robbe-Grillet; in French), with Jean-Louis Trintignant.
July 16: "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.
July 17: "The Last Waltz" (1978; Martin Scorsese), with the Band; and "Quadrophenia" (1979; Franc Roddam).
July 18: "The Ruling Class" (1972; Peter Medak), with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
July 8: "Metropolis" (1926; Fritz Lang; a German silent film); and "Fantastic Planet" (1973; René Laloux; in French), an animated science-fiction film.
July 9: "The Life and Opinion of Zatoichi" (1962; Kenji Misumi; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu; and "Yojimbo" (1961; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
July 10: "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde.
July 11: "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.
July 12: "The King and I" (1956; Walter Lang), with Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner.
July 13: "Apocalypse Now" (1979; Francis Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen.
July 14: "Wise Blood" (1980; John Huston), with Brad Dourif, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton, and Amy Wright; and "The Member of the Wedding." (†)
July 15: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "The Lord of the Rings" (1978; Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.
July 16: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1946; Tay Garnett), with Lana Turner, John Garfield, Cecil Kellaway, Hume Cronyn, and Leon Ames; and "The Asphalt Jungle." (†)
July 17: "Annie Hall" (1977) and "Sleeper" (1973), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.
July 18: "To Forget Venice" (1979; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Erland Josephson and Mariangela Melato.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 9: "Autumn Sonata" (1978; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann; and "Cries and Whispers" (1972; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan.
July 10-11: "Sebastiane" (1978; Derek Jarman and Paul Humfress; in Latin; X-rated); and "Les Enfants Terribles" (1950; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Nicole Stéphane, Edouard Dermithe, Renée Cosima, and Jacques Bernard.
July 12-14: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The 39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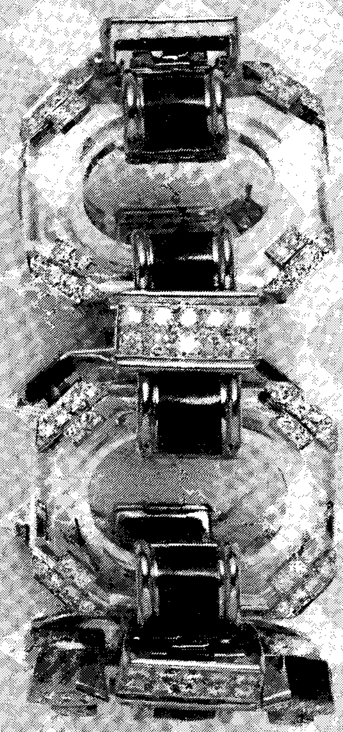

SOTHEBY'S
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Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.

July 15-16: "Nights of Cabiria" (†); and "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina.

July 17-18: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini), with Bruno Zanin; and "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through July 9: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1974; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro. In 3-D.

July 10-16: "It Came from Outer Space" (1953; Jack Arnold), with Richard Carlson and Barbara Rush; and "The Creature from the Black Lagoon" (1954; Jack Arnold), with Richard Carlson and Julia Adams. Both in 3-D.

From July 17: "Lollypop Girls in Hard Candy" (1981) and "Manhold" (1981). Both films in 3-D.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through July 11: "Duck Soup" (1933; Leo McCarey), "Horse Feathers" (1932; Norman McLeod), and "Animal Crackers" (1930; Victor Heerman), all with the Marx Brothers.

July 12-14: "Once Upon a Time in the West" (1969; Sergio Leone), with Henry Fonda, Claudia Cardinale, and Jason Robards.

July 15-18: "Freaks" (1932; Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through July 11: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "The Duellists" (1978; Ridley Scott), with Keith Carradine, Harvey Keitel, Cristina Raines, and Albert Finney.

July 12-14: "Catch-22" (1970; Mike Nichols), with Alan Arkin; and "If . . ." (1969; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell.

July 15-18: "All That Jazz" (1979; Bob Fosse), with Roy Scheider, Jessica Lange, Ann Reinking, and Leland Palmer; and "Lenny" (1974; Bob Fosse), with Dustin Hoffman and Valerie Perrine.

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through July 9: "The Romantic Englishwoman" (1975; Joseph Losey), with Glenda Jackson, Michael Caine, and Helmut Berger; and "The Appointment" (1969; Sidney Lumet), with Omar Sharif, Anouk Aimée, and Lotte Lenya.

July 10-12: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "Spellbound" (1945; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.

July 13-15: "Zardoz" (†); and "Demon Seed" (1977; Donald Cammell), with Julie Christie and Fritz Weaver.

July 16-18: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (†); and "Funny Face" (1957; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Michel Auclair, and Kay Thompson.

Olympia Quad 1, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through July 9: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.

July 10-11: "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "The Virgin and the Gypsy" (1970; Christopher Miles), with Joanna Shimkus, Franco Nero, and Maurice Denham.

July 12-14: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "Beat the Devil." (†)

July 15-16: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (†) and "To Catch a Thief." (†)

July 17-18: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958; Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

July 8: "Sapphire" (1959; Basil Dearden), with Nigel Patrick, Yvonne Mitchell, Michael Craig, and Bernard Miles; and "Victim" (1961; Basil Dearden), with Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms, and Dennis Price.

July 9-11: "Sherlock Holmes Faces Death" (1943), "The Scarlet Claw" (1944), and "The Pearl of Death" (1944), three films in the Basil Rathbone-Sherlock Holmes series. All with Nigel Bruce as Dr. Watson; directed by Roy William Neill.

July 12-13: "Wait Until Dark" (†) and "Klute." (†)

July 14-15: "The Deadly Affair" (†) and "Three Days of the Condor." (†)

July 16-18: "Leave Her to Heaven" (†); and "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

July 8: "The General" (1926) and "College" (1927), both silent films, directed by, and with, Buster Keaton.

July 9: "Gambling Lady" (1936; Archie Mayo), with Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea; and "One Way Passage" (1932; Tay Garnett), with William Powell, Kay Francis, and Aline MacMahon.

July 10-11: "Illustrious Corpses" (1975; Francesco Rosi; in Italian), with Leno Ventura, Max von Sydow, Charles Vanel, and Fernando Rey; and "Primal Fear" (Anne-Claire Poirier; in French), with Micheline Lanctot.

July 12: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" (1973; Yves Robert; in French), with Pierre Richard; and "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953; in French), directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.

July 13: Cartoons made at Warners studio by Tex Avery, Bob Clampett, and Robert McKimson.

July 14: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "Little Women" (1933; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Edna May Oliver, Frances Dee, and Spring Byington.

July 15: "À Nous la Liberté" (†); "Le Million" (†); and "Under the Roofs of Paris" (1930; René Clair; in French).

July 16: "Housewife" (1934; Alfred E. Green), with Bette Davis, George Brent, Ann Dvorak, and Ruth Donnelly; and "Female" (1933; Michael Curtiz), with Ruth Chatterton and George Brent.

July 17-18: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (1978; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Patrick Dewaere, Carole Laure, Michel Serrault, and Riton; and "Femmes Fatales" (1976; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Jean-Pierre Marielle, Jean Rochefort, Bernard Blier, and Brigitte Fossey.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 8: "The Sea Hawk" (1940; Michael Curtiz), with Errol Flynn, Flora Robson, and Brenda Marshall; and "Captain Blood" (1935; Michael Curtiz), with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, and Basil Rathbone.

July 9: "Carnival in Flanders" (1936; Jacques Feyder; in French), with Louis Jouvet and Françoise Rosay; and "Toni" (1935; Jean Renoir; in French).

July 10-11: "The Garden Murder Case" (1936; Edwin L. Marin), with Edmund Lowe; and "The Casino Murder Case" (1935; Edwin L. Marin), with Paul Lukas.

July 12: "Summertime" (†); and "A Bill of Divorcement" (1932; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, John Barrymore, David Manners, and Billie Burke.

July 13: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada; and "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.

July 14: "The Night They Raided Minsky's" (†) and "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum." (†)

July 15: "Dangerous" (†); and "Front Page Woman" (1935; Michael Curtiz), with Bette Davis, George Brent, and Roscoe Karns.

July 16: "Charlie Chan in Egypt" (1935; Louis King) and "Charlie Chan in London" (1934; Eugene Forde), both with Warner Oland as Chan.

July 17: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (†) and "The Lower Depths." (†)

From July 18: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A series of films directed by Satyajit Ray, in Bengali, with English subtitles: July 9 at 2:30: "Charulata" (1964). . . . July 9 at 6: "The Big City" (1963). . . . July 9 at 8:30: "The Expedition" (1962). . . . July 10 at 2:30: "The Big City." . . . July 10 at 6: "The Coward and the Holy Man" (1965). . . . July 11 at 2: "The Adventures of Goopy and Bagha" (1969). . . . July 11 at 5: "The Hero" (1966). . . . July 12 at 2:30: "Days and Nights in the Forest" (1970). . . . July 12 at 5: "Sikkim" (1971; in English) and "Pikoo" (1980). . . . July 13 at 2:30: "The Coward and the Holy Man." . . . July 13 at 6: "The Hero." . . . July 14 at 2:30: "Sikkim" and "Pikoo." . . . July 14 at 6: "The Adventures of Goopy and Bagha." . . . July 16 at 2:30: "The Adversary" (1970). . . . July 16 at 6: "Company Limited/The Target" (1971). . . . July 16 at 8: "Days and Nights in the Forest." . . . July 17 at 2:30: "Company Limited/The Target." . . . July 17 at 6: "The Adversary." . . . July 18 at 2:30: "Distant Thunder" (1973). . . . July 18 at 5: "The Golden Fortress" (1974). . . . ¶ Other, non-Ray, films scheduled during this period: July 10 at noon: Two films about Pierre Alechinsky: "Encre" (1963; no dialogue) and "Alechinsky" (1970; Luc de Heusch). . . . July 11-12 at noon: "Nosferatu" (1922; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film). . . . July 13-14 at noon: "American Time Capsule" (Charles Braverman), "Legend Days Are Over" (Robert Primes), "Braverman's Condensed Cream of Beatles" (Charles Braverman), and "The Bolero" (Allan Miller and William Fertik). . . . July 17-18 at noon: "Encre" and "Alechinsky." . . . July 18 at noon: "Abraham Lincoln" (1930; D. W. Griffith), with Walter Huston. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A summer-long series of short and full-length animated films from the Disney studios. Through July 12: Two sets of short films. "Discovery of Personality" is showing daily at 1 and "Personalities: Character Relationships" is showing daily at 3:30. . . . ¶ Starting July 14: Two sets of short films. "Personalities: Animation Objects" will be shown daily at 1 (and Tuesday at 6:15) and "Personalities: Variations on Mickey" will be shown daily at 3:30. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

A Nous la Liberté (1931)—René Clair's imaginative social satire on the mechanization of modern life begins with a man (Raymond Cordy) who escapes from prison and builds a phonograph-record business with an assembly line that's as regimented as the prison. This factory owner is modelled on Charles Pathé, who said of his phonograph-and-cinema empire, "Only the armaments industry made profits like ours." The tycoon's pal from his prison days is a soft-hearted "little man" (Henri Marchand)—the underdog embodiment of a free, humanistic spirit. This film is beautifully made. The sets, by Lazare Meerson, are elegantly futuristic; Georges Périnal's cinematography has a simplified, formal perfection; the whole film is paced to Georges Auric's memorable score—one of the earliest (yet best) film scores ever written. The writer-director demonstrates that sound pictures can be as fluid as silents were, and this picture is rightly considered a classic. Yet it isn't as entertaining as Clair's earlier (silent) "The Italian Straw Hat" or his later "Le Million;" his scenario turns a little too carefree and ironic—the film grows dull. "A Nous la Liberté" was obviously the source of some of the ideas in Chaplin's 1936 "Modern Times;" the producing company filed suit against Chaplin for copyright infringement, but Clair had the suit dropped, saying that "all of us flow" from Chaplin, and "I am honored if he was inspired by my film." In French. (Thalia; July 15.)

The Asphalt Jungle (1950)—A competent (often overrated) thriller by John Huston about a group of crooks who plan a jewel robbery and how their characters determine the results. The rogues' gallery includes Sterling Hayden, Sam Jaffe, James Whitmore, and Louis Calhern; Jean Hagen and Marilyn Monroe are among the women. From the W. R. Burnett novel. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 16.)

Atlantic City—The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes the director, Louis Malle, a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid, Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/6/81.) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Festival, and Olympia Quad; through July 9.)

Barbarella (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absent-minded revolutionary. (St. Marks Cinema; July 10-16.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—"The formula of 'Beat the Devil,' " its director, John Huston, once remarked, "is that everyone is slightly absurd." The plot of the picture was unknown to the cast, but presumably known to Huston and his co-writer, Truman Capote; however, Capote later remarked that he had "a suspicion that John wasn't too clear about it." Commercially speaking, the movie courted—and achieved—disaster. According to most accounts, Capote wrote the script as they went along (reading it aloud to the cast each morning, Robert Morley says), and Huston didn't show any signs of anxiety. This improvisation was not necessarily an actor's delight, and Humphrey Bogart, who looks rather bewildered through much of it, as if he hadn't been let in on the joke, said, "Only the phonies think it's funny. It's a mess." Yes, but it may be the funniest mess of all time. It kidded itself, yet it succeeded in some original (and perhaps dangerously marginal) way by finding a style of its own. Bogart and his wife, Gina Lollobrigida, are on a ship bound for British East Africa; their travelling companions are a gang of uranium swindlers—Robert Morley, Peter Lorre, Marco Tulli, and Ivor Barnard. The funniest performer is Jennifer Jones (in a blond wig) as a creative liar; she's married to a bogus British lord (Edward Underdown). Then there's a shipwreck. This straight-faced parody of the international thriller killed off the whole genre. (It also ended the Huston-Bogart working relationship. Bogart had had his own money in the picture.) With Bernard Lee. Cinematography by Oswald Morris and Freddie Francis; from a novel by James Helvick. (Olympia Quad 1; July 12-14.)

Boudu Saved from Drowning (1931)—Despite the problems of sound recording in 1931, Jean Renoir went out of the studio and shot this film on the streets and along the banks of the Seine, and so it is not only a lovely fable about a bourgeois attempt to reform an early hippie (Michel Simon is the shaggy-bearded tramp who spills wine on the table and wipes his shoes on the bedspread) but a photographic record of an earlier France. A beautifully rhythmed film that makes one nostalgic for the period when it was made. Not released in the United States until 1967. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 17.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—Audrey Hepburn's Holly Golightly is a bit refined, and the movie goes soft and romantic, but there's some very funny stuff along the way, especially the cocktail party. With Patricia Neal, George Peppard, and Martin Balsam, and with Mickey Rooney in a wild caricature of a Japanese. Blake Edwards directed George Axelrod's adaptation of the Capote novella. (Olympia Quad 1; July 15-16. . . . ¶ Mini Cinema; July 16-18.)

Broadway Melody of 1940—Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy. That's a lot of tapping. Norman Taurog directed; he couldn't do much with the indefatigable, intensely dull Miss Powell. A half-dozen good Cole Porter songs are reprised, including "I Concentrate on You" and "Begin the Beguine." (Art; July 13-14.)

La Cage aux Folles II—The return of Albin (Michel Serrault) and Renato (Ugo Tognazzi). This picture isn't as original as the first, but it gives the actors more range, and it's more smoothly directed (by Edouard Molinaro, who also did the first). A thriller plot serves as a pretext to get the two middle-aged homosexuals out of their apartment and into the straight world. The film has nothing to do with the art of movies, but it has a great deal to do with the craft and art of acting, and the pleasures of farce. Serrault gives a superb comic performance—his Albin is a wildly fanciful creation. With Marcel Bozzuffi. In French. (3/23/81) (72nd Street East; July 10-16.)

Dangerous (1936)—Bette Davis is such an eerie stimulant in this movie that you can see why some people loved her and others hated her, while still others were split. This is the mawkish, trashy movie for which she won her first Academy Award; the award was generally considered to be belated recognition of her work the year before in "Of Human Bondage," but terrible as "Dangerous" is, she hypes it with an intensity that frequently makes you sit up and stare. She plays Joyce Heath, a self-destructive, hard-drinking actress (possibly modelled on Jeanne Eagels) who is convinced that she jinxes the people she gets involved with. Davis is remarkable in her gone-to-the-dogs barroom scene, and she can be tough and surly, as in her scene with Alison Skipworth ("I don't want any of your greasy food; give me a drink"), but nobody could do much with the sequences in which she's required to renounce her true love, an architect (Franchot Tone), and sacrifice herself to the mealymouthed husband (John Eldredge) who is crippled for life as a result of her enraged, suicidal driving. (He's such a crawly masochist that she seems to have done him a favor by mutilating him.) Alfred E. Green directed, without much control over the tone, so that certain scenes seemed ludicrous even when the picture first came out. Written by Laird Doyle; with Margaret Lindsay, Dick Foran, and Richard Carle. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 15.)

The Deadly Affair (1967)—A stylish thriller, directed by Sidney Lumet and boasting a cast that includes James Mason, Harriet Andersson, Simone Signoret, Maximilian Schell, Kenneth Haigh, and Lynn Redgrave. (Regency; July 14-15.)

The Deer Hunter (1978)—A romantic adolescent-boy's view of friendship, with the Vietnam War seen in the Victorian terms of such movies as "Four Feathers" and "Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—i.e., as a test of men's courage. This is the fullest screen treatment so far of the mystic bond of male comradeship. Without sharing the film's implicit God-and-country, flag-on-the-door political assumptions, one can see that, even with its pulp

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

components and its superman hero (Robert De Niro), it is not merely trying to move people by pandering to their prejudices. It is also caught in its own obsessions. And because the director, Michael Cimino, plays them out on such a vast canvas, the film has an inchoate, stirring quality. With Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Cazale, and John Savage. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 13.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed (at the age of seventy-two) with exhilarating ease. It's a cosmic vaudeville show—an Old Master's mischief. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and the inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. This episodic story is about a group of six friends—discreetly charming amoral beasts—whose attempts to have dinner together are always being interrupted: food, that ritual center of bourgeois well-being, keeps eluding them. Buñuel takes an offhand, prankish approach to the medium; he keeps tweaking us, catching us up in an anecdote or a spooky death joke, and then dropping it. With Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (who plays a bishop with supreme finesse), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Paul Frankeur, Bulle Ogier, Milena Vukotic, Claude Piéplu, and Michel Piccoli. Written by Buñuel and Jean-Claude Carrière. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through July 12.)

The Dogs of War—A crisp, tough-minded action film about an international group of mercenaries who stage a coup in a small, decaying West African country run by an Idi Amin-Papa Doc-style despot. The casting of Christopher Walken as Shannon, the leader of the group, gives the film the fuse it needs. Walken, with his pale, flat-faced mask of pain, his glaring eyes and lithe movements, suggests a restless anger. We aren't asked to like the mercenaries, and Shannon kills a spy (set on him by his own employer, who doesn't trust him) in such a horrifying way that we really couldn't like him. But we do want to watch him. This is the first feature film by John Irvin, an English documentarian and TV director ("Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy"); he has studied a master—during the actual raid, some of the most feral images are almost direct quotations from Peckinpah's "The Wild Bunch." With Colin Blakely as a TV journalist who's tenacious about following a story, and Tom Berenger, Paul Freeman, and Jean-François Stevenin. Cinematography by Jack Cardiff; freely adapted from Frederick Forsyth's best-seller by Gary DeVore and George Malko. (3/23/81) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 16-17.)

Dragonslayer—With Peter MacNicol and Caitlin Clarke, directed by Matthew Robbins. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews New York, Little Carnegie, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through July 9.)

Eyewitness—The director Peter Yates and the writer Steve Tesich are trying to make a new, more meaningful version of a forties melodrama, but their Manhattan-set thriller bogs down in a tangle of plot. The hero must be a first for a Hollywood hero; he's a janitor in an office building. William Hurt (who plays him) has an entertaining flirtation with Sigourney Weaver, as a TV reporter who comes to film a news item about a murder in the building. With Christopher Plummer, Irene Worth, Morgan Freeman, Steven Hill, Pamela Reed, and Kenneth McMillan. (3/23/81) (New Yorker.)

For Your Eyes Only—The twelfth James Bond film goes through the motions, but not only are we tired of them, the actors are tired of them—even the machines are tired. It has got to the point where if the machines do something they haven't done before, we've seen it before anyway. Roger Moore, who is Bond again, is a dutiful, passive actor; his idea of Bond's imperturbable cool is the same as playing dead. And the producers have erred in deciding on a simpler, more realistic package, without dazzling sets or a big, mad, supervillain. The heroine (Carole Bouquet) is a lovely tall brunette who photographs like a goddess but has no more animation than the hero; the only jazziness in the movie comes from Lynn-Holly Johnson, playing a teen-age trollop who's a champion ice skater. With Topol, Julian Glover, Jill Bennett, Cassandra Harris, and Janet Brown as the Prime Minister. Directed by John Glen; written by Richard Maibaum and Michael Wilson. (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, 86th St. East, and Loews State.)

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From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China—A documentary, edited by Allan Miller and devoted to a tour of China that the violinist made in 1979. It covers not only his own concerts and master classes, with Chinese students playing Western music, but the teaching done by Stern's Chinese counterparts, on traditional Chinese instruments. (D. W. Griffith.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum (1966)—Richard Lester's camera keeps cutting into and away from the comedians (Phil Silvers, Zero Mostel, Jack Gilford, and Michael Hordern), who never get a chance to develop a routine or to bring off a number. They're rushed pell-mell through this fractured version of the wonderful musical farce by Burt Shevelove, Larry Gelbart, and Stephen Sondheim, taken from Plautus and set in ancient Rome. We get the sense that Lester thinks it would be too banal just to let us see a dance or a pair of burlesque clowns singing a duet. He trashes the men, even old Buster Keaton, and the women are blank-faced bodies or witless viragos. Some of the best effects are the least doctored: Hordern's vocal inflections, a satirical entrance song by Leon Greene. And Lester's fracturing technique is sometimes successful—as in the parody recap of the love duet, which has lyrical wit, like the song in the snow in "Help!" Mostly, Lester's visual gags seem just pointless agitation. He proceeds by fits and starts and leaves jokes suspended in midair; it's as if he's forgotten what it's all supposed to be. And for an audience the experience becomes one of impatience and irritation. With Michael Crawford, Annette Andre, Patricia Jessel, and Beatrix Lehmann. Cinematography by Nicolas Roeg; sets and costumes designed by Tony Walton; script by Melvin Frank (who was the producer) and Michael Pertwee. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 14.)

The Gay Divorcée (1934)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers appeared together in "Flying Down to Rio" in 1933, but this was their first co-starring film. The plot is trivial French farce, but the dances are among the wittiest and the most lyrical expressions of American romanticism on the screen. It may be accurate to say that no one who saw Astaire do "The Continental" or watched the great, tense, seductive dance the pair perform to Cole Porter's "Night and Day" has ever quite forgotten "The Gay Divorcée"—even if he thinks he has. With Alice Brady, Edward Everett Horton, and Eric Blore; directed by Mark Sandrich. (Art; July 13-14.)

Gypsy (1962)—An extremely unpleasant version of the Broadway musical based on Gypsy Rose Lee's memoirs. Rosalind Russell is the psychopathic stage mother who uses and destroys everyone within reach of her excruciatingly loud voice. Natalie Wood is the daughter Russell rants at, and Karl Malden gets it, too. Mervyn LeRoy's direction is heavy and coarse, and the script and the other credits match. (Art; July 8.)

High Society (1956)—Musical remake of "The Philadelphia Story," with Grace Kelly in the Hepburn role, Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Celeste Holm, John Lund, Louis Calhern, Sidney Blackmer, and Louis Armstrong, who, at the opening, does a fine scat-patter number explaining the plot. Everything that follows is a letdown. Charles Walters directed; the songs are by Cole Porter. (Art; July 17-18.)

History of the World—Part I—An all-out assault on taste and taboo. Mel Brooks is the writer, the director, and the star of this series of bawdy sketches. It's a floating burlesque show that travels from one era to the next, lampooning the particular infamies of each age. Brooks's staging is often flaccid and disorderly, and even when he and the dozens of other comics in the cast are racing about the movie feels static. It's powered by its performers, though, and their way with a joke; some of the routines are golden shtick. Brooks is Moses, a singing and dancing Torquemada, Louis XVI, and Comicus, a standup philosopher who performs for Nero—played by Dom DeLuise, embracing rottenness with blissful abandon. Also with Gregory Hines, Bea Arthur, Madeline Kahn, Paul Mazursky, Ron Carey, Sid Caesar, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, Spike Milligan, and John Hurt. (6/29/81) (34th St. East, Sutton, Cinema 3, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting July 17.)

Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte (1965)—Bette Davis in a macabre melodrama directed by Robert Aldrich—an attempt to reproduce the box-office success of their camp gothic "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," in which Davis's co-star was Joan Crawford. Crawford was to have appeared in this one also, but became ill and was replaced by Olivia de Havilland. Davis is a rich, dotty recluse living in a moldy mansion in Louisiana; she wanders about the shadowy rooms in streaming hair and billowing nighties, whispering telepathic endearments to her long-dead daddy. De Havilland is her treacherous cousin, Agnes Moorehead the witchlike housekeeper, and Joseph Cotten the family doctor. The story, redolent of mutilation and assorted horrors, is from a novel by Henry Farrell, who also was the source of the earlier film. A lot of people seemed to enjoy the spectacle of Davis crawling and howling and looking wildly repulsive. With Victor Buono, Mary Astor, Bruce Dern, George Kennedy, and Cecil Kellaway. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting July 18.)

The Incredible Shrinking Woman—An amiable, sloppy light satirical fantasy starring Lily Tomlin as Pat, a sweetly loony happy housewife in a pretty-poison dream world. The film is an idyll of consumerism. Everything in the suburban development where Pat lives with her advertising-man husband (Charles Grodin) and their two children has a muted artificiality; the style is Necco Deco—a sort of plastic lyricism. The whole family is a little benumbed—like the people in TV commercials, who don't react to anything that doesn't roll on or come in an aerosol can or make the floor shine. Then Pat starts to shrink (because of exposure to the chemicals in the products that the family delights in). Directed by Joel Schumacher, from a script by Jane Wagner (which retains only a few incidents from the Richard Matheson novel that was the basis of "The Incredible Shrinking Man"), the picture loses much of its stylized originality when it sets up a good-guys-versus-bad-guys conflict in order to give us a rooting interest in the outcome. But even when it turns into a gimcrack farce it's offhand and likable. Pat, imprisoned in a hamster's cage, finds a friend in a zonked lab technician (Mark Blankfield), and she becomes the beloved of a gorilla named Sidney (played by Rick Baker). It should be a great movie for kids; it's full of toys. With Ned Beatty, Henry Gibson, Elizabeth Wilson, and John Glover. (3/9/81) (St. Marks Cinema; through July 9.)

Kiss Me Kate (1953)—A backstage farce set during the staging of a musical version of "The Taming of the Shrew," with Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel as the warring stars. Grayson's trilling is something to contend with, and so is her busy, amateurish performance, and there's a lot of badly paced rambunctious comedy from just about everybody. But there's also a marvellous Cole Porter score, with such songs as "Where Is the Life That Late I Led?," "Why Can't You Behave?," "Too Darn Hot," "I've Come to Wive It Wealthily in Padua," and "Always True to You in My Fashion." And there is Howard Keel, with his strong baritone and his good-hearted leering; a dark goatee gives him more chin, and, with his great height, he looks hilarious in Petruchio's striped pants. And there is the dancing of Bob Fosse, Tommy Rall, and Bobby Van—their "From This Moment On" number, choreographed by Fosse, is one of the high points of movie-musical history; in its speed and showmanship one can see the Fosse style in its earliest film realization. This sequence more than balances out the grossly embarrassing moments, such as the one when Keel tells Grayson, who is about to quit acting and go off with a Texan (Willard Parker), that she belongs in the theatre. Maybe because Grayson looks so uncomfortable—so aware of her shortcomings as an actress—Ann Miller, who obviously enjoys performing, comes off as lively and amusing; she doesn't just do her usual tick-tock tapping, because she's working with those three leaping male dancers, and with Carol Haney, too. Produced by Jack Cummings and directed by George Sidney, with dances staged by Hermes Pan. The cast includes Keenan Wynn and James Whitmore, who try (and fail) to be delightful clowns, and Jeanne Coyne, Ron Randell, Kurt Kasznar, Claude Allister, and Dave O'Brien. The Cole Porter Broadway show, with a book by Samuel and Bella Spewack, was adapted to M-G-M's requirements by Dorothy Kingsley—i.e., it was tidied up and sanitized. (Art; July 15-16.)

Klute (1971)—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder-melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Regency; July 12-13.)

Leave Her to Heaven (1945)—Gothic psychologizing melodrama, so preposterously full-blown and straight-faced that it's a juicy entertainment. Evil, beautiful Ellen (Gene Tierney) hoards her father's ashes and has a penchant for eliminating people who clutter up her life. There are scenes to cherish: Ellen impassively watching her brother-in-law drown; Ellen flinging herself down a flight of stairs to terminate an annoying pregnancy; Ellen going lickety-split on a charger, tossing her father's remains around the Technicolored New Mexico landscape; Ellen's long-suffering writer-husband (Cornel Wilde) remarking, "When I looked at you exotic words drifted across the mirror of my mind like clouds across the summer sky." John M. Stahl directed; Jo Swerling did the adaptation of the Ben Ames Williams best-seller. With Jeanne Crain, Vincent Price, Ray Collins, Gene Lockhart, Reed Hadley, Mary Phillips, and Chill Wills. (Regency; July 16-18.)

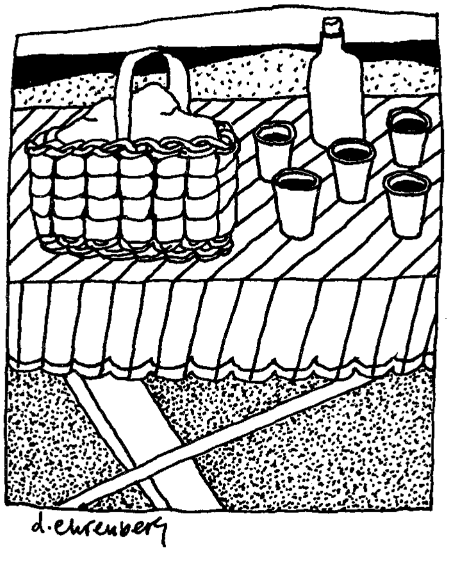
Let It Be (1970)—The Beatles at rehearsal—older and plumper and as fine company as ever—seen together on film for what is now inescapably the last time. It is a bad movie but a touching one. Directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg. (Harold Clurman; July 10-11.)

The Lower Depths (1936)—Jean Renoir's version of the Maxim Gorky play features those two magnetic poles of French acting—Louis Jouvet as the gambling baron who sinks to living in a flophouse, and Jean Gabin as the thief trying to climb up to a different life. Their scenes together are among the treasures of the French film tradition. The fine cast includes Le Vigan and Vladimir Sokoloff. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 17.)

The Member of the Wedding (1952)—The Carson McCullers dialogue is one of the high points of literacy in American films: sharp and full of wit, yet lyrical. Scrawny, cracked-voiced Julie Harris (she was twenty-six at the time) plays Frankie, the motherless, fiercely lonely twelve-year-old tomboy caught between childhood and adolescence, and fighting them both. Ethel Waters plays Berenice, the cook who looks after her, and Brandon deWilde is Frankie's owlish little playmate and whipping boy. The setting is a small Georgia town; the time is the summer when these three characters, who have been clinging to each other, are torn apart. Adapted from McCullers' 1950 stage success (with the same cast), the film is weak when it tries to "open up" the material, but fortunately Fred Zinnemann's direction respects Carson McCullers' intensity and humor. This remarkable film failed commercially, perhaps for want of a conventional "story;" it is said that in some towns viewers didn't understand the material and, for most of the film, thought that Frankie was a boy. The movie company then cut a crucial twenty-minute segment (which included Ethel Waters' finest scene) and tossed the film into the lower half of double bills. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 14.)

Le Million (1931)—René Clair at his exquisite best; no one else has ever been able to make a comedy move with such delicate, dreamlike inevitability. René Lefèvre plays the poor young painter who has a winning lottery ticket—only he hasn't quite got it: it was in the pocket of a coat he sold to a secondhand shop. The entire film, which Clair adapted from a stage musical, is the hero's chase after the ticket, with his creditors, his girl (Annabella), his friends, and the police chasing after him. (The sequence in the opera house is clearly the inspiration for a sequence in "A Night at the Opera.") This movie is lyrical, choreographic, giddy—it's the best French musical of its period. The cinematography is by Georges Périnal; the art direction is by Lazare Meerson. In French. (Thalia; July 15.)

New York, New York (1977)—An honest failure. This United Artists big-budget musical film, directed by Martin Scorsese, suffers from too many conflicting intentions. Scorsese works within the artifices of forties movie-musical romances and stylizes the sets in order to emphasize the shot-on-a-soundstage look. Evoking the movie past, he's trying to get at the dark side that was left out of the old cliché plots. But the improvisational, Cassavetes-like psychodrama that develops between the stars (Robert De Niro and Liza Minnelli) seems hollow and makes us uneasy, and sequences go on covering the same uncertain ground. De Niro plays a restless hipster, a tenor-sax player who's frustrated in the big-band era—he's already into the progressive bop that's not yet accepted. Minnelli is a big-band singer who becomes popular with a wide audience through records and in musical movies. The story is about their meeting at a VJ Day celebration, their marriage, its dissolution, and their diverging musical paths. With Diahnne Abbott as the Harlem Club singer, Lionel Stander, Barry Primus, Mary Kay Place, Lenny Gaines, George Memmoli, and George Auld, who gives a good, sour performance as the jaundiced bandleader and also dubs De Niro's sax. In addition to some mellow big-band standards, there are new songs by John Kander and Fred Ebb. The screenplay started with Earl Mac Rauch; then Mardik Martin, the cast, and others worked on it. The cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs; Irving Lerner and Marcia Lucas were the editors. (The film is dedicated to Lerner, who died during the final editing stages.) (Cinema I; through July 9.)



Night and Day (1946)—This utterly wretched movie, which purports to be a biography of Cole Porter, involves Cary Grant as the composer, starting as an excruciatingly unconvincing bouncy Yale undergraduate. Later on, Grant embraces Alexis Smith from time to time, but nervously, unwillingly—as if she were a carrier of Rocky Mountain fever. No doubt the movie was trying to tell us something. Grant looks constrained and distracted—as if he would give anything to get out of this mess; he relaxes briefly when he sings "You're the Top" with Ginny Simms. With Monty Woolley and many other unfortunates—Mary Martin, Jane Wyman, Victor Francen, Dorothy Malone, Selena Royle, Eve Arden, Donald Woods, Alan Hale, Paul Cavanaugh, Henry Stephenson, Clarence Muse, Sig Rumann, and Herman Bing. Michael Curtiz directed. (Art; July 11-12.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—Possibly Federico Fellini's finest film, and a work in which Giulietta Masina earns the praise she received for "La Strada." The structure is a series of episodes in the life of Cabiria (Masina), a shabby, aging, dreamy little Roman streetwalker—a girl whose hard, knowing air is no protection against her fundamental gullibility, which, we finally see, is her humanity and her saving grace. A famous actor (Amedeo Nazzari) picks her up and takes her to his luxurious villa; she goes to a cheap vaudeville show, and when the magician hypnotizes her, the innocent dreams of her adolescence pour out; a young man in the audience (François Périer) meets her and proposes to her, etc. Though the film seems free and almost unplanned, each apparent irrelevance falls into place. (It was the basis for the American musical film "Sweet Charity.") In Italian. (Cinema Village; July 15-16.)

The Night They Raided Minsky's (1968)—A parody tribute to burlesque, with a minimum of plot and a maximum of evocative stage routines. There's a wonderful seedy chorus line—a row of pudgy girls with faces like slipped discs. The actors include Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Joseph Wiseman, Elliott Gould, and Britt Ekland, who has a big, warm smile. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 14.)

1941 (1979)—Steven Spielberg's big, childish, earsplitting farce about panic and patriotism on the Southern California coast in the days just after Pearl Harbor. It has a few good sight gags in it (including the sight of a Japanese submarine shooting down a Ferris wheel), but most of the picture's energy is devoted to careering vehicles and crashing planes and kick-in-the-groin humor. The movie is aimed at young audiences, who deserve better fun. With Dan Aykroyd, John Belushi, Robert Stack, Toshiro Mifune, Slim Pickens, and many others. (12/24/79) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting July 18.)

North Dallas Forty (1979)—A funny, lazy satire about the kind of professional football that turns its players into pieces of equipment. Nick Nolte, as a veteran with a Bad Attitude and the best hands in the game, turns in a virtuoso performance based on respiratory noises, and shows a flair for comedy. He's so cool that the movie uses him as a ready-made moral choice. Mac Davis plays the flashy quarterback. Good football, good supporting cast. Based on the novel by former Dallas Cowboy Peter Gent, and directed by Ted Kotcheff. (8/13/79) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 14-15.)

On the Town (1949)—Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, Ann Miller, Jules Munshin, Vera-Ellen, Florence Bates, and Alice Pearce in the Comden and Green musical, with the Bernstein score. Not as good as all that may make it sound. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed. (Art; July 9-10.)

Outland—Science fiction set in a morally grimy future that is conceived as a continuation of capitalist exploitation in space. Sean Connery is the new federal district marshal on Io (a volcanic moon of Jupiter), who learns that Peter Boyle, the boss of the mines on Io, is selling the workers amphetamines that keep them speeding for ten or eleven months, until they go berserk and kill themselves or attack others. When Connery destroys a shipment of the drug, Boyle sends for hired killers, and,

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just as in "High Noon," the one lone good man finds he has to fight by himself. The sets are great—the industrial-nightmare city on Io is like the offspring of a gigantic pipe organ and an oil rig. And Peter Hyams, who directed, knows how to stage chases and fights. But he also wrote the script, which deadens everything and doesn't even make sense. (It's insane that the miners refuse to help Connery—that they don't mind being exploited, going crazy, and destroying themselves.) It's a noisy, somber film, with an element of the repugnant (the high spots are the horrible deaths), but with good performances by Connery, Frances Sternhagen as a sour, snappish doctor, and James B. Sikking as Connery's sergeant. (6/29/81) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through July 9. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through July 16. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; July 10-16. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting July 17.)

The Pirate (1948)—Judy Garland is a nineteenth-century maiden on a Caribbean island, dreaming of a famous pirate, and Gene Kelly, bouncing with élan in the manner of Fairbanks, is a travelling actor who pretends to be that pirate. This Minnelli musical, based on an S. N. Behrman play that the Lunts performed, is flamboyant in an innocent and lively way. Though it doesn't quite work, and it's all a bit broad, it doesn't sour in the memory. The Nicholas Brothers join Garland and Kelly in the celebrated "Be a Clown" number. The score is by Cole Porter. With Walter Slezak, Reginald Owen, Gladys Cooper, and George Zucco. (Art; July 15-16.)

Pretty Baby (1978)—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district is about to be shut down. A jazz musician—based mainly on Jelly Roll Morton (Antonio Fargas)—is playing the piano. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (Festival; through July 9.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Baronet, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Silk Stockings (1957)—A paralyzed version of the Cole Porter Broadway musical based on the Greta Garbo film "Ninotchka." The director, Rouben Mamoulian, manages to do practically nothing with a cast that includes Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse (as Ninotchka), Barrie Chase, Janis Paige, Peter Lorre, Jules Munshin, Joseph Buloff, George Tobias, and Ivan Triesault. (Art; July 17-18.)

Slap Shot (1977)—Fast, noisy, profane comedy set in the world of minor-league ice hockey. The director, George Roy Hill, gets you laughing, all right, but you don't necessarily enjoy yourself; the picture is geared to giving the public "what it wants"—and there's an antagonistic feeling behind it. What holds the film together is the warmth supplied by Paul Newman as Reggie, a player-coach. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 14-15.)

Stripes—With Bill Murray, directed by Ivan Reitman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York, 57th St. Playhouse, and National.)

The Stunt Man—A virtuoso piece of kinetic moviemaking. Working with material that could, with a few false steps, have turned into a tony reality-and-illusion puzzle, the director, Richard Rush, has kept it all rowdy and funny—it's slapstick metaphysics. Lawrence B. Marcus's script, freely adapted from the Paul Brodeur novel, is about paranoia and the making of movies; Steve Railsback is the fugitive who becomes a stunt man, and Peter O'Toole is the flamboyant, fire-eater director who, Railsback thinks, is out to kill him. Playing a protean figure—visionary, fierce-tempered, and ornery, yet ethereal and fey—O'Toole gives a peerless comic performance. With Allen Goorwitz as the dumpling scriptwriter who plays Sancho Panza to O'Toole's Don Quixote, Barbara Hershey, and Alex Rocco. (9/29/80) (New Yorker.)

Summertime (1955)—Katharine Hepburn, prim and gaunt, as an aging American virgin vacationing in corrupt, sensual Venice, and Rossano Brazzi as a soft, thickening Venetian art dealer who makes love to her. There is an element of embarrassment in this piningspinster role, but Hepburn is so proficient at it that she almost—though not quite—kills the embarrassment. It's hard to believe that the coming together of a withered Puritan and a middle-aged roué would light up the sky with the glittering display of fireworks that the director, David Lean, provides, but this is one of those overwrought, understated, romantic movies (like Lean's "Brief Encounter") that many people remember with considerable emotion. From Arthur Laurents's play "The Time of the Cuckoo." With Isa Miranda and Darren McGavin; the cinematography is by Jack Hildyard. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 12.)

Superman II—With Gene Hackman and Christopher Reeve, directed by Richard Lester. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, Manhattan, Loews Orpheum, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama.)

Tess—Roman Polanski's version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is textured and smooth and even, with lateral compositions subtly flowing into each other; the sequences are beautifully structured, and the craftsmanship is hypnotic. But the picture is tame. Polanski's Tess (the lovely young Nastassia Kinski, seventeen when she played the role) isn't a protagonist; she is merely a hapless, frail creature, buffeted by circumstances. She's affecting and sensitive, but she's in the wrong movie. With fine performances by Leigh Lawson as Alec and Peter Firth as Angel Clare, and amazingly sharp, clear performances by John Collin as the drunken Durbeyfield, Tony Church as Parson Tringham, and by just about everyone else in the supporting cast. Made in English; shot in France; cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth and Ghislain Cloquet. (2/2/81) (Gramercy.)

Three Days of the Condor (1975)—This expensive spy thriller gets some tension going, but there's no real fun in it, so that you may come out feeling depressed or angry. Robert Redford plays a researcher for the C.I.A. who accidentally turns up a clue to the existence of a renegade conspiratorial network in the C.I.A. organization and becomes everybody's target. With a miscast, subdued Faye Dunaway, and Max von Sydow, Cliff Robertson, and John Houseman. Sydney Pollack directed. (Regency; July 14-15.)

To Catch a Thief (1955)—The suspense plot (reprised in "The Return of the Pink Panther") isn't much, but the Riviera scenery, Cary Grant, and Grace Kelly are at their most luscious. It's a romantic comedy-thriller about a retired jewel thief—a pleasant minor diversion by Alfred Hitchcock. With Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber. (Olympia Quad 1; July 15-16.)

Tonight and Every Night (1945)—Elaborate, dull Columbia musical starring Rita Hayworth, smiling about nothing, and with Marc Platt, Janet Blair, and Lee Bowman. Directed by Victor Saville; mediocre score by Sammy Cahn and Jules Styne. (Art; July 8.)

Wait Until Dark (1967)—A thriller about a blind girl who gets involved with a gang of crooks. Audrey Hepburn is the heroine and makes the picture worth seeing. Directed by Terence Young. (Regency; July 12-13.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, with the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. Directed by Robert Wise. (Art; July 9-10.)

Who'll Stop the Rain (1978)—A pursuit melodrama with a stodgy start and a big finish, catching the period of disillusionment with the Vietnam War by way of its reflections in the counterculture. A journalist in Vietnam (Michael Moriarty) involves his pill-freak wife (Tuesday Weld) and an old Marine buddy (Nick Nolte) in smuggling heroin back to the States. They're all hounded by paranoia and bad karma. The gallows-humor dialogue is good (the screenplay, by Robert Stone and Judith Rascoe, is based on Stone's novel "Dog Soldiers"), and Nolte turns himself into the metaphor this too-literal movie needs. He's marvellous—a hero without a trace of narcissism. Directed by Karel Reisz. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 16-17.)

You'll Never Get Rich (1941)—Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth, and it doesn't work out too well, partly because she's too physical—too radiantly, youthfully overpowering for him (she works better with Gene Kelly in "Cover Girl")—and partly because the mixture of the backstage-musical plot and the Second World War enlistment-in-the-Army theme weighs down the songs and dances. Cole Porter did the lyrics and music (which don't stick in the mind); Robert Alton was dance director; Michael Fessier and Ernest Pagano did the script; Sidney Lanfield directed. The cast includes Robert Benchley, John Hubbard, Osa Massen, Donald MacBride, Frieda Inescort, Gwinn Williams, the singer Martha Tilton, and, among the guardhouse inmates, the Delta Rhythm Boys and a jazz group that contains Chico Hamilton. (Art; July 11-12.)

Zardoz (1974)—Sean Connery in a loincloth as the only virile man in an élitist commune of the future, dominated by hyperintellectual immortal women. John Boorman, who wrote, produced, and directed this lushly photographed piece of twaddle, appears to be worried about mankind's losing its fighting strength. With Charlotte Rampling, whose gimlet eyes and sensual hauteur inspire Connery to found a new race. (Mini Cinema; July 13-15.)

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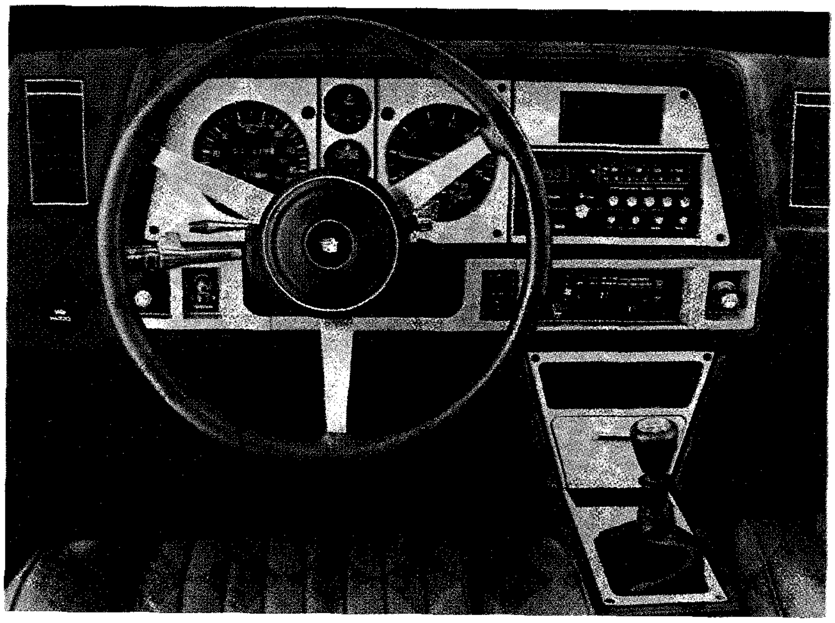

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

HERE is Biz. Remember Biz? Its distinctive package? The special way it attacked dirt and grime? Possibly you don't. Well, in any case, Biz is here, right here. Biz was away for a while, and now Biz is back. Biz missed—what? The Shah's trips to Egypt, Morocco, Mexico, etc. The dramatic swing of the blue-collar vote *to the right*. The whole depressing snow-belt thing. Biz was away for all that. *Are we sure?* Perhaps Biz was not away at all, just shy, just in a kind of corner where some products rest. Perhaps Biz wasn't ever away, but since many people forgot about Biz perhaps it became a sensible idea to act as though Biz had been away, so there could be more of a welcome back for Biz.

Maybe it went like this: Biz came along. La-de-de-de-dah. There were parties and so forth. Spirits rose. This was probably in the deep past. People were hopeful. Biz had a special action. Actually attacked dirt and grime. La-dee-de-de-doo-dah. Then this happened and that happened and things didn't work out and Biz had to go in the corner where products rest. That's one possible scenario.

So. Biz is back. This is a good time to go over some of the other laundry detergents. There's Super Suds. Super Suds is a lot like Jane Russell. You can't really put your finger on Super Suds except for a feeling of out-of-date modernity, an irritated feeling that *this must have been new at one time but it's not new now, so what am I to think*? Then, there is Tide, which everyone knows as well as his or her own name, and Fab. Fab used to make a pun on "fabulous," but people got bored with it, so they had to give it up. Then, Duz. "Duz does everything" was a phrase people liked for a while, but then they got extremely bored with it. Then, there were a lot of others, but people got extremely bored with them. Then, there is Biz.

Biz has had to overcome a certain cynicism. Product priorities might run like this:

1. Must acknowledge previous shortfall and inner horror to build credibility.
2. Must admit to build honesty.
3. Must make reference to to build trustlike attitudes in common.

That's one possible scenario for product priorities.

O.K. Let's really take a look at Biz. Let's look at the actual text of a Biz commercial. It is very simple at first. A wash is revealed as being very clean, pleasing a woman who has had her doubts. The announcer tells her it is Biz. So far, no problem. Now, let's go slowly here. It's time for the woman to speak. In other, simpler times, there were two possible responses:

1. "Biz. I should have known."
2. "You know, I was beguiled for a moment by so-called bargain brands, with their cheap appeal to tawdry economics, but now I see what I've been missing."

But we live in times riddled with doubt. In the Biz commercial, the woman takes on an expression of surprise appropriate to a depressed wife who has been told that her husband, heretofore a hopeless alcoholic, has received the nomination of his party to the Senate of the United States. The woman just says, "*That* is Biz?" Implied is the useful modern phrase *You've got to be kidding*.

Let's go through it again, paying particular attention to subtext. Text and subtext go like this:

Tell me, Ma'am, don't you agree that these items of yours are horribly stained and soiled? This petroleum rig smothered in onions? This sludge hog stuffed full of caramel smoothers? Dirty enough for you?

Yes. I'll never get them clean, either—not living here.

What if we told you we had a product to get it snippy-clean?

Well, I'd certainly be surprised, since every other product I've ever used has been a horrible disappointment, leaving ugly rings and splotches

Roxie Munro

the size of a muskmelon on even precious, hard-to-wring-out fabby-fabrics like washables, tossables, and permanent stain. In particular, I remember a product whose name I forget but which is coming back to me, if you'll just give me a minute. I remember perfectly well—it was about the time of the first fire, when hook-and-ladder crews sprayed thousands of gallons of river water over all my charred burnables, leaving inkies, spillties, and wretchedness of ingrained alluvial soil. Well, about that time I heard of a product—I can see it now, some little *short* name—that said thus and so about getting even my soiled soilies snippy-clean. BUT IT WAS A HORRIBLE DISAPPOINTMENT TO ME AND I HAD TO BLOCK THE ENTIRE EXPERIENCE FROM MY MIND.

(*Clean clothes revealed*)

Well, Ma'am, what do you say now?

I'd say I'd turn over a new leaf and stop being so difficult and let Big Charlie come back home.

Want me to tell you the name?

Please, please.

(*Reveals Biz*)

That is Biz?

(*Housewife laughs at brutal ironies of life, clutches product to bosom, re-enters charred remains of house*)

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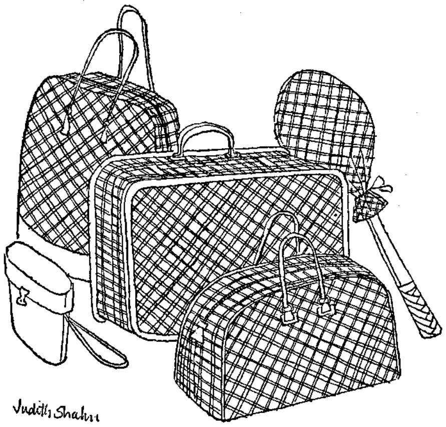
The Recluses

WE paid a visit to the Metropolitan Museum's elegant new Chinese galleries last week and came away dazzled by a choice collection of paintings, sculpture, furniture, calligraphy, court robes, carved jade, porcelain, and lacquerwork which documents the ups and downs of one of history's most self-sufficient civilizations. The galleries, which were financed by the Dillon Fund, are wrapped around three sides of the new Astor Court, a reconstruction of a Ming-dynasty scholar's retreat which includes a cold-spring pavilion, a moon-viewing terrace, and several traditional arrangements of trees, plants, and rocks beneath a peaked glass roof. The Ming Room, which opens onto the courtyard and links the Dillon Galleries, contains a set of sleek Ming hardwood furniture that would have delighted the Bauhaus. The side galleries display some eighty Chinese paintings, ranging in date from the eighth century (a prancing T'ang horse) to the eighteenth century (a delicate Ch'ing ink-wash painting of plum blossoms). We decided to concentrate on the paintings and enlisted as our guide Wen Fong, a tall, ebullient professor of Chinese art and archeology at Princeton, who has played a major role in helping the museum assemble the present collection. Professor Fong began our tour by telling us that most of the paintings in the exhibit had been sold, given, or lent to the museum during the past ten years. "They are arranged in historical sequence, and I hope that this installation will show how surprisingly diverse Chinese painting can be," he said. "Most people think the landscapes and the flower studies are pretty monotonous. But while there is a great sense of continuity that runs through Chinese painting, there is also a mainstream development linked to the political changes that took place in China."

We looked at the T'ang horse, a splendid black-ink drawing that was edged with red seals belonging to emperors and others who had owned it, as Professor Fong explained that ancient Chinese art, like ancient Western art, was concerned primarily with figures of animals and people. "Look at the details," he said. "This artist has not painted a flesh-and-blood reproduction of Night-Shining White, the Emperor Hsüan-tsung's favorite charger. He has painted the *essence* of horse. In terms of line, it is quite cosmopolitan; there is a three-dimensional modelling that reflects contact with the West that took place during the fifth and sixth centuries."

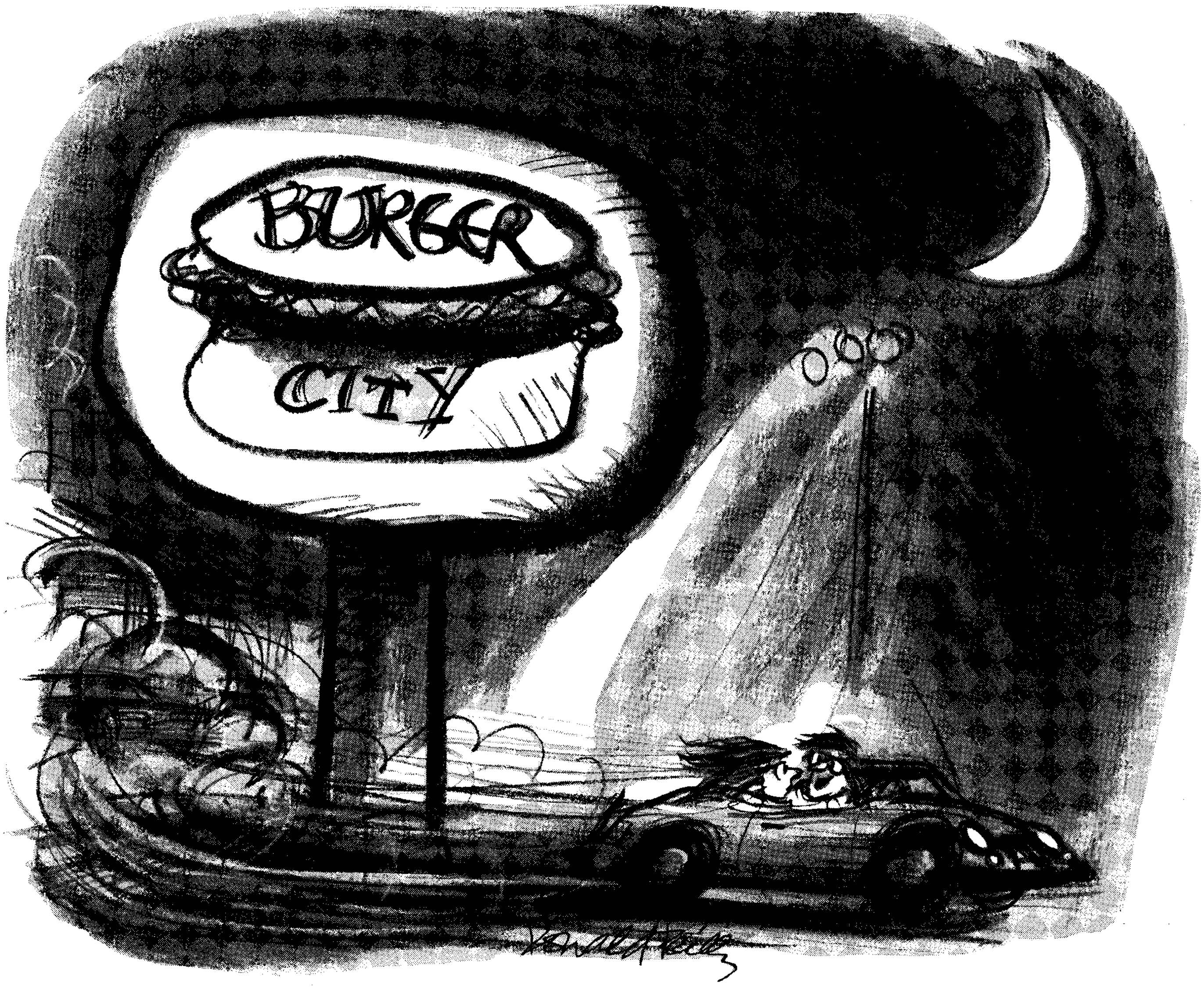
We moved on to two magnificent Northern Sung landscapes: "Summer Mountains," an eleventh-century horizontal scroll that showed a panorama of jagged peaks dominating a line of microscopic travellers advancing toward a temple; and "Landscape in the Style of Fan K'uan," a larger, vertical scroll, from the twelfth century, with the same theme. "Northern Sung painters retreated into the mountains to escape the turmoil and destruction that took place during the collapse of the T'ang dynasty, and they developed a monumental school of landscape painting that depicted the vastness and multiplicity of creation itself," said Professor Fong. "These artists looked at inanimate objects—rocks and trees—as if they breathed with spiritual qualities, and they established the themes of reclusion and spiritual harmony with nature which have dominated Chinese painting ever since." He added that the "Fan K'uan" landscape had been given to the museum in the nineteen-fifties as a much later Ming work painted in the Sung style. "When we had it cleaned, the details came up, and it turned out to be a twelfth-century treasure," he said.



"How do you know it's Northern Sung?" we asked, peering, with the aid of Professor Fong's magnifying glass, at tiny, dim figures and at houses nearly hidden in trees.

"The earliest landscapes are read rather than physically experienced," he replied. "They have a greater sense of intellectual scale, but they lack recession. Here you have a whole set of flat relationships—from the mountains in the back to the houses and people in the foreground—which are superimposed in overlapping silhouettes. The mist that curls through the valleys unites the elements of the landscape and hides the fact that the artist has not mastered perspective. A hundred years later, the landscape will look more real, and the mist will be round, physical, and almost bulbous."

We next moved on to "Woods and Valleys of Mount Yü," a delightful impressionistic landscape by the fourteenth-century painter Ni Tsan, which, Professor Fong said, embodied the change in style that occurred when the scholar-officials who replaced the hereditary aristocracy as the dominant force in government began to paint for their private amusement. "Ni Tsan is the quintessential Chinese amateur painter," he said. "He is also a great poet and a great calligrapher, and he treats painting as the writing of ideas. The scholar-artists combined poetry, calligraphy, and painting into a single art, which turned away from the objective reality of the Sung period and expressed a



"That was fast food, all right, but I know a spot that has even faster food."

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personal response to the circumstances of its creation. In this landscape, painted shortly before his death, in 1374, Ni Tsan expresses his joy and contentment with the life of a recluse. He was a wealthy landowner who lost the family property to a tax collector and became a hermit. He moved onto a houseboat and painted only for himself. He refused to paint for the powerful and rich Ming officials, although they threatened him with beatings, and his life style as well as his paintings became a model for later artists. He painted basically only one composition—a few trees, a distant mountain, sometimes a pavilion—but the calligraphic style that he invented was so popular that people copied him for centuries."

As we moved past Ch'ien Hsüan's "Wang Hsi-chih Watching Geese" ("This was painted in a deliberately primitive manner as an escape from the unpalatable reality of the Mongol conquest") and Wang Meng's "Red Cliffs and Green Valleys" ("There was no contentment in *his* reclusion, as you can see by the agitated, almost neurotic brushwork"), Professor Fong explained that painting had often provided a means of self-preservation as well as a means of expression. "During times of turmoil—the Mongol conquest, the decadence of the Ming court, the establishment of the Manchu dynasty—painting and poetry became forms of psychological self-defense for many wealthy and cultivated men," he said. "Let me give you two examples." He showed us a striking vertical scroll that consisted of fourteen monumental black characters, and told us it had been painted by Mi Wan-chung, an imperial official who had been dismissed from government service as a result of a quarrel with one of the powerful late-Ming-dynasty court eunuchs. "Mi was exiled to his estate outside Peking, where he cultivated a beautiful garden, trained troops of singsong girls, and invented a popular lantern. He seemed to be content with life, but this scroll indicates that he was a very bitter man. It says, 'Opening my robe, I sit at the edge of Heaven. With a wave of my hand, I brush away the clouds and smoke.' Now, those are brave words, because the clouds and smoke were the eunuchs who were running the country. If this scroll had been found during Mi's lifetime, he would have lost his head."

The second example of resistance art was a series of sixteen delicate ink-wash sketches by Kung Hsien, a celebrated seventeenth-century painter, who hated the Manchus, because they had set off a literary inquisition that killed several of his relatives. Regarding the new court orthodoxy with a skeptical eye, he sketched a narrow valley and wrote a poem that said, "On the mountainside thorny brambles mix with fragrant orchids; the orchids, with their pervasive fragrance, hide the bramble clusters. The brambles, as firewood, will be picked up by the woodcutters, leaving behind the orchids to survive the cold winter."

"The brambles are collaborators with the Manchus, and the orchids are Chinese gentlemen such as Kung himself," said Professor Fong. "Chinese scholars and painters knew that the arts would endure, but they were realistic enough to know that they themselves could have a hard time staying alive. They had no respect for usurpers."

He showed us another poem in the series, which was celebrated for its distilled venom. The sketch was of a small pavilion sitting at the top of a gently rounded hill. The verse next to it read, "On the glimmering bluff by the river's shore, which god is being worshipped in that ancient temple? Please, Your Excellency, what merit have you achieved on this earth? I believe you were a drunken poet of former times."

"Kung Hsien could have had a position at the Manchu court, but he preferred to live in virtuous poverty," said Professor Fong. "It was a risky and unwise decision, but many Chinese artists before and after him have been willing to take the same kind of chance."

Many Tongues

No sooner had a travelling friend of ours completed some light labors as an observer at the Strindberg Festival in Stockholm (recounted in these columns recently) than he nipped off to Austria to attend an equally pleasurable event—a session on contemporary theatre sponsored by the Salzburg Seminar in American Studies, a not-for-profit organization occupying a rococo castle in that ancient city. Our friend writes:

I have been provided with a room high up in Schloss Leopoldskron, looking out over a small lake to the Untersberg, a mountain that even in summer wears tatters of last winter's snow on its crest. The castle was built in 1736, by a Scottish Benedictine monk, for Count Leopold Firmian, the wealthy Archbishop of Salzburg. The setting was then all farmland, well outside the city walls. Firmian is reputed to have built the castle for a favorite girlfriend; be that as it may, he doted on the place, and his heart lies buried under the red-and-white marble paving of the chapel in the castle. Firmian having left the castle to a nephew ("nephew" in those worldly days was often a euphemism for "son"), the nephew, in turn, left it to one of his sons, who sold it to a socially ambitious local businessman. In 1918, after it had passed through many hands, Max Reinhardt, the most gifted and successful theatre impresario of his day and one of the founders of the Salzburg Festival, became its proud possessor. He restored the castle to its original glory and for twenty years gave celebrated parties there—always by candlelight and with a liveried footman behind every chair—at which he entertained illustrious musicians, writers, and actors. When the Nazis took over Austria, Reinhardt, as a Jew, was obliged to abandon his beloved castle and seek refuge in America, where he died in 1943.

Tiger Hunt by Moonlight

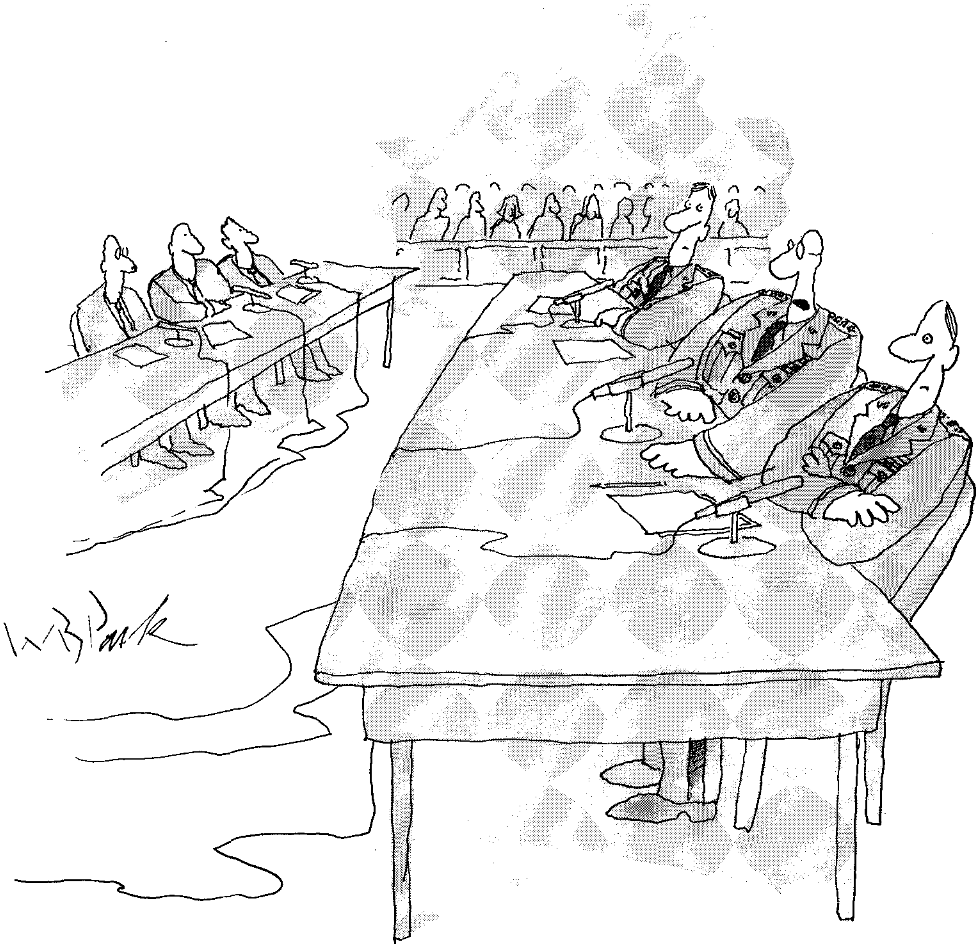
At the end of the Second World War, some Harvard undergraduates persuaded F. O. Matthiessen and several other distinguished scholars, including Margaret Mead, Alfred Kazin, and Wassily Leontief, to hold a seminar in Salzburg, in order to help reestablish lines of communication between the cultures of the Old World and the New. Reinhardt's widow offered the group the use of the Schloss, and in 1947 the Salzburg Seminar was officially launched. In 1959, the Seminar bought the Schloss from Reinhardt's widow and two sons. Seminars are given most of the year, in an increasing variety of subjects of international interest; the usual duration is two or three weeks. The faculty for each seminar receives free transportation to and from Salzburg but no pay. Participants in a seminar are known as Fellows and are drawn from all over the world; there is a participation fee, and many are assisted by scholarships.

The faculty for the seminar on contemporary theatre includes Hugh Leonard, the Irish playwright; Donn B. Murphy, the director of theatre programs at Georgetown University; Ellen Stewart, the executive director of the La Mama Experimental Theatre Club; Austin Pendleton, the director of the current Broadway production of "The Little Foxes;" and

Eugenio Barba, a native of Italy, who is the founder and director of the Odin Teatret, in Denmark. As lectures and discussions get under way, highly diverse opinions on what is acceptable theatre practice emerge. For example, Pendleton says that every word of the text of a play is sacred to him, Barba bursts out vehemently, "Words mean nothing to me," and Miss Stewart argues in a dulcet voice that there is a difference between subtracting words from a text and eliminating words from a text. The Fellows look contentedly bewildered by these headlong collisions among their faculty.

The Fellows are fifty-three in number and come from a total of twenty-four countries—Israel, Turkey, Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Sweden, Spain, Finland, Ireland, and Poland among them. English is the common tongue and tends to improve as the seminar proceeds. Since the weather is fine, most of the scheduled meetings take place out-of-doors, on the stone terrace of the Schloss or in a wooded park that runs along the lake. The most important factor in bringing people together is an unwritten rule that everyone be present at breakfast, lunch, and dinner, with frequent changes of tablemates; camaraderie is also much strengthened by a *Bierstube* that flourishes late into the night in the vaulted brick cellar of the Schloss. It turns out that the Fellows are formidably well informed about American theatre: in Warsaw, in Sofia, in Amsterdam, in Belfast they have heard much about Joe Papp, the Performing Garage, Richard Foreman, Sam Shepard, and Lanford Wilson. What, they ask, is Steve Sondheim *really* like?

The high point of the seminar has been a production of "Romeo and Juliet" by a group of volunteers under Ellen Stewart's direction. It was given the other night, at twilight, in the depths of the park, and the audience followed the cast as it moved from one grassy open place to the next; torches flared along the woodland paths, and music was improvised out of kitchen pots and pans and strips of tin roofing. The cast spoke in eighteen languages, but in this production no common language was needed; thanks to the familiarity of the action of the play, the English Shakespeare was uncannily able to be done without. Though Romeo spoke his lines in Maltese, and Juliet hers in Israeli, somehow we heard Shakespeare; his words sang to us in memory under the first stars. La Mama has given us much to discuss in the cellar these remaining nights.



". . . or, to put it another way: Give me some men who are stout-hearted men who will fight for the right they adore."

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Trees

We were visiting friends in Vermont, sitting on the lawn after eating wild strawberries with thick, rich cream, and listening drowsily to the conversation. A woodpecker was busy in the distance.

"If you ask me, the trouble with Vermont is just too many trees," said the woman, lying on the chaise.

"Typical destructive old European thinking," said the man, snatching a blade of grass from his mouth as he lay propped on his elbow on the ground. "No respect for wilderness."

"I find it oppressive," she said. "I feel all these trees are crowding in. It's like the woods at Dunsinane. And they'll march right over us if we don't watch out. I think it's so sad to see the old stone boundary walls overgrown by woods."

"I like seeing Nature take over," he said. "I hate seeing it manicured or exploited. Fifty years back, eighty per cent of the land around here was cleared, for grazing sheep and cows. Now it's eighty per cent forest again, and that's just fine with me. There's still the rhythm of the year, the time to turn a hand to all the different tasks—maple sugar, then thimbleberrying, then the hunting and the ice fishing."

"You're such a hopeless romantic," she said, with a smile. "Me, I go for civilization. I like my Nature to show the hand of man. Now, if those trees over there were just cut back a bit we'd have a much better view of the ridge of that nice blue-looking hill."

"If you were to cut down that first row, there'd only be another one behind it, and one behind that," he said. "I'm on the side of the trees, myself. For all your tidying and pruning, they're going to keep on coming. And they'll win, in the end. But we won't be around to see."

THE LOVER AND THE BELOVED

THROUGH the misty hissing spray of the yard sprinkler, through the moving screen of the hanging ferns, Paul could see Lois Casey sprawled in the porch hammock, her father's unlaced tennis sneakers on her long, narrow feet. Mr. Casey stood in the driveway hosing down his new Hupmobile sedan. At the wheel of the car sat Lois's little brother Charlie, wearing his father's streetcar motorman's hat. The noises he was making, blowing through his lips, could not be heard, because the windows were up.

The catbirds nesting in the wire baskets of ferns flew in and out of the sprinkler's range, their wings beating. Paul was unable to see, but he knew that Lois held a rabbit in her lap, one of a pair of Belgian hares he had given her for her birthday a year ago. The male of the pair had been returned to the pet store after it had eaten part of its own litter. Lois was not indifferent to the facts of life she observed in the mason jars in her bedroom, but the role of males, now that it was questioned, had not been settled to her satisfaction.

On the porch beneath the hammock, in an ice-cream carton, were two spotted long-tailed goldfish, a gift from Paul yesterday on her fourteenth birthday. Nobody but her mother believes Lois is merely fourteen. When she dances with Paul in her tennis sneakers they are eyeball to eyeball, and she is still growing. He agrees with her mother that in the past year she has grown too fast. Beginning early this spring, Paul was no longer needed to reach for her books on top of the school locker, or to return the gravy bowl, after wiping, to the top shelf in the pantry. In the dusk of the basement, while he had both arms around her, she had put up one arm to switch off the light she previously couldn't reach. A moth fluttered around the arm she had lifted to the light cord, the elbow inwardly bent, like a drawn bow. Paul had found that disturbing, even at the time, since it confirmed that her bones were not yet fully formed.

Since last night's movie Lois seemed to have forgotten about the carton of goldfish beneath the hammock. Her attention had been diverted back to butterflies. Before he gave her the rabbits (Mrs. Casey had warned him that Mr. Casey did not like puppies or kittens), Paul had helped her catch butterflies in the park, or in the orchard of her Uncle Ed's bee farm in Urbana. The more unusual butterflies were put into mason jars with their Latin names printed on the jar labels. A long row of these jars sat on the sill of her window to catch the afternoon sun. Lois did not as yet read Latin, but she planned to take it in her first year of high school—the one coming up.

At the rear of the house, Mrs. Casey had her vegetable garden, adjacent to the Epworth League's volleyball court. A high chicken-wire fence enclosed the court, but some balls went over it into her garden. Lois's little brother Charlie would get the ball, but almost go crazy trying to throw it back over the high fence. If Lois tried to do it, throwing the ball the way girls do, it was so painful to watch her that Paul would turn away and go to the fountain for a swallow of water. Most of the time he had to go for the ball himself, using the gate on the alley. That was how they first met, even though she had lived all those years right across the street. If Paul was playing volleyball, she might sit on the porch stoop, her legs drawn up, or she might come to stand at the chicken-wire fence, her arms stretched high to hook her fingers in the wire, her nose pressed through one of the holes, as if she might just hang there till her mother came out and called her in.

The peculiar eating habits of male Belgian hares led him to present her with the long-tailed goldfish, one of which he had found would swallow lead BBs he could see as a lump in its stomach.

When Mrs. Casey first asked Paul to join them on a picnic at Uncle Ed's farm, he was shown where and how to look for glowworms and for caterpillars that would turn into butterflies. No matter what he and Lois did, her little brother spied on them. On the long drive home, Mrs. Casey confessed (Lois was in the front seat, with her father and Charlie) how relieved she was that Lois had found an older companion who shared her own interests, which included wiping the supper dishes. In her own life Mrs. Casey had found that nothing—no, nothing—ever replaced those first affections. After the grubs and caterpillars had been put into the gauze-topped jars, with the bits of twigs and leaves they liked to chew on, everyone played rummy with the joker wild, Mr. Casey and Charlie winning most of the games. Later, unable to sleep because of his sunburn, Paul saw a glow at her bedroom window, which he took to be the jar with the glowworms. The aspect of her beauty that enthralled him the most was the way she would sit, on the top step of the porch, with her legs hugged to her front, her chin resting on her knees, as far away as the Sphinx, who had a similar hairdo.

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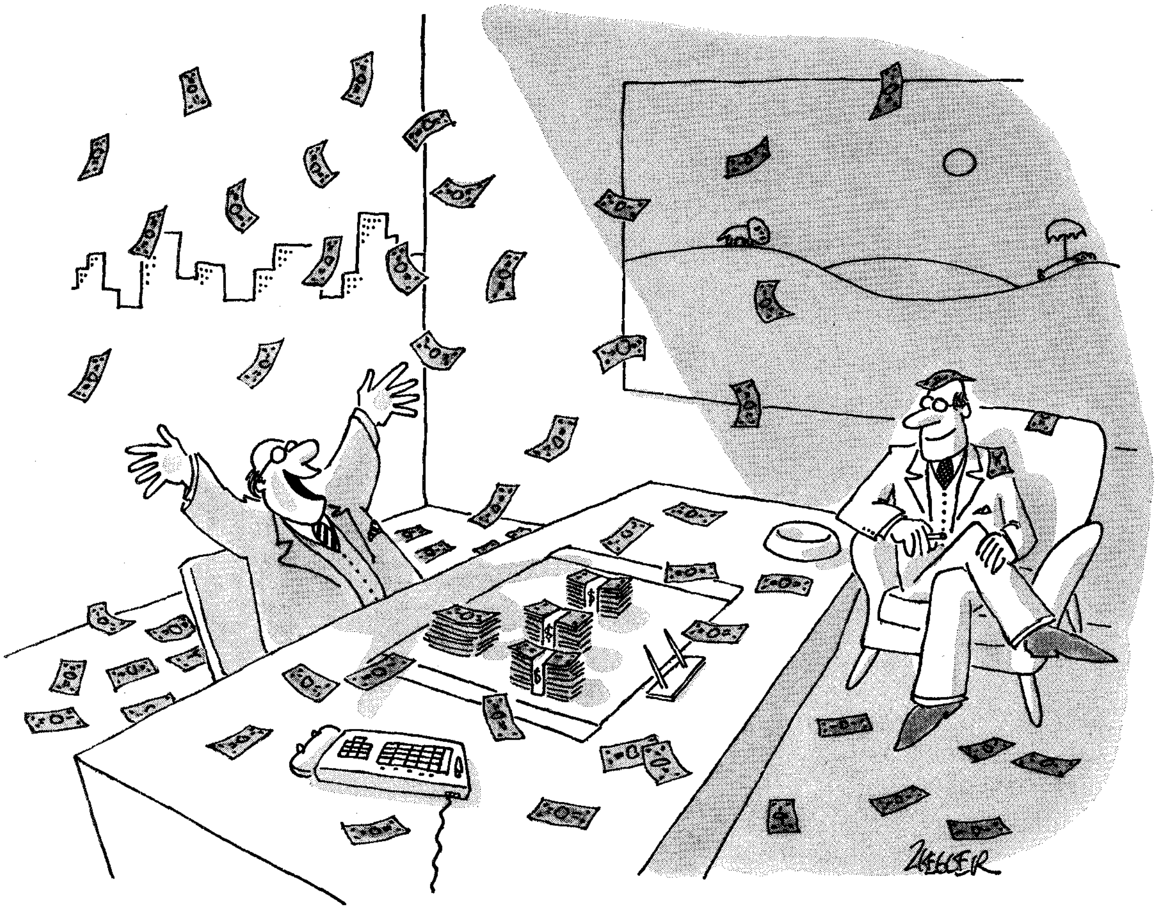
8" AVE
... IRT
SUBWAY

IN the quiet between passing streetcars, Paul could hear water falling like rain on the Caseys' sidewalk. Mr. Casey himself, in his undershirt, sat on the steps of the porch, sprinkling the corners of the lawn. Now and then he aimed a stream of water into the trees, from where it would drip onto the walk. A tall, thin man with a truculent manner, Mr. Casey was different when you got to know him. On the previous day, for Lois's birthday, he had taken his family and Paul to see "All Quiet on the Western Front." To make the first show they had gone without supper, and they picked up four bags of popcorn in the lobby. Lois had simply not known it was a war movie, or she wouldn't have gone. She liked Lew Ayres, the young German soldier, but in the trench scene with the butterfly she had withdrawn the hand Paul was holding. She could not control her sobbing. Mrs. Casey had led her out to the lobby. To just sit there as if he didn't share Lois's feelings made Paul miserable. The emotion



"What the hell! Let's lay another grant on Channel 13."

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he felt made it hard for him to swallow, but it was not for the soldier, or the butterfly, that he felt it.

When the lights came on, Paul went out to the lobby to be with Lois. First he looked for her in the basement near the washroom, then among the crowd of people waiting near the entrance. She liked to watch people. Almost anything some of them did made her laugh. The fits of giggling she might have in an Epworth League meeting made it embarrassing for Paul to be with her. What she had probably done now, to punish all of them, was leave the movie house and go home alone. Paul had to choose between siding with Lois and not pleasing Mrs. Casey, or siding with the family and having Lois ask him if he was her mother's new boyfriend. With her mother he already had so much in common that they discussed it while he wiped the dishes. If Lois thought they were talking about her, she would make a simply god-awful face by flattening her nose with the heel of her hand. "You're going to do that just once too often," her mother told her, and that was what worried Paul the most. In moments of excitement she could flare her nostrils like one of her rabbits when it sniffed something.

Paul found her back at the house, lolling in the hammock, with her favorite female Belgian hare in her lap. "Amos and Andy" was tuned in on the neighbors' radio. On the floor beneath the hammock, where she had left it, was the ice-cream carton with the long-tailed goldfish. Paul worried about them, too, but it wasn't the time to bring it up. When the Caseys got home, Mr. Casey went inside, but Mrs. Casey stopped to say a few words to her daughter. She was especially critical of the selfish way Lois had spoiled Paul's evening and her own birthday. They all had feelings, just the same as she did, only they had the good manners to control them.

During the night, flashes of heat lightning lit up the front of the Caseys' house. It startled Paul to see it all so clearly one moment, then the next moment it would be gone. In the bright flash, he could see the mason jars, each one with something in it that would soon be something else. The white columns of the porch were ghostly in the street light, and he could read the iceman's card over the hole in the screen door. On warm summer nights like this one, the Caseys' screen would be latched but the front door left open, and he could see the night-light glowing at the top of the stairs. At the front of the house, the wire that fenced off the new grass dangled strips of white rags so the neighborhood kids wouldn't trip on it. On the first step to the porch, her little brother Charlie had left a single roller skate for somebody to step on and kill himself. Not that Charlie cared. When that was pointed out it only made him laugh.

As Paul's eyes adjusted to the darkness, he saw something move on the roof of the porch. One of Lois's rabbits was hopping around in the leaves of the gutter. Straining to make out more, he saw an apparition, white as skimmed milk, on the roof just to the right of her window. A figure crouched there, the legs drawn up, the chin resting on the knees. As he gazed, unblinking, a firefly appeared to emerge from the lips. In the brief, incandescent glow, he saw her face. Unmistakably she held, and was puffing on, a cigarette. It had shamed him not to share her uncontrolled weeping at the sight of the butterfly and the soldier, or her tears for the baby rabbits eaten by their father; but for the pity he now felt for lovers, especially himself, he was grateful. —Wright Morris

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Newspapers in Amman yesterday blamed Syria for kidnapping Jordan's top envoy in Lebanon and warned that anybody who harms him will be published.
—*London Observer.*

And will have to appear on the "Today" show.

DOWNSTAIRS AT FITZGERALD'S

Cecilia's father would sit there, slowly eating oysters. Cecilia would tell him about school and about her half brothers, and of course she'd have to mention her mother, because it was impossible to have a conversation without doing that. She'd mention Ronan also, but because of her father's attitude to her stepfather this was never an embarrassment.

"Aren't they good today?" Tom, the waiter at Fitzgerald's, would remark, always at the same moment: when placing in front of Cecilia's father his second pint of jet-black stout.

"Great, Tom," her father would unhesitatingly reply, and then Tom would ask Cecilia how her bit of steak was and if the chips were crisp. He'd mention the name of a race horse and Cecilia's father would give his opinion of it, drawing a swift breath of disapproval or thoughtfully pursing his lips.

These occasions in Fitzgerald's Oyster Bar—downstairs at the counter—were like a thread of similar beads that ran through Cecilia's childhood, never afterward to be forgotten. Dublin in the nineteen-forties was a different city from the city it later became; she'd been different herself. Cecilia was five when her father first took her to Fitzgerald's, the year after her parents were divorced.

"And tell me," he said some time later, when she was growing up a bit, "have you an idea at all about what you'll do with yourself?"

"When I leave school, d'you mean?"

"Well, there's no hurry, I'm not saying there is. Still and all, you're nearly thirteen these days."

"In June."

"Ah, I know it's June, Cecilia." He laughed, with his glass halfway to his lips. He looked at her over the rim, his light-blue eyes twinkling in a way she was fond of. He was a burly man with a brown bald head and freckles on the backs of his hands and all over his forehead and his nose.

"I don't know what I'll do," she said.

"Some fellow'll snap you up. Don't worry about that." He swallowed another oyster and wiped his mouth with his napkin. "How's your mother?"

"She's fine."

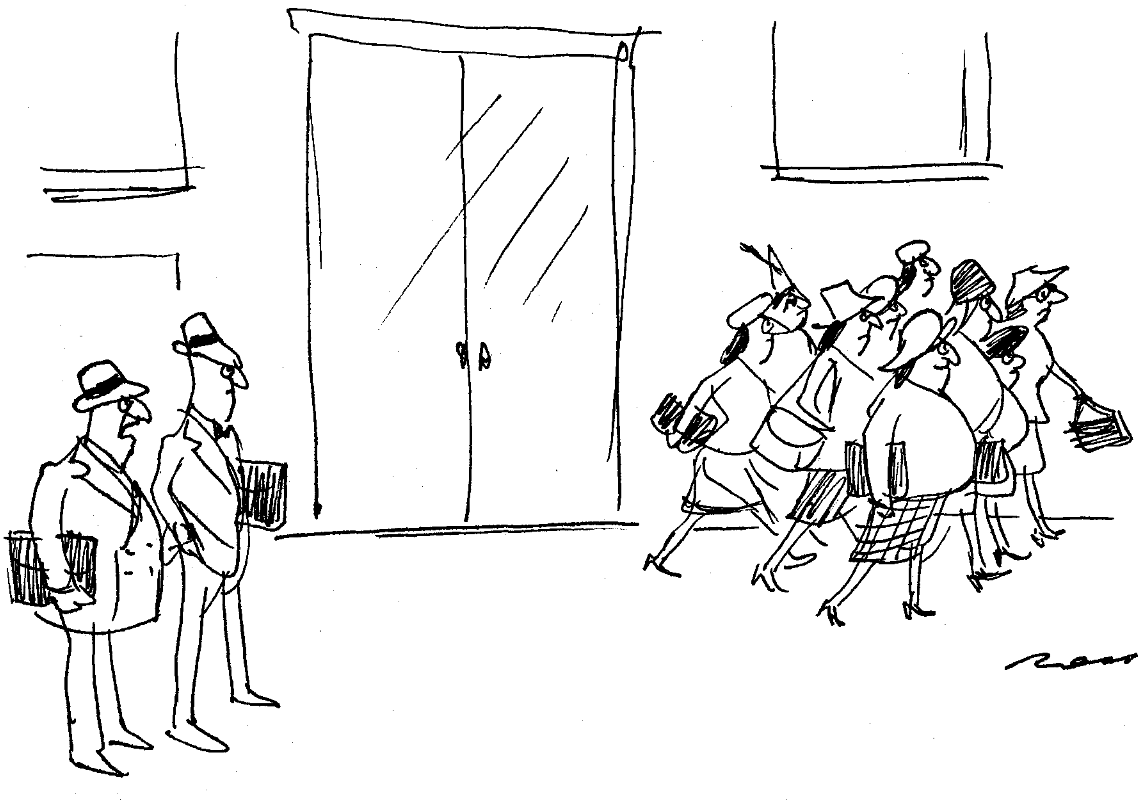
He never spoke disparagingly of her mother, nor she of him. When Cecilia was younger, he used to drive up the short avenue of the house in Chapelizod in his old sloping-backed Morris, and Cecilia would always be ready for him. Her mother would say hullo to him and they'd have a little chat, and if Ronan opened the door or happened to be in the garden her father would ask him how he was, as though nothing untoward had ever occurred between them. Cecilia couldn't understand any of it, but mistily there was the memory of her father living in the house in Chapelizod, and fragments from that time had lodged in her recollection. By the fire in the dining room he read her a story she couldn't remember. "Your jersey's inside out," he said to her mother and then he laughed, because it was April Fools' Day. Her father and Ronan had run a furniture-making business together, two large workshops in Chapelizod, not far from the house.

"Lucky," he said in Fitzgerald's. "Any fellow you'd accept."

She blushed. At school a few of her friends talked of getting married, but in a way that wasn't serious. Maureen Finnegan was in love with James Cagney, Betsy Bloom with a boy called George O'Malley: silly, really, it all was.

"The hard case," a man in a thick overcoat said to her father, pausing on his way to the other end of the bar. "Would I chance money on Persian Gulf?"

Cecilia's father shook his head, and the man, accepting this verdict, nodded his. He winked at Cecilia in the way her father's friends sometimes did after such an exchange, an acknowledgment of her father's race-track wisdom. When the man had gone, her father told her that he was a very decent person who had come down in the world due to heavy drinking. Her father often had such tidbits to impart, and when he did so his tone was matter-of-fact, neither malicious nor pitying. In return, Cecilia would relate another fact or two about school, about



"I understand they like to do things together as women, *not as a substitute for or in imitation of what* men *are doing."*

"Soon you will be immersed in water. You will float."

Miss O'Shaughnessy or Mr. Horan or the way Maureen Finnegan went on about James Cagney. Her father always listened attentively.

He hadn't married again. He lived on his own in a flat in Waterloo Road, his income accumulating from a variety of sources, several of them to do with horse racing. He'd explained that to her when she asked him once, wondering if he went to an office every day. She had never been to his flat, but he had described it to her because she'd wondered about that too.

"We'll take the trifle?" he suggested, the only alternative offered by Fitzgerald's being something called Bonanza Cream, over which Tom the waiter had years ago strenuously shaken his head.

"Yes, please," she said.

When they'd finished it, her father had a glass of whiskey and Cecilia another orange soda, and then he lit the third of his afternoon's cigarettes. They never had lunch upstairs at Fitzgerald's, where the restaurant proper was. "Now, come and I'll show you," her father had offered a year or so ago, and they had stared through a glass door that had the word "Fitzgerald's" in elaborate letters running diagonally across it. Men and women sat at tables covered with pink tablecloths and with scarlet-shaded electric lamps on them, the lamps alight even though it was the afternoon. "Ah no, it's nicer downstairs," her father had insisted, but Cecilia hadn't entirely agreed, for downstairs in Fitzgerald's possessed none of that coziness. There were green tiles instead of the pink peacock wallpaper of the upper room, and stark rows of gin and whiskey bottles, and a workmanlike mahogany food lift that banged up and down loaded with plates of oysters. Tom the waiter was really a barman, and the customers were all men. Cecilia had never seen a woman downstairs in Fitzgerald's.

"Bedad, isn't her ladyship growing up," Tom said when her father had finished his whiskey and they both stood up. "Sure, it's hardly a day ago she was a chiseler."

"Hardly a day," Cecilia's father agreed, and Cecilia blushed again, glancing down at her wrists because she didn't know where else to look. She didn't like her wrists. They were the thinnest in Class Three, which was a fact she knew because a week ago one of the boys had measured everyone's wrists with a piece of string. She didn't like the black hair that hung down on either side of her face, because it wasn't curly like her mother's. She didn't like her eyes and she didn't like the shape of her mouth, but the boy who had measured her wrists said she was the prettiest girl in Class Three. Other people said that too.

"She's a credit to yourself, sir," Tom said, scooping up notes and coins from the bar. "Thanks very much."

Her father held her coat for her, taking it from a peg by the door. It and the hat he handed her were part of her school uniform, both of them green, the hat with a pale-blue band. He didn't put on his own overcoat, saying that the afternoon wasn't chilly. He never wore a hat.

They walked past Christ Church Cathedral, toward Grafton Street. Their lunchtime encounters always took place on a Saturday, and sometimes in the middle of one Cecilia's father would reveal that he had tickets for a rugby international at Lansdowne Road, or a taxi-driver would arrive in Fitzgerald's to take them to the races at Phoenix Park. Sometimes they'd walk over to the Museum or the National Gallery. Cecilia's father no longer drove a car.

"Will we go to the pictures?" he said today. " 'Reap the Wild Wind' at the Grafton?"

He didn't wait for an answer because he knew she'd want to go. He walked a little ahead of her, tidy in his darkish suit, his coat over his arm. On the steps of the cinema he gave her some money to go up to Noblett's to buy chocolate, and when she returned he was waiting with the tickets in his hand. She smiled at him, thanking him. She often wondered if he was lonely in his flat, and at the back of her mind she had an idea that what she'd like best when she left school would be to look after him there. It gave her a warm feeling in her stomach when she imagined the flat he had described and thought about cooking meals for him in its tiny kitchen.

After the cinema they had tea in Roberts' and then he walked with her to the bus stop in the center of the city. On the way he told her about an elderly couple in the café who'd addressed him by name, people who lived out in Greystones and bred Great Danes. "Till next time then," he said as the bus drew in, and kissed her shyly, in the manner of someone not used to kissing people.

She waved to him from her seat by the window and watched him turn and become lost in the crowded street. He would call in at a few public houses on his way back to the flat in Waterloo Road, places he often referred to by name, Toners and O'Donoghue's and the upstairs lounge of Mooneys, places where he met his friends and talked about racing. She imagined him there, with men like the man who'd asked if he should chance his money on Persian Gulf. But again she wondered if he was lonely.

ROMAN ELEGY

The tiled, iron-hot glowing hills: midsummer.
Clouds feel like angels, thanks to their cooling shadows.
Thus the bold cobblestone eyes, like a happy sinner,
the blue underthings of your leggy blond friend. A bard of
trash, extra thoughts, broken lines, unmanly,
I hide in the bowels of the Eternal City
from the luminary that rolled back so many
marble pupils with rays bright enough for setting
up yet another universe. A yellow square. Noontime's
stupor. A Vespa's owner tortures the screaming gears.
Clutching my chest with my hand, at a distance
I count the change from the well-spent years.
And, like a book, at once opened to all its pages,
laurels scratch the scorched white of a balustrade.
And the Colosseum looms, the skull of Argus,
through whose sockets clouds pass like the vanished herd.

—Joseph Brodsky

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IT was already dark and had begun to rain by the time Cecilia reached the white house in Chapelizod where her father had once lived but which was occupied now by her mother and Ronan, and by Cecilia and her two half brothers. A stove, with baskets of logs on either side of it, burned in the square, lofty hall where she took her coat and hat off. The brass doorplates and handles gleamed in the electric light. From the drawing room came the sound of the wireless. "Ah, the wanderer's returned," Ronan murmured, smiling, making her welcome.

Her half brothers were constructing a windmill out of Meccano on the floor. Her mother and Ronan were sitting close together, he in an armchair, she on the hearthrug. They were going out that night, Cecilia could tell, because her mother's face was already made up: cerise lipstick and mascara, smudges of shadow beneath her eyes to accentuate their brownness, the same brown as her own. Her mother was petite and dark-haired—like Claudette Colbert, as Maureen Finnegan had once said.

"Hullo," her mother said. "Nice time?"

"Yes, thanks."

She didn't say anything else, because they were listening to the wireless. Her father would be drinking more stout, she thought, his overcoat on a chair beside him, a fresh cigarette in his mouth. There wasn't a public house between Stephen's Green and Waterloo Road in which he wouldn't know somebody. Of course he wasn't lonely.

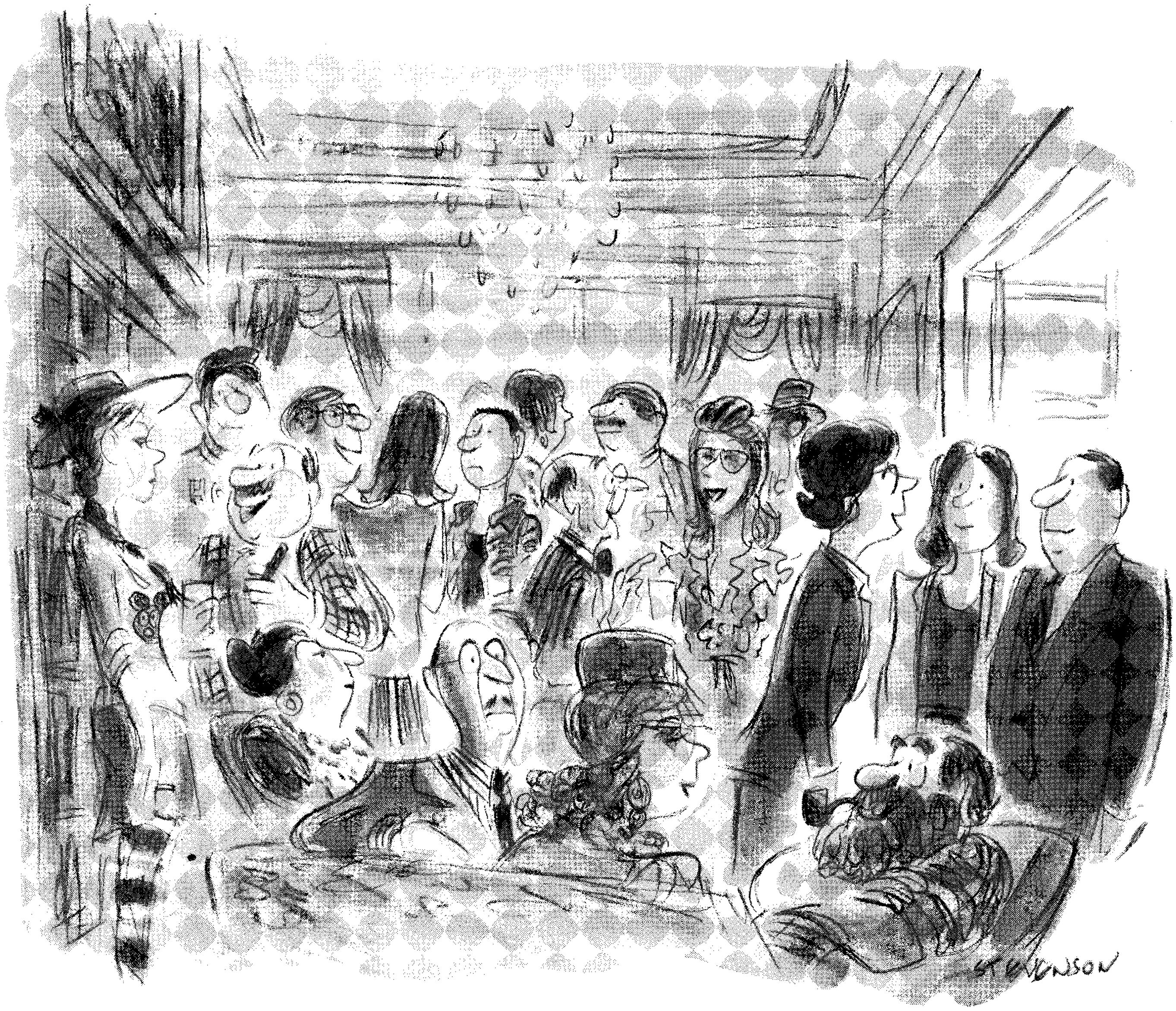
The voices on the wireless told jokes, a girl sang a song about a nightingale. Cecilia glanced at her mother and Ronan, she snuggling against his legs, his hand on her shoulder. Ronan was very thin, with a craggy face and a smile that came languidly onto his lips and died away languidly also. He was never cross: in the family, anger didn't play the part it did in the households of several of Cecilia's school friends, where there was fear of a father or a mother. Every Sunday she went with Ronan to the workshops where the furniture was made and he showed her what had been begun or completed during the week. She loved the smell of wood shavings and glue and French polish.

When the program on the wireless came to an end her mother rose to go upstairs, to finish getting ready. Ronan muttered lazily that he supposed he'd have to get himself into a suit. He stacked logs onto the fire and set the fireguard in place. "Your tweed one's ironed," Cecilia's mother reminded him sternly before she left the room. He grimaced at the boys, who were showing him their completed windmill. Then he grimaced at Cecilia. It was a joke in the family that Ronan never wanted to put on a suit.

WIGS
CLOSED 2 WEEKS
R. Donaldson

CECILIA went to a school across the city from Chapelizod, in Ranelagh. It was an unusual place in the Dublin of that time, catering to both boys and girls, to Catholics and Protestants and Jews, and to Muhammadans when that rare need arose. Overflowing from a large suburban house into the huts and prefabricated buildings that served as extra classrooms, it was run by a headmaster, assisted by a staff of both sexes. There were sixty-eight pupils.

In spite of the superficially exotic nature of this establishment Cecilia was the only child whose parents had been divorced, and in the kind of conversations she began to have when she was twelve the details of that were increasingly a subject of curiosity. Divorce had a whiff of Hollywood, and wickedness. Betsy Bloom claimed to have observed her parents naked on their bed, engaged in the act of love; Enid Healy's father had run amok with a sofa leg. What had happened within the privacy of Cecilia's family belonged in that same realm, and Cecilia was questioned closely. Even though her parents' divorce had had to be obtained in England, owing to the shortcomings of the Irish law, the events leading up to it must clearly have occurred in Chapelizod. Had Cecilia ever walked into a room and found her mother and her stepfather up to something? Was it true that her mother and her stepfather used to meet for cocktails in the Gresham Hotel? What exactly *were* cocktails? Had detectives been involved? Her mother



"I hope you don't mind a mixed bag."

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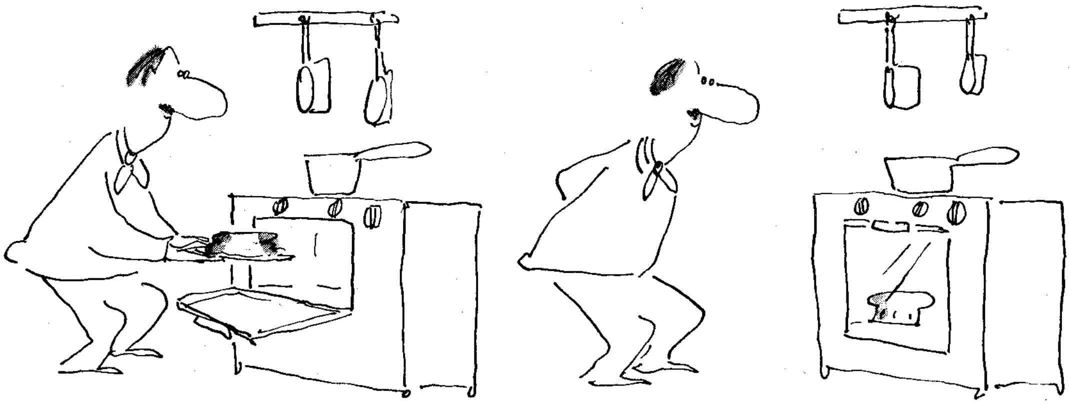
and Ronan were glanced at with interest on the very few occasions when they put in an appearance at a school function, and it was agreed that they lived up to the roles they had been cast in. The clothes her mother wore were not like the all-purpose garments of Mrs. O'Reilly-Hamilton or Kitty Benson's mother. "Sophisticated," Maureen Finnegan had pronounced. "Chic."

But in the end Cecilia was aware of her schoolfellows' disappointment. There had been no detectives that she could recall, and she didn't know if there had been meetings in the Gresham Hotel. She had never walked into a room to find something untoward taking place and she could remember no quarrels—nothing that was even faintly in the same category as Enid Healy's father brandishing a sofa leg. In America, so the newspapers said, kidnappings occasionally took place when the estranged couples of divorce could not accept the dictates of the law where their children were concerned. "Your daddy never try that?" Maureen Finnegan hopefully prompted, and Cecilia had to laugh at the absurdity of it. A satisfactory arrangement had been made, she explained for the umpteenth time, knowing it sounded dreary: everyone was content.

The headmaster of the school once spoke to her of the divorce also, though only in passing. He was a massively proportioned man known as the Bull, who shambled about the huts and prefabricated buildings calling out names in the middle of a lesson, ticking his way down the columns of his enormous roll book. Often he would pause as if he had forgotten what he was about and for a moment or two would whistle through his breath "The British Grenadiers," the marching song of the regiment in which he had once served with distinction. The only tasks he had ever been known to perform were the calling out of names and the issuing of an occasional vague announcement at the morning assemblies, which were conducted by Mr. Horan. Otherwise he remained lodged in his own cloudlands, a faint, blue-suited presence, benignly unaware of the feuds that stormed among his staff or the nature of the sixty-eight children whose immediate destinies had been placed in his care.

To Cecilia's considerable surprise



the Bull sent for her one morning, the summons interrupting one of Miss O'Shaughnessy's science periods. Miss O'Shaughnessy was displaying how a piece of litmus paper had impressively changed color, and when Mickey the odd-job boy entered the classroom and said that the headmaster wanted Cecilia an immediate whispering broke out. The substance of this was that a death must have taken place.

"Ah," the Bull said when Cecilia entered the study where he ate all his meals, read the *Irish Times*, and interviewed prospective parents. His breakfast tray was still on his desk, a paperback Sexton Blake adventure story beside it. "Ah," he said again, and did not continue. His bachelor existence was nicely expressed by the bleak furnishings of the room, the row of pipes above a damply smoldering fire, the insignia of the Grenadier Guards scattered on darkly panelled walls.

"Is anything the matter, sir?" Cecilia eventually inquired, for the suggestion that a death might have occurred still echoed as she stood there.

The headmaster regarded her without severity. The breathy whistling of the marching song began as he reached for a pipe and slowly filled it with tobacco. The whistling ceased. He said, "The fees are sometimes a little tardy. The circumstances are unusual, since you are not regularly in touch with your father. But I would be obliged, when next you see him, if you would just say that the fees have of late been tardy."

A match was struck, the tobacco ignited. Cecilia was not formally dismissed, but the headmaster's immense hand seized the Sexton Blake adventure story, indicating that the interview was over. It had never occurred to her before that it was her father, not her mother and Ronan, who paid her school fees. Her father had never in his life visited the school, as her mother and Ronan had. It was strange that he should be responsible for the fees, and Cecilia resolved to thank him when next she saw him. It was also embarrassing that they were sometimes late.

"Ah," the Bull said when she had reached the door. "You're—ah—all right, are you? The—ah—family trouble . . . ?"

"Oh, that's all over, sir."

"So it is. So it is. And everything . . . ?"

"Everything's fine, sir."

"Good. Good."

Interest in the divorce had dwindled and might even have dissipated entirely had not the odd behavior of a boy called Antrobus begun. Quite out of the blue, about a month after the Saturday on which Cecilia and her father had gone to see "Reap the Wild Wind," Antrobus began to stare at her.

In the big classroom where Mr. Horan's morning assemblies were held his eyes repeatedly darted over her features, and whenever they met in a corridor or by the tennis courts he would glance at her sharply and then glance away again, trying to do so before she noticed. Antrobus's father was the solicitor to the furniture-making business and because of that Antrobus occasionally turned up in the house in Chapelizod. No one else from the school did so, Chapelizod being too distant from the neighborhoods where most of the school's sixty-eight pupils lived. Antrobus was younger than Cecilia, a small olive-skinned boy whom Cecilia had many times entertained in the nursery while his parents sat downstairs, having a drink. He was an only child, self-effacing and anxious not to be a nuisance: when he came to Chapelizod now, he obligingly played with Cecilia's half brothers, humping them about the garden on his back or acting the unimportant parts in the playlets they composed.

At school he was always called by his surname and was famous for his brains. He was neither popular nor unpopular, content to remain on the perimeter of things. Because of this, Cecilia found it difficult to approach him about his staring, and the cleverness that was reflected in the liquid depths of his eyes induced a certain apprehension. But since his interest in her showed no sign of diminishing, she decided she'd have to point out that she found it discomfiting. One showery afternoon, on the way down the shrubbed avenue of the school, she questioned him.

Being taller than the boy and his voice being softly pitched, Cecilia had to bend over him to catch his replies. He had a way of smiling when he spoke—a smile, so everyone said, that had to do with his thoughts rather than with any conversation he happened to be having at the time.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm really sorry, Cecilia. I didn't know I was doing it."

"You've been doing it for weeks, Antrobus."

He nodded, obligingly accepting the truth of the accusation. And since an explanation was required, he obligingly offered one. "It's just that when you reach a certain age, the features of your face aren't those of a child anymore. I read it in a book: a child's face disguises its real features, but at a certain age the disguise falls off. D'you understand, Cecilia?"

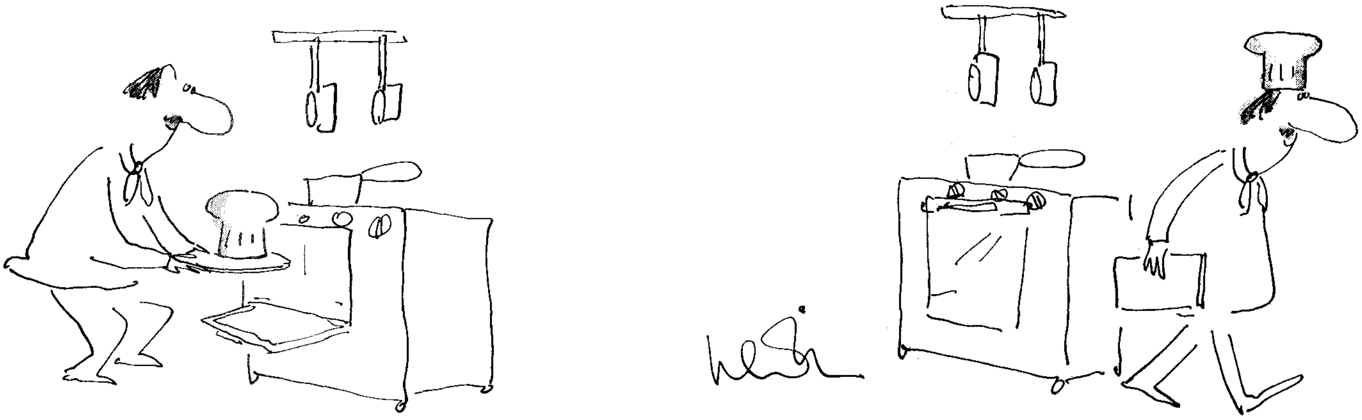
"No, I don't. And I don't know why you've picked on me just because of something you read in a book."

"It happens to everyone, Cecilia."

"You don't go round staring at everyone."

"I'm sorry. I'm terribly sorry, Cecilia."

Antrobus stopped and opened the black case in which he carried his schoolbooks. Cecilia thought that in some clever way he was going to produce from it an explanation that made more sense. She waited without pressing the matter. On the avenue boys kicked each other, throwing caps about. Miss O'Shaughnessy passed on



her motorized bicycle. Mr. Horan strode by with his violin.

"Like one?" Antrobus had taken from his case a carton containing two small, garishly iced cakes. "Go on, really."

She took the raspberry-colored one, after which Antrobus meticulously closed the carton and returned it to his case. Every day he came to school with two of these cakes, supplied by his mother for consumption during the eleven-o'clock break. He sold them to anyone who had a few pence to spare, and if he didn't sell them at school he did so to a girl in a newsagent's shop that he passed on his journey home.

"I don't want to tell you," he said as they walked on. "I'm sorry you noticed."

"I couldn't help noticing."

"Call it quits now, will we?" There was the slightest of gestures toward the remains of the cake, sticky in Cecilia's hand. Antrobus's tone was softer than ever, his distant smile an echo from his private world. It was said that he played chess games in his head.

"I'd like to know, Antrobus."

His thin shoulders just perceptibly shifted up and down. He appeared to be stating that Cecilia was foolish to insist, and to be stating as well that if she continued to insist he did not intend to waste time and energy in argument. They had passed through the gates of the school and were standing on the street, waiting for a No. 11 bus.

"It's odd," he said, "if you want to know. Your father and all that."

"Odd?"

The bus drew up. They mounted to the upper deck. When they sat down, Antrobus stared out of the window. It was as if he had already said everything that was necessary, as if Cecilia should effortlessly be able to deduce the rest. She had to nudge him with her elbow, and then—politely and very swiftly—he glanced at her, silently apologizing for her inability to understand the obvious. A pity, his small face declared, a shame to have to carry this burden of stupidity.

"When people get divorced," he said, carefully spacing the words, "there's always a reason. You'll observe that in films. Or if you read in the paper about the divorce of, say, William Powell and Carole Lombard. They don't actually bother with divorce if they only dislike one another."

The conductor came to take their fares. Again the conversation appeared to have reached its termination.

"But what on earth's that got to do with what we're talking about, Antrobus?"

"Wouldn't there have been a reason why your parents got divorced? Wouldn't the reason be the man your mother married?"

She nodded vehemently, feeling hot and silly.

Antrobus said, "They'd have had a love affair while your father was still around. In the end there would have been the divorce."

"I know all that, Antrobus."

"Well, then."

Impatiently, she began to protest again but broke off in the middle of a sentence and instead sat there frowning. She sensed that the last two words her companion had uttered contained some further declaration, but she was unable to grasp it.

"Excuse me," Antrobus said, politely, before he went.

"AREN'T you hungry?" her mother asked, looking across the lace-trimmed white cloth on the dining-room table. "You haven't been gorging yourself, have you?"

Cecilia shook her head, and the hair she didn't like swung about. Her half brothers giggled, a habit they had recently developed. They were years younger than Cecilia, yet the briskness in her mother's voice placed her in a category with them, and she suddenly wondered if her mother could somehow guess what had come into her mind and was telling her not to be silly. Her mother was wearing a red dress and her fingernails had been freshly tinted. Her black bobbed hair gleamed healthily in the watery afternoon sunshine, her dimples came and went.

"How was the Latin?"

"All right."

"Did you get the passive right?"

"More or less."

"Why're you so grumpy, Cecilia?"

"I'm not."

"Well, I think I'd disagree with that."

Cecilia's cheeks had begun to burn, which caused her half brothers to giggle again. She knew they were kicking one another beneath the table and to avoid their scrutiny she stared through the French windows, out into the garden. She'd slept in a pram beneath the apple tree and once had crawled about among the flower beds: she could just remember that, she could remember her father laughing as he picked her up.

Cecilia finished her cup of tea and rose, leaving half a piece of coffeecake on her plate. Her mother called after her when she reached the door.

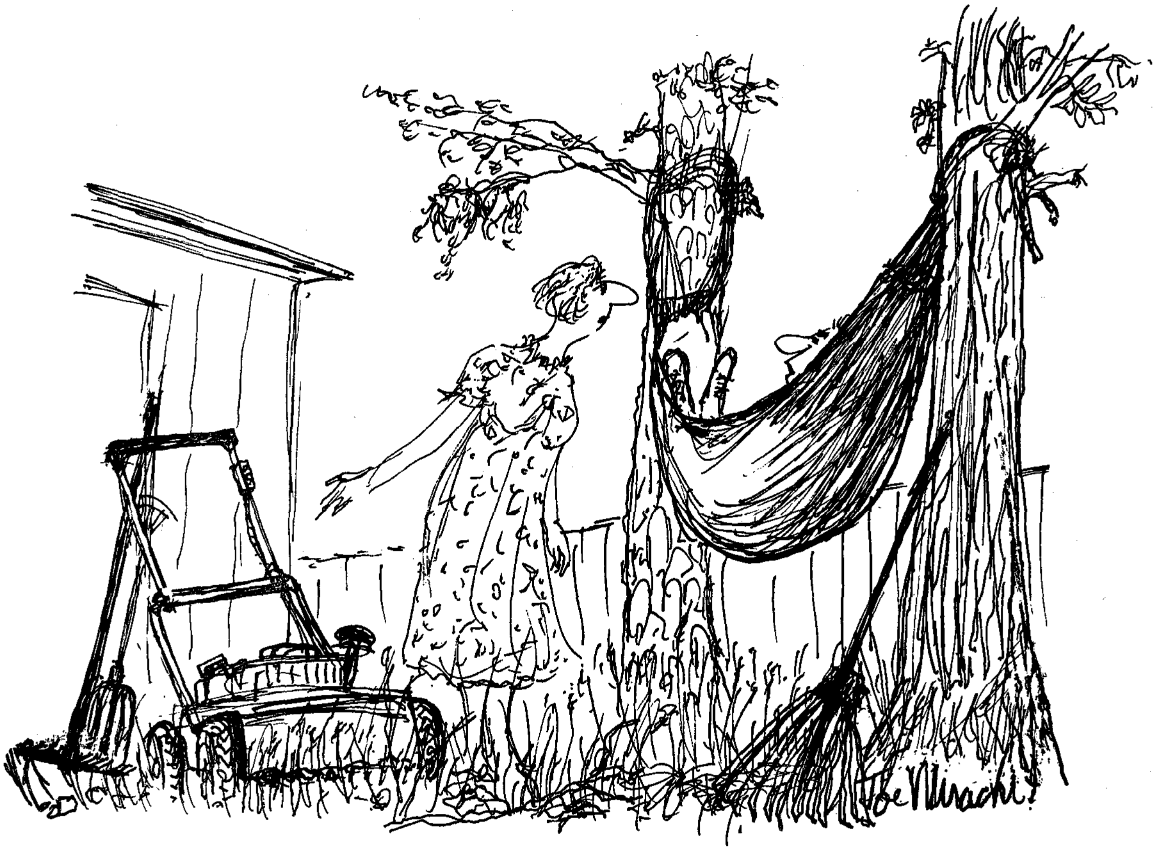
"I'm going to do my homework," Cecilia said.

"But you haven't eaten your cake."

"I don't want it."

"That's rude, you know."

She didn't say anything. She opened the door and closed it softly behind her. Locked in the bathroom, she examined in the looking glass the features Antrobus had spoken of. She made herself smile. She squinted, trying to see her profile. She didn't want



“There is a time to fish and there is a time to dry nets. I am drying nets.”

to think about any of it, yet she couldn't help herself. She hated being here, with the door locked at five o'clock in the evening, yet she couldn't help that either. She stared at herself for minutes on end, performing further contortions, glancing and grimacing, catching herself unawares. But she couldn't see anywhere a look of her stepfather.

“WELL, you wouldn't,” Antrobus explained. “It's difficult to analyze your own face.”

They walked together slowly, on the cinder track that ran along the tennis courts and the school's single hockey pitch. She was wearing her summer uniform, a green-and-blue dress, short white socks. Antrobus wore flannel shorts and the elaborate school blazer.

“Other people would have noticed, Antrobus.”

He shook his head. Other people weren't so interested in things like that, he said. And other people weren't so familiar with her family.

“It isn't a likeness or anything, Cecilia. Not a strong resemblance, nothing startling. It's only a hint, Cecilia—an inkling, you could call it.”

“I wish you hadn't told me.”

“You wanted me to.”

“Yes, I know.”

They had reached the end of the cinder track. They turned and walked back toward the school buildings in silence. Girls were playing tennis. “Love–40,” called the elderly English master—No-Teeth Carroll, he was known as.

“I've looked and looked,” Cecilia said. “I spend hours in the bathroom.”

“Even if I hadn't read about the development of the features, I think I'd have stumbled on it for myself. ‘Now, what on earth is it about that girl?’ I kept saying to myself. ‘Why's her face so interesting all of a sudden?’ ”

“I think you're imagining it.”

“Well, maybe I am.”

They watched the tennis players. He wasn't someone who made mistakes, or made things up; he wasn't like that at all. She wished she had her father's freckles, just a couple, anywhere, on her forehead or her nose. “Deuce,” No-Teeth Carroll called. “No, it's definitely deuce,” he insisted, but an argument continued. The poor old fellow was on a term's notice, Antrobus said.

They walked on. She'd heard it too, she agreed, about the term's notice. Pity, because he wasn't bad, the way he let you do anything you liked provided you were quiet.

“Would you buy one of my cakes today?” Antrobus asked.

“Please don't tell anyone, Antrobus.”

“You could buy them *every* day, you know. I never eat them myself.”

A LITTLE time went by. On the fifteenth of June Cecilia became thirteen. A great fuss was made of the occasion, as was usual in the family whenever there was a birthday. Ronan gave her “A Tale of Two Cities,” her mother a dress that she had made herself, with rosebuds on it, and her half brothers gave her a red bangle. There was chicken for her birthday lunch, with roast potatoes and peas, and then lemon-meringue pie. All of them were favorites of hers.

“Happy birthday, darling,” Ronan whispered, finding a special moment to say it when everyone else was occupied. She knew he was fond of her, she knew that he enjoyed their Sunday mornings in the workshops. She liked him too. She'd never thought of not liking him.

“*Really* happy birthday,” he said and it was then, as he smiled and turned away, that something occurred to her which she hadn't thought of before, and which Antrobus clearly hadn't thought of either: when you'd lived for most of your life in a house with the man whom your mother has married, you could easily pick up some of his ways. You could pick them up without knowing it, like catching a cold—his smile or some other hint of himself. You might laugh the way he did, or say things with his voice. You'd never guess you were doing it.

"Oh, of course," Antrobus obligingly agreed when she put it to him. "Of course, Cecilia."

"But wouldn't that be it then? I mean, mightn't that account—"

"Indeed it might."

His busy, unassuming eyes looked up into hers and then at the distant figure of No-Teeth Carroll, who was standing dismally by the long-jump pit.

"Indeed," Antrobus said again.

"I'm *certain* that's it. I mean, I still can't see anything myself in my looks—"

"Oh, there's definitely something." He interrupted sharply, his tone suggesting that it was illogical and ridiculous to question what had already been agreed upon. "It's very interesting, what you're saying about growing like someone you live with and quite like. It's perfectly possible, just as the other is perfectly possible. If you asked your mother, Cecilia, she probably wouldn't know what's what any more than anyone else does. On account of the circumstances."

He was bored by the subject. He had acceded to her request about not telling anyone. It was best to let the subject go.

"Chocolate and strawberry today," he said, smiling again as he passed over the two small cakes.

THERE was another rendezvous in Fitzgerald's Oyster Bar. Cecilia wore her new rosebud dress and her red bangle. On her birthday a ten-shilling note had arrived from her father, which she now thanked him for.

"When I was thirteen myself," he said, pulling the cellophane from a packet of Sweet Afton, "I didn't know whether I was coming or going."

Cecilia kept her head averted. At least the light wasn't strong. There was a certain amount of stained glass in the windows and only weak bulbs burned in the globe-topped brass lamps that were set at intervals along the mahogany bar. She tried not to smile, in case the inkling in her face had something to do with that.

"Well, I see your man's going up in front of the stewards," Tom the waiter remarked. "Sure, isn't it time they laid down the law on that fellow?"

"Oh, a terrible chancer that fellow, Tom."

Their order was taken, and shouted down the lift shaft.

"We might indulge in a drop of wine, Tom. On account of her ladyship's birthday."

"I have a great little French one, sir. Mâcon, sir."

"That'll suit us fine, Tom."

It was early, the bar was almost empty. Two men in camel-colored coats were talking in low voices by the door. Cecilia had seen them before. They were bookies, her father had told her.

"Are you all right?" he inquired. "You haven't got the toothache or anything?"

"No, I'm all right, thanks."

The bar filled up. Men stopped to speak to her father and then sat at the small tables behind them or on stools by the bar itself. Her father lit another cigarette.

"I didn't realize you paid the fees," she said.

"What fees d'you mean, Cecilia?"

She told him in order to thank him, because she thought they could laugh over the business of the fees' being late every term. But her father received the reprimand solemnly. He was at fault, he confessed: the headmaster was quite right, and must be apologized to on his behalf.

"He's not someone you talk to," Cecilia explained, realizing that although she'd so often spoken about school to her father, she'd never properly described the place, the huts and prefabricated buildings that were its classrooms, the Bull going round every morning with his huge roll book.

She watched Tom drawing the cork from the bottle of red wine. She said that only yesterday Miss O'Shaughnessy's motorized bicycle had given up the ghost, and she repeated the rumor that poor old No-Teeth Carroll was on a term's notice. She couldn't say that she'd struck a silent bargain with a boy called Antrobus, who brought to the school each day two dainty little cakes in a carton. She'd have liked just to tell about the cakes, because her father would have appreciated the oddity of it. It was strange that she hadn't done so before.

"Now," said Tom, placing the oysters in front of her father and her steak in front of her. He filled up their wineglasses, and drew a surplus of foam from the surface of someone else's stout.

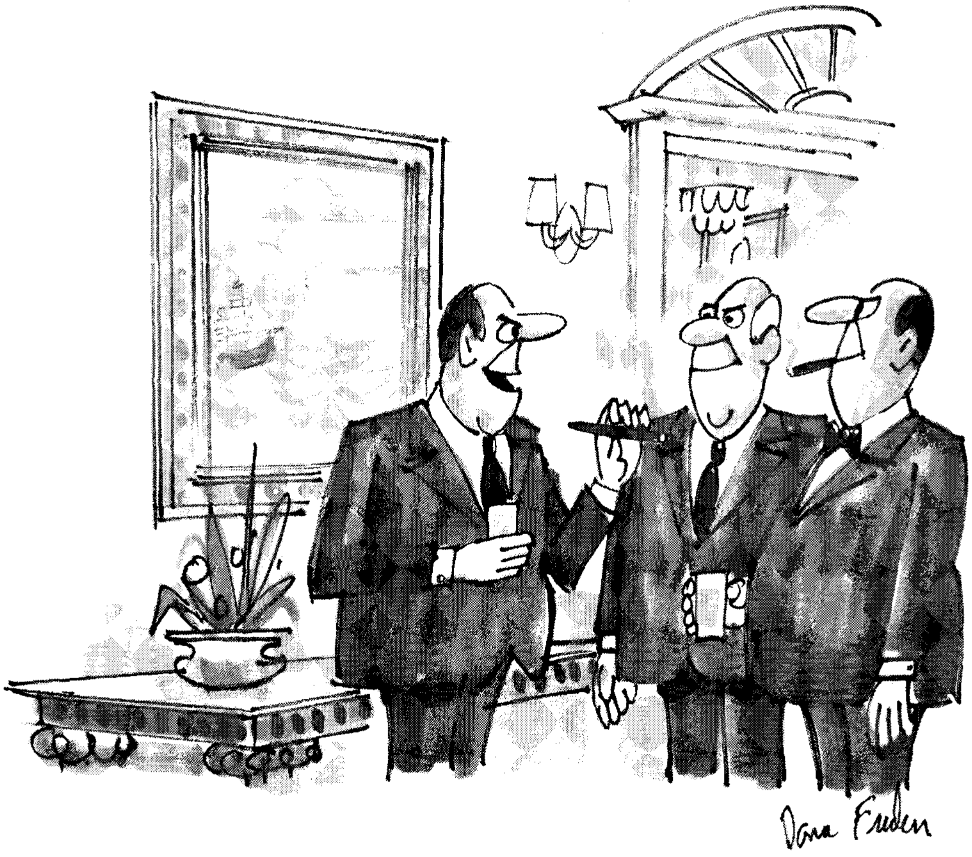
"Is your mother well, Cecilia?"

"Oh, yes."

"And everyone in Chapelizod?"

"They're all well."

He looked at her. He had an oyster



"The public sector be damned!"

on the way to his mouth and he glanced at her and then he ate the oyster. He took a mouthful of wine to wash it down.

"Well, that's great," he said.

Slowly he continued to consume his oysters. "If we felt like it," he said, "we could catch the races at the Park."

He had been through all of it, just as she had. Ever since the divorce he must have wondered, looking at her as he had looked at her just now, for telltale signs. "They'd have had a love affair while your father was still around" came the echo of Antrobus's confident voice, out of place in the oyster bar. Her father had seen Antrobus's inkling and had felt as miserable as she had. He had probably even comforted himself with the theory about two people in the same house, she picking up her stepfather's characteristics. He had probably said all that to himself over and over again but the doubt had lingered, as it had lingered with her. Married to one man, her mother had performed with another the same act of passion that Betsy Bloom had witnessed in her parents' bedroom. As Antrobus had fairly pointed out, in confused circumstances such as these no one would ever know what was what.

"We'll take the trifle, will we?" her father said.

"Two trifle," Tom shouted down the lift shaft.

"You're getting prettier all the time, girl."

"I don't like my looks at all."

"Nonsense, girl. You're lovely."

His eyes, pinched a bit because he was laughing, twinkled. He was much older than her mother, Cecilia suddenly realized, something that had never struck her before. Were the fees not paid on time because he didn't always have the money? Was that why he had sold his car?

"Will we settle for the races, or something else? You're the birthday lady today."

"The races would be lovely."

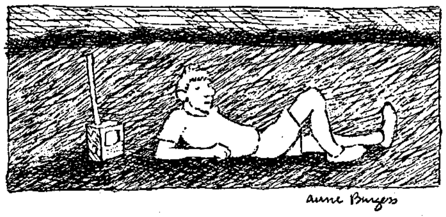
"Could you ever put that on for me, sir?" Tom requested in a whisper, passing a pound note across the bar. "Amazon Girl, the last race."

"I will of course, Tom."

His voice betrayed nothing of the pain that Cecilia now knew must mark these Saturday occasions for him. The car that was due to collect them was late, he said, and as he spoke the taximan entered.

"Step on it," her father said, "like a good man."

He gave her money and advised her which horses to gamble on. He led her by the hand when they went to find a good place to watch from. It was a clear, sunny day, the sky without a cloud in it, and in the noise and bustle no one seemed unhappy.



"There's a boy at school," she said, "who brings two little cakes for the eleven-o'clock break. He sells them to me every day."

He wagged his head and smiled. But in a serious voice he said he hoped she didn't pay too much for the cakes, and she explained that she didn't.

It was odd the way Maureen Finnegan and all the others, even the Bull, had suspected the tidy settlement there'd been. It would be ridiculous, now, ever to look after him in his flat.

"I hate to lose poor Tom's money for him."

BY THE SEA

This is the day of the night it began to turn,
Like milk, slightly sour, still
So close to freshness one is not sure if
The tongue or the cream is at fault.

He, floundering back toward the bay
Like a suddenly beached fish, cannot see that
The water has changed, as if the dairy plant
Behind him had confused its flows, releasing
All its curds the way defective plants can.

He, lunging toward water, does not know,
Has never had to, that even with the ocean's
Grand dilution the balance of fluids has been
Slightly altered, like the shift of residue in
The ear's circular canals. I, experienced
In acute pain, too full of acuity, know
But do not know why milk
Spoils when it seems fresh.

"Your family has had bad luck," he said last night
Just before he found the clocks had stopped
And indicted the house again. Perhaps that is it.
The stroke of his hand makes time seamless but
The clock strikes, even if unheard, and blood poisoning
(Which killed my father's mother when she used
A knitting needle on the fetus, which killed
My uncle when, even with an open cut, he wore
Blue socks) moves through me into him as we come together.

Louis Pasteur, I beg you, seal us in a bottle,
Let us remain bacilli-free, save us from relative
Poisons and deaths, from what may prey on us.

It takes a while to read the ocean,
To see that the prayer is the agent of
What is prayed against. But we've caught it
Early. Let's stop stamping, like spoiled children,
Trying to seal the bargain. Instead
Let's clap our flippers (how I admire
The silvery gloss of sun on your body), spin
Bottles on our noses, beg for
Kippers, and kiss by the beautiful sea.

—CYNTHIA MACDONALD

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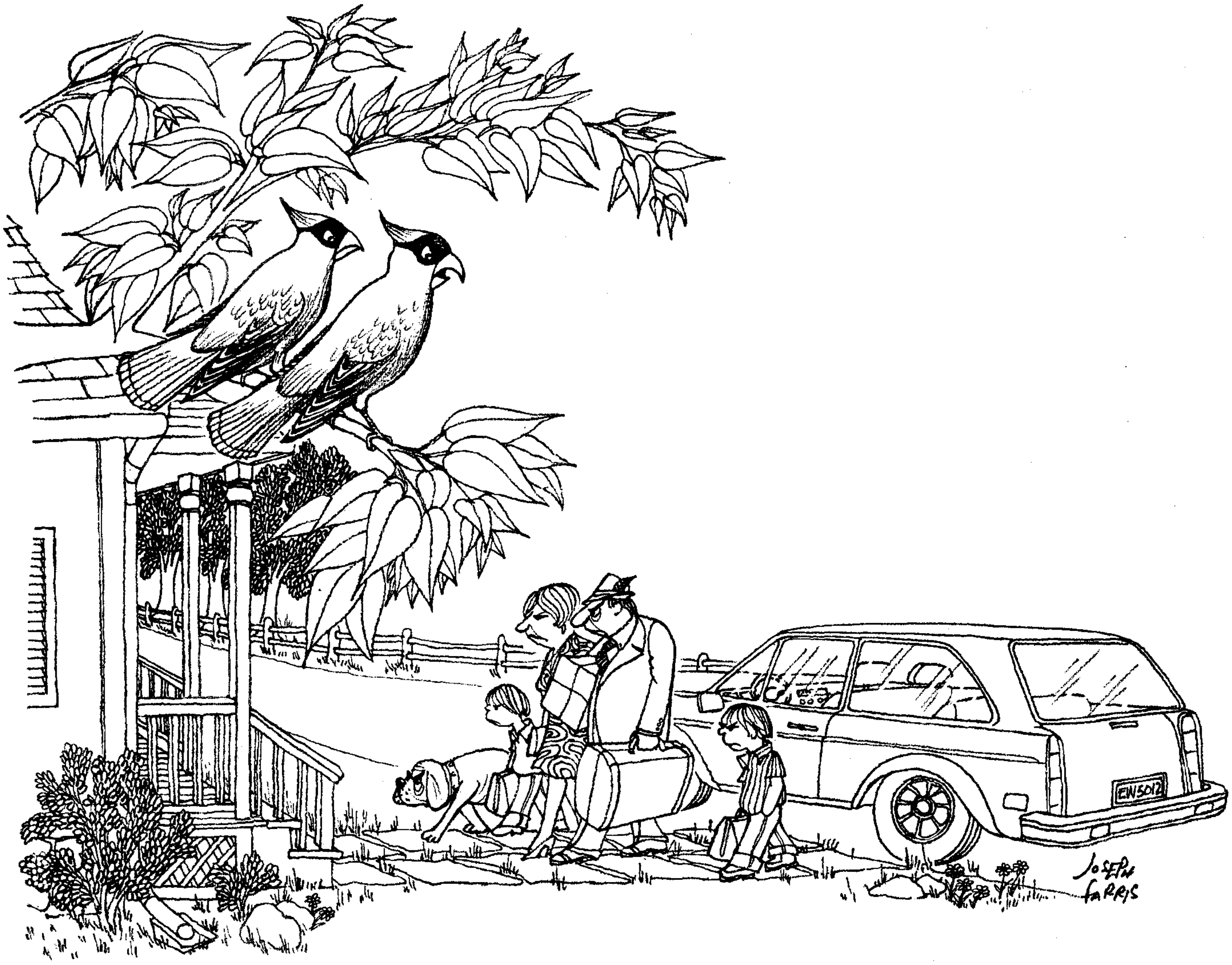


"Look who's up for the weekend again."

• •

"Won't Amazon Girl win?"

"Never a hope."

Women in brightly colored dresses passed by as Cecilia's father paused for a moment by a bookmaker's stand to examine the offered odds. He ran a hand over his jaw, considering. A woman with red hair and sunglasses came up. She said it was good to see him and then moved on.

"We'll take a small little flutter on Gillian's Choice," he finally said. "D'you like the sound of that, Cecilia?"

She said she did. She put some of the money he had given her on the horse and waited for him while he transacted with another bookmaker. He approached a third one with Tom's pound for Amazon Girl. It was a habit of his to bet with different bookmakers.

"That red-haired woman's from Carlow," he said as they set off to their vantage point. "The widow of the county surveyor."

"Yes," she said, not caring much about the red-haired woman.

"Gillian's Choice is the one with the golden hoops," he said. "Poor Tom's old nag is the gray one."

The horses went under starter's orders and then, abruptly, were off. In the usual surprisingly short space of time the race was over.

"What did I tell you?" He laughed down at her as they went to collect the winnings from their bookmakers. He had won more than three hundred pounds, she fourteen and sixpence. They always counted at the end; they never lost when they went together. He said she brought him luck, but she knew it was the other way round.

"You'll find your way to the bus, Cecilia?"

"Yes, I will. Thanks very much."

He nodded. He kissed her in his awkward way and then disappeared into the crowd, as he always seemed to do when they parted. It was standing about in the sun, she thought, that caused him to have so many freckles. She imagined him at other racecourses, idling between races without her, sunning himself while considering a race card. She imagined him in his flat in Waterloo Road and wondered if he ever cried.

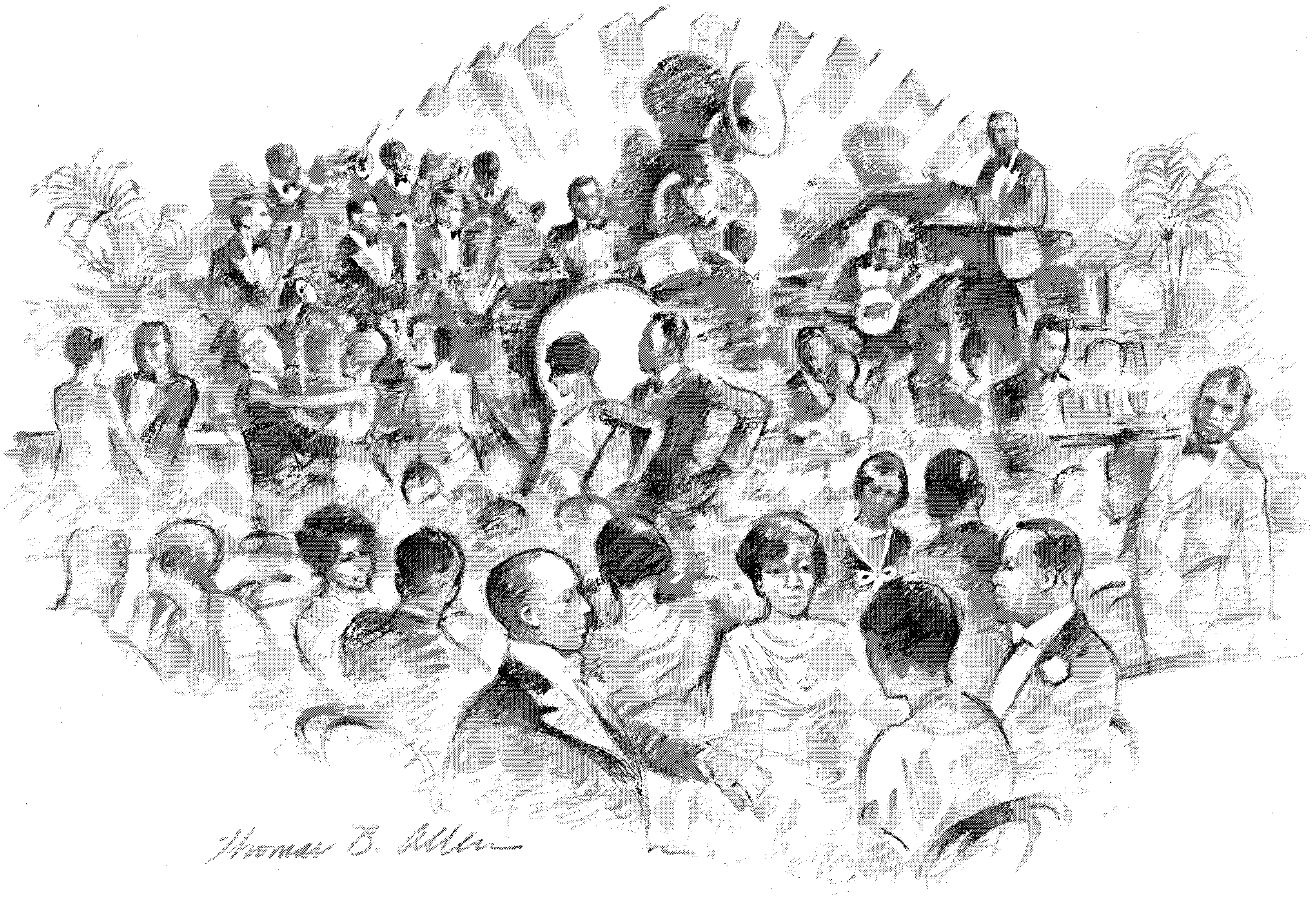
She walked slowly away, the money clenched in her hand because the rosebud dress had no pockets. He did cry, she thought: on the Saturdays when they met, when he was on his own again. It was easy to imagine him because she wanted to cry herself, because on all their occasions in the future there would be the doubt. Neither of them would ever really know what being together meant, downstairs at Fitzgerald's or anywhere else.

—WILLIAM TREVOR

THAT WAS NEW YORK

HARLEM

III—"WHAT A CITY!"



Harlem has never been more high-spirited and engaging than it was during the nineteen-twenties. Blacks from all over America and the Caribbean were pouring in, reviving the migration that had abated toward the end of the war—word having reached them about the "city," in the heart of Manhattan, that blacks were making their own. It was chiefly the earlier migrants to Harlem who were spreading the word. They were "pleased with the conditions" they had found—as *The Saturday Evening Post* reported in August of 1925—and were writing "letters back to their former homes describing in glowing terms their great adventures." Because such adventures were chiefly the kind they wrote about—they omitted "the unfavorable features of their transplanting"—their letters, which were read "in churches, lodges, and at other gatherings," set off the new wave of migration, which "reached flood tide during 1923."

As Harlem's population continued to grow and spread, its social and religious institutions multiplied. The intraracial discords that had developed as various class and regional groupings encountered one another were aggravated: Northern-born blacks looked down on the speech and manners of those who had recently arrived from the rural South; an upper class, consisting mainly of light-skinned professionals, fought to be recognized as Harlem's most representative social grouping; West Indians and black Americans often glared xenophobically at one another across borders of accent and cultural style. Black nationalism and other radical ideologies reached and fell from the zenith of their fashion and appeal. There sprang up a lively movement in literature and art, invigorated as much by the meeting—even clash—of regional and class groupings as by the literary life and atmosphere of Manhattan itself. It was to this movement that the literary critic John Chamberlain was referring when, at the end of the decade, he wrote of the "pullulation of energy" in the "Negro town of Harlem" that had "flowed into the novel, into poetry, into the short story." The energy flowed into entertainment as well, and into other forms of popular culture. Harlem came to set the standard for what was modish in black urban life. Floyd Snelson, a Harlem journalist, was to write, "Men and women dressed in the height of fashion. . . . Luxurious imported furs, the rarest 'birds of paradise' and precious egrette fancy feathers adorned the hats of milady. . . . Some gals had twenty-five pounds of beguiling beads sewed into a single gown. Evening shoes were bedecked with rhinestone heels and attachments . . . gay Lotharios were bedecked in full dress suit, tails, English walking suit, and silk hat and cane, and sometimes a modest sack coat tuxedo. Everyone . . . wore their 'black cloth' to a 'swell function' almost every night. . . . Everybody of the day wore as many diamond carats as they could obtain . . . the ladies wore several rings on each finger. . . . Many gals wore six diamonds, from the rings of as many suitors. Hundred-dollar and five-hundred-dollar dresses were ordinary hangers in clothes closets. Handmade, lace-trimmed underthings of costly fabrics were casual luxuries, and hats made to cost hundreds of dollars were not quite such a foolish thing. Everybody lived like a millionaire . . . everybody went for higher-priced cars. Jack Johnson was burning up his high-powered Lincoln, and other big shots parked Packards, Cadillacs, Stutzes, Locomobiles, Wintons, Hudsons, etc."

In its finer residential features, Harlem was almost unique among black urban communities—barring, of course, those strongholds of the black bourgeoisie that were to be found in cities like Atlanta, Washington, D.C., and Durham, North Carolina. Many Harlemites lived more spaciously, confidently, and comfortably than did others of their race in the black precincts of most large cities. Such people felt that there was not a better place than Harlem anywhere—no place they would rather have been. This feeling was shared even by some in the community who did not live as well. They were proud just to think that they, too, were citizens of so splendid a "metropolis," teeming with black institutions and organizations of all kinds; marked by quiet side streets, broad boulevards, elegant Victorian brownstones, exclusive apartment houses; and accommodating the élite of black Manhattan.

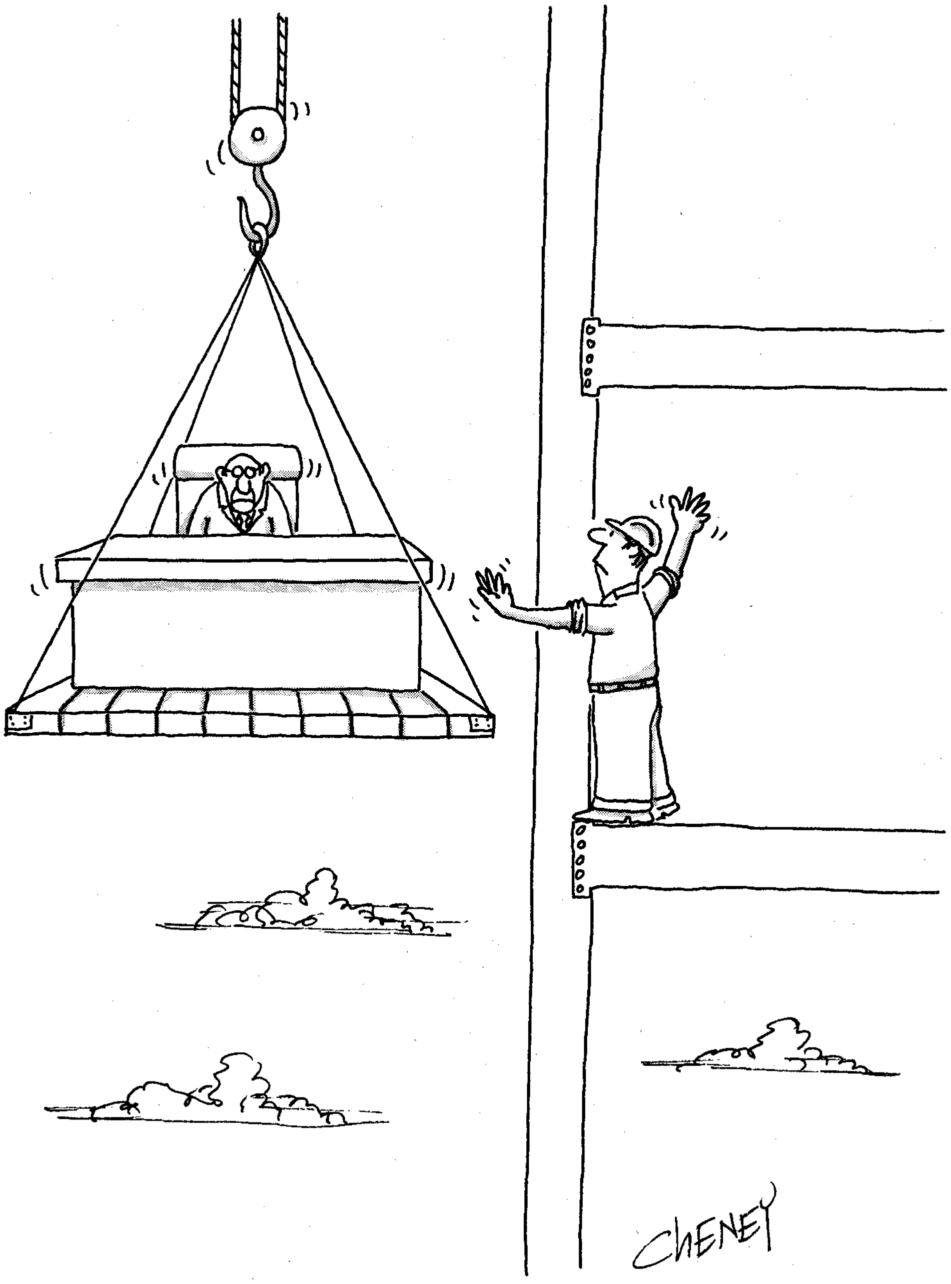
There were, to be sure, Harlemites who did not take so bracing a view of the place or of their lives in it. Some—like the more aggrieved followers of Marcus Garvey, the founder of the Universal Negro Improvement Association—dismissed the gloss and frills of Harlem living as mere window dressing, concealing the harder and shabbier facts of black life. Many Garveyites would just as soon have taken their chances elsewhere—preferably in unknown parts of Africa, which their leader preached so enchantingly about. Other Harlemites, the poorest ones, thought of little besides their struggle to make ends meet. They lived on the toughest blocks and in the worst tenements; worked at the lowest jobs, when they worked at all; and suffered the most frequently and severely from crime and disease. If *they* bothered to write letters back home, they can scarcely have omitted "the unfavorable features of their transplanting." What else—beyond the obligatory diversions of church, saloon, and dance hall—was there for them to write home about?

In the twenties, most visitors—unless they were reporters sent up by the major metropolitan dailies—did not see the less attractive sides of life in Harlem. Or, if they did, what they saw was not allowed to spoil the impression they had already formed from what they had heard of the area—that it was Manhattan's capital of gaiety and amusement. In any event, that impression, as far as it went, was correct. In the years that followed the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment, there was no livelier place in all of New York City, especially after dark. Nightly, thousands of white visitors—most from downtown, some from other parts of the country, a few from cities abroad—made their way to Harlem. There they enjoyed its "hot" and "barbaric" jazz, the risqué lyrics and "junglelike" dancing of its cabaret floor shows, and all its other "wicked" delights. "And we'll get drunker and drunker," says a character in "Parties," one of Carl Van Vechten's novels of the twenties, "and drift about night clubs so drunk that we won't know where we are, and then we'll go to Harlem and stay up all night and go to bed late tomorrow morning and wake up and begin it all over again." Harlemites did indeed own Pierce-Arrows, Lincolns, Cadillacs, Wintons, Hudsons, Stutzes, Packards, and Duesenbergs, but not nearly as many as were to be seen uptown from around midnight till just before sunrise.

In his book "Incredible New York," Lloyd Morris writes:

> The swarming, prosperous crowds bent on nocturnal diversion found Harlem exotic and colorful. To them it seemed a citadel of jazz and laughter where gaiety began after midnight. From then onward, you saw throngs on Lenox and Seventh Avenues, ceaselessly moving from one pleasure resort to another. Long after the cascading lights of Times Square had flick-

"Hot enough for you, Mr. Cadwalader?"



ered out, these boulevards were ablaze. Lines of taxis and private cars kept driving up to the glaring entrances of the night clubs. Until nearly dawn the subway kiosks poured crowds onto the sidewalks. The legend of Harlem by night—exhilarating and sensuous, throbbing to the beating of drums and the wailing of saxophones, cosmopolitan in its peculiar sophistications—crossed the continent and the ocean.

• •

In November of 1927, *The American Mercury*, commenting on a visit by the Mexican artist and caricaturist Miguel Covarrubias, said, "It is noteworthy that, immediately after his arrival in New York, Covarrubias almost automatically found his way to Harlem, the scene which has afforded the widest scope for the exercise of his peculiar powers. He was immediately captivated by the color, the rhythm, the incomparable vitality of Negro life, especially as it exists in the theatres, on the streets, in the cabarets." Stanley Walker, city editor of the *Herald Tribune* in the nineteen-thirties, recalled that white crowds "began going to the hot spots of Harlem . . . after the discovery that Negro rhythm, Negro songs, even though they might be astoundingly vulgar, were high art because of their naturalness." For anyone who loved staying out late, Walker said, Harlem was "like no other spot in America." There were no late-night speakeasies more thrilling than the classier ones in Harlem. Some years after Prohibition ended, a journalist up there wrote:

> One could visit these places and partake of as much liquor as his carcass could hold, realizing that it was against the law. It afforded a thrill in visiting these places to ring a bell, a small peek-hole to be opened, a man who would look out through the opening in the door to recognize your face or take the password, to whisper a few words, mention a few names, and finally enter. What a thrill that was.
>
> Young college parties who had never tasted liquor had flasks in their pockets. In most of these places one would not get the best of liquor. Prices were exorbitant, but who cared; they were defying the law, showing their resentment to the Prohibition Amendment.

The American Mercury might well have been thinking of Harlem when it said, in 1927, "Ten years ago, gin was drunk only by what were then called darkeys; no virtuous white woman in all this Christian realm had ever tasted it. But now it is the common beverage of American youth, and the daughters of the white *noblesse* carry it to parties as they used to carry smelling salts."

But no set of people was more enchanted by nineteen-twenties Harlem than the blacks who were still strangers to it—those who were just arriving there, and those in distant places who were then getting ready to leave for New York. Most came to Harlem to enjoy a wider freedom and a better life. But more than a few were thinking chiefly of the good times they would be having, of the high Harlem style they had heard and read about. There is no better example of the latter than Sportin' Life, the devilish character in "Porgy and Bess" (adapted from a novel written in the twenties), who sings sweetly to the attractive and hesitant Bess:

There's a boat dat's leavin' soon for New York.
Come wid me, dat's where we belong, sister.
You an' me kin live dat high life in New York.
Come wid me, dere you can't go wrong, sister.
I'll buy you de swellest mansion
Up on upper Fifth Avenue
An' through Harlem we'll go struttin' . . .
Come along wid me, dat's de place . . .
Dat's where we belong!

On the streets of Harlem, it was often easy to spot those who had just arrived, whether they had come in search of the better life or the sweet one. In 1927, the *Times* gave this description of a typical Harlem newcomer: "He is a seedy, collarless, slouching fellow, wearing a battered old soft hat. Slow in motion, he is constantly buffeted by the swift black tides of the avenue that sweep past him. . . . A product of the plantations, he shakes his head in puzzled fashion as he surveys the hurrying throngs and endless rows of brick and mortar. . . . He has come here as to a promised land. . . . As he strolls jauntily along the avenue, swinging a cane, with his head erect, his most intimate friends of the plantation would not recognize him." But after he had been in Harlem for a while it was not so easy to tell him apart from others on the avenue—as the *Times* also observed:

> Strutting the streets of the "Black Belt" are Negroes of enviable physique, with slim waists and straight broad shoulders. Many of these have found jobs on the piers as stevedores. They receive good pay and can afford to wear good clothes. Some of them dress conservatively. . . . Others like to dress up and appear the glass of fashion and the mold of form. . . . Silk shirts, bright ties and gay spats and form-fitting garments of every mode may be seen on a Sunday afternoon on Lenox and Seventh Avenues north of 125th Street. . . . When the many churches disgorge their large congregations, men and women appear in the latest and newest creations of the tailor's and dressmaker's art.

To almost all the newcomers, educated or not, Harlem seemed at first even more dazzling than they had dreamed it would be. Arna Bontemps, a young man arriving from California in 1924, was to describe his first few days in Harlem as "a foretaste of paradise." He said:

> A blue haze descended at night and with it strings of fairy lights on the broad avenues. From the window of a small room in an apartment on Fifth and 129th Street I looked over the rooftops of Negrodom and tried to believe my eyes. What a city! What a world! And what a year for a colored boy to be leaving home the first time! Twenty-one, sixteen months out of college, full of golden hopes and romantic dreams, I had come all the way from Los Angeles to find the job I wanted, to hear the music of my taste, to see serious plays and, God willing, to become a writer. The first danger I recognized that fall, however, was that Harlem would be too wonderful for words. Unless I was careful, I would be thrilled into silence.

When the great bandleader Cab Calloway, who grew up in Rochester and Baltimore, first saw Harlem, in 1929, he was, he said, "awestruck by the whole scene." Never had he beheld "so many Negroes in one place," or a street as glamorous as Seventh Avenue. "It was beautiful," he added. "Just beautiful . . . night clubs all over, night clubs whose names were legendary to me." The young Duke Ellington—a native of Washington, D.C.—is said to have remarked on first seeing Harlem, in the early twenties, "Why, it is just like the Arabian Nights."

In some of the books they later produced, the young men who went to Harlem to become writers were to set down their early impressions of the place. "Oh, to be in Harlem again after two years away," says the main character in a novel by Claude McKay. "The deep-eyed color, the thickness, the closeness of it. The noises of Harlem. The sugared laughter. The honey-talk on its streets. And all night long, ragtime and 'blues' playing somewhere . . . singing somewhere, dancing somewhere! Oh, the contagious fever of Harlem." In a short story by Rudolph Fisher, an elderly woman from the South arrives in Harlem. She has been driven uptown by a grandson, who met her at the railroad station, and as they begin the ride up Harlem's Seventh Avenue he announces proudly:

> "This is it. . . . Get a good eyeful. Here's One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street—regular little Broadway. And here's the Alhambra, and up ahead we'll pass the Lafayette."
>
> "What's them?"
>
> "Theatres."
>
> "Theatres? Theatres. Humph! Look, David—is that a colored folks church?" They were passing a fine gray-stone edifice.
>
> "That? Oh. Sure it is. So's this one on this side."
>
> "No! Well, ain' that fine? Splendid big church like that for colored folks."
>
> Taking his cue from this, her first tribute to the city, he said, "You ain't seen nothing yet. Wait a minute."
>
> They swung left through a side-street and turned right on a boulevard. "What do you think o' that?" And he pointed to the quarter-million-dollar St. Mark's.
>
> "That a colored church, too?"
>
> " 'Tain' no white one. And they built it themselves. . . ."
>
> She heaved a great, happy sigh. . . .
>
> They circled a square and slipped into a quiet narrow street overlooking a park, stopping before the tallest of the apartment-houses in the single commanding row.
>
> Alighting, Miss Cynthie gave this imposing structure one side-wise, upward glance, and said, "Y'all live like bees in a hive, don't y'?—I boun' the women does all the work, too." A moment later, "So this is a elevator? Feel like I'm glory-bound sho' nuff."

d. ehrenberg

As time passed, and Harlem revealed more of itself to the newcomers, some were not to find the place so dazzling, after all. Miss Cynthie would probably have been less disillusioned than most, for she had said to a porter at the railroad station, "Reckon places is pretty much alike after people been in 'em awhile." Exploring beyond the nicer streets and avenues, a newcomer was bound, in time, to come upon scenes like one described by another of the writers who were living in Harlem during the twenties:

> Fifth Avenue begins prosperously at 125th Street, becomes a slum district above 131st Street, and finally slithers off into a warehouse-lined, dingy alleyway above 139th Street. The people seen on Fifth Avenue are either sad or nasty looking. The women seem to be drudges or drunkards, the men pugnacious and loud—petty thieves and vicious parasites. The children are pitiful specimens of ugliness and dirt. The tenement houses in this vicinity are darkened dungheaps, festering with poverty-stricken and crime-ridden step-children of nature. This is the edge of Harlem's slum district; Fifth Avenue is its board-walk. Push carts line the curbstone, dirty push carts manned by dirtier hucksters, selling fly-specked vegetables and other cheap commodities. Evil faces leer at you from doorways and windows. Brutish men elbow you out of their way, dreary looking women scowl at and curse children playing on the sidewalk. That is Harlem's Fifth Avenue.

That was also a part of the Harlem that tourists seldom saw, and a part that Sportin' Life could not have read or heard about when he dreamed of buying the swellest mansion on upper Fifth Avenue.

THE night in 1920 that the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect, an important New York politician was among a number of drinkers who were having a few—or more—in a downtown saloon. Though the refreshments flowed freely, they failed to brighten the spirit of the gathering—so depressing was the shadow that the new law cast over the house. The bartender, the most sorrowful member of the wake, addressed the man of politics, who was in a position to know about such things.

"Christy," he said, "are they really going to enforce it?" Yes, Christy replied. "There won't be any more liquor." As events were to prove, Christy was wrong. There *would* be more liquor. Citizens would simply invent their own. And, since almost anyone could make gin and whiskey—almost anyone who had the will and the formula—there was probably more liquor during Prohibition than before it was outlawed.

In Harlem—as elsewhere in New York—Prohibition not only induced orgies of illegal drinking but encouraged other forms of carefree behavior as well. Though moviegoing cannot have been so wild or so new a thing to do in 1927, black clergymen condemned it as a form of pleasure. Perhaps it was because more people were going to movies in the twenties than at any time in the past. In February of 1927, M. C. Strachan, speaking to his Seventh-Day Adventist congregation, on West 127th Street, denounced movie houses as "nurseries of vice and seminaries of crime" and proposed the expulsion of any church member seen entering or leaving a moving-picture theatre. Some of the movies playing in Harlem at the time were "We're in the Navy Now," with Wallace Beery; "Broken Hearts of Hollywood," with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; "The Great Gatsby," with Warner Baxter; "Blonde or Brunette," with Adolphe Menjou; and "Hotel Imperial," with Pola Negri. They hardly seem now to have had much to do with vice and crime.

In November of 1921, James W. Brown, pastor of the Mother Zion African Methodist Episcopal Church, on West 136th Street, was moved to address his congregation on the subject of desecration of the Sabbath—"Harlem's greatest danger," he called it. Enumerating the sins that were committed against the Lord's Day, Brown mentioned gambling, pool-playing, "improper" dancing, moviegoing, and the selling of alcohol. The last, he said, was by far the most shocking, and he urged a ban on all Sunday commerce in liquids—except the selling of milk to the poor.

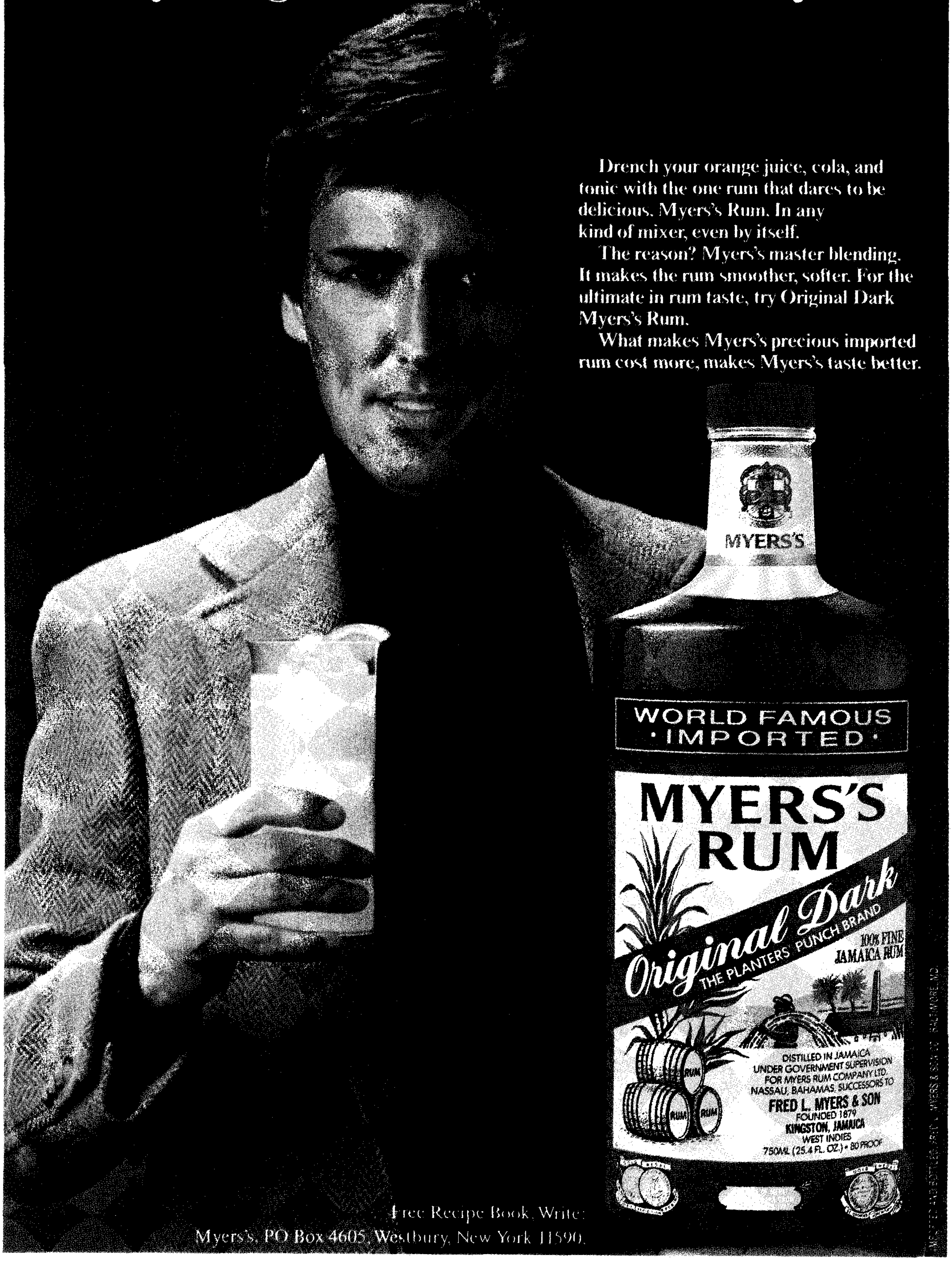
The *Age*, which applauded the clergyman's lecture, calling it a "powerful sermon," had itself been appalled by the increasing signs of moral laxity in a community it had helped to build and whose character it wished to continue influencing for the better. Nothing was more important to the post-Victorian moralists who edited the paper than that black Harlem should be and remain predominantly a "community of homes." And no aspect of life in the community had become more alarming to them than the flood of booze that Prohibition had let loose in the district. As part of its crusade against this spate of hooch, the *Age* called upon churchgoers to set an example by shunning the trade in whiskey, and thus to help preserve Harlem as a place of "decency and respectability." When, as a result, it was accused of trying to turn Harlem into a Sunday school, the paper replied that "if stamping out hooch joints and closing up some of the undesirable cabarets" is making a Sunday school out of Harlem, "we plead guilty." Harlem was "a wide-open town" for illegal whiskey, the *Age* charged on another occasion; and immunity from police interference was "widespread." There was enough evidence to support the paper's claim. Few, if any, of the saloons had closed down when Prohibition began. In fact, new ones had opened up, and all were flourishing—despite occasional perfunctory raids by the police.

Along Lenox Avenue, liquor was to be obtained in the most unlikely places—delicatessens, shoe shops, newsstands, stationery stores, soda fountains, cigar stores, and drugstores. They were really cheap speakeasies, stocking large amounts of moonshine behind a thin camouflage of legitimate

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Before obedience school, he was impossible."

"Last year I switched to rum. This year I graduated to the flavor of Myers's."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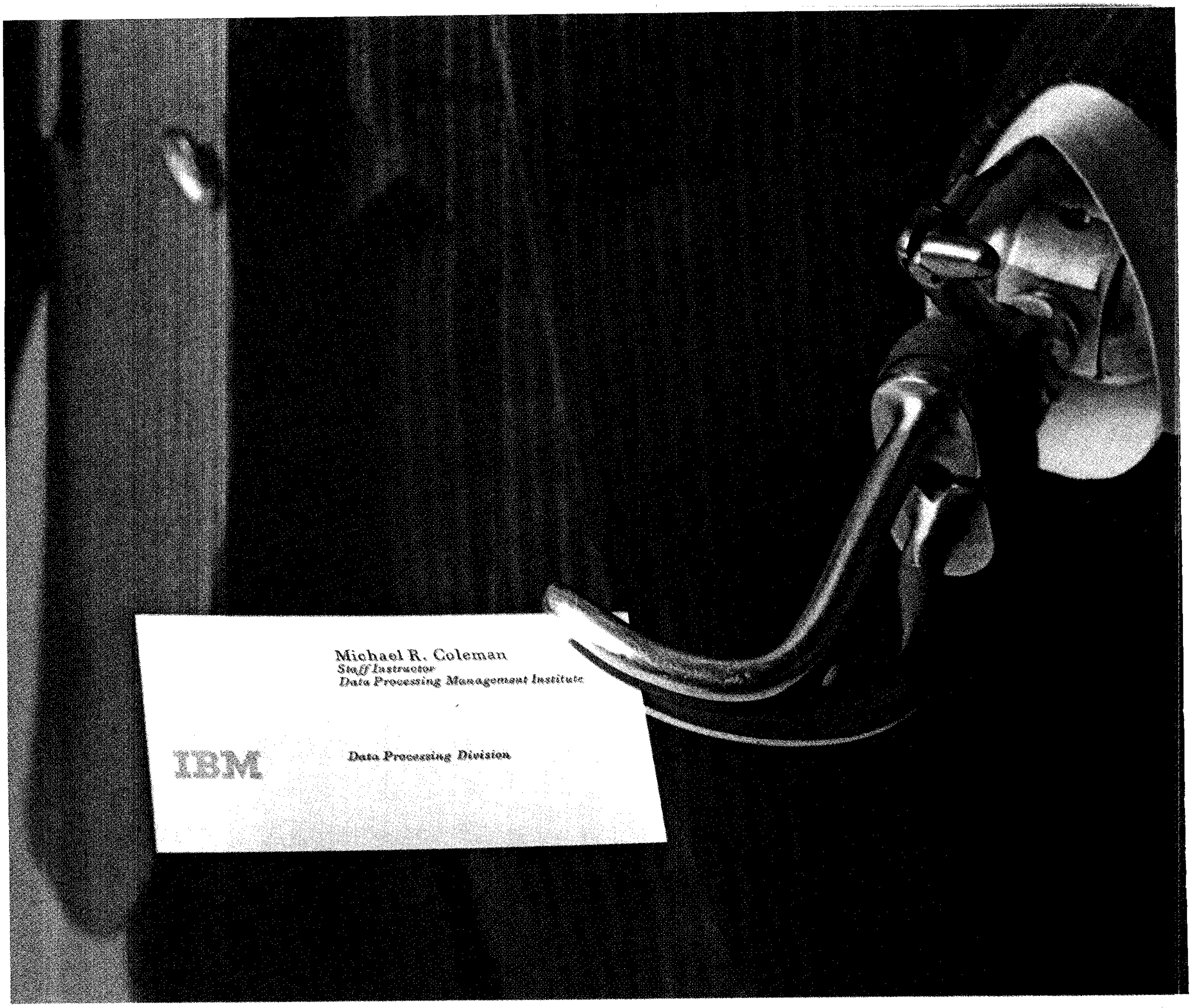
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merchandise. Only the drugstores could have done without protective cover. Under Prohibition, physicians remained free to prescribe alcohol for their patients, and drugstores were allowed to dispense it—though not *all* the "drugstores" that suddenly sprang up in Harlem, and not to as many "patients" as suddenly showed up with prescriptions. It was estimated that the number of Harlem drugstores more than doubled during the first three years of Prohibition.

"Right about now there'll be the pleasant jangling of the coffee cart coming down the corridor."

Though the bootleg stuff along Lenox Avenue was about the worst in Harlem, it did not fail to deliver what many of the drinkers wanted—the kick of a Georgia mule, as they put it. For some, however, this kick turned out to be much more powerful than they had expected. A few of them recovered later in Harlem Hospital; others did not. This was hardly surprising, for much of what they swallowed might have been deadly even to a Georgia mule. If one Harlem journal was not exaggerating in behalf of its crusade against liquor, the ingredients of the hooch being sold on Lenox Avenue were: wood alcohol, benzine, kerosene, pyridine, camphor, nicotine, benzol, formaldehyde, iodine, sulphuric acid, soap, and glycerin.

At one point, Fred R. Moore, the editor of the *Age*—in pressing the paper's campaign against the "hooch hounds"—invited the preachers of Harlem to join him at a public meeting "for the purpose of arousing the people to the real peril confronting them." The conditions are "hurtful," Moore said, in an open letter, "and our people are being degraded and debauched" by bad whiskey. "Should we stand for this?" he asked. The response was neither loud nor unanimous. No public meeting resulted from his call. A few churches passed resolutions deploring the conditions he had outlined, and Adam Clayton Powell, Sr., the pastor of the Abyssinian Baptist Church, on West 138th Street, pledged his "hearty coöperation." But nothing was heard from other ministers, and—like drugstores and cabarets—there were more preachers in Harlem than in any other community of its size in Manhattan. Although Moore was on friendly terms with most of the clergymen, he did not hesitate to embarrass the ones who had remained silent. Naming no names, he took to printing certain rumors in his paper. Was there a minister who had accepted "contributions" from bootleggers to keep his mouth shut? Had another received "a check for a substantial sum" when he made the plight of his church known to a hooch seller? The published rumors brought at least one minister forward. While he denied taking money from anyone in the liquor business, he confessed that his son did indeed work for a bootlegger. But this, he added, was a circumstance over which he had no control, for, at twenty-one, the boy was old enough to choose his own path.

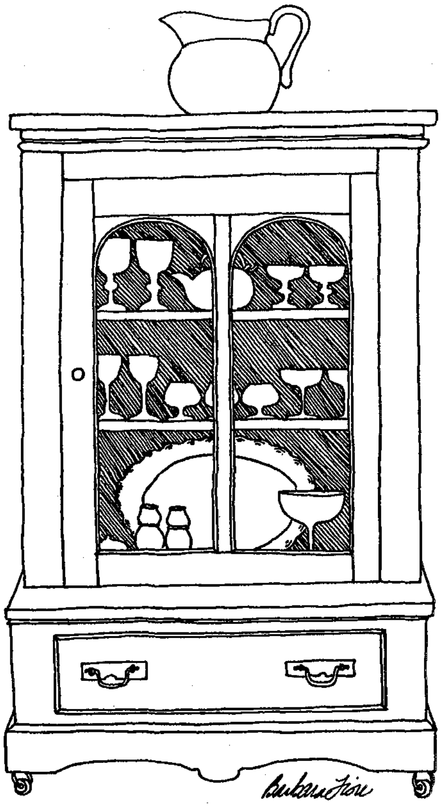
The time came, apparently, when the bootleggers of Harlem grew tired of Moore's campaign against them. A letter that Moore claimed to have received in the morning mail, and published in his paper in 1924, contained this threat:

> I note with precarious interest your front-page spread concerning the bootleg traffic in Harlem. Now this has got to be stopped, as it brings about many losses to white people in the section who have invested large sums of money in bootleg, and they are not about to lose without a bitter fight. . . . So it is up to you, Mr. Editor, to desist from attacking us and giving the matter publicity . . . if not, the bootlegger's ring in Harlem will get rid of you through foul means.

Concerning the authorship of this note, a degree of skepticism is permissible. Moore was a fierce and resourceful crusader, and one may wonder whether, to arouse public indignation, he had not sat down and written himself a letter. In any event, his campaign against whiskey was no more successful than the Eighteenth Amendment. Bootleggers continued to flourish. And a resident of Harlem was to say some time later, "Washtubs, bathtubs, and basements became breweries. In almost any block, in any apartment house, one could buy his liquor at a reasonable price. Harlemites who brewed their own . . . found it a paying proposition, and decided that doing porter work wasn't in their line any longer." Yes, there *would* be more liquor, and, in Harlem, there was little that the law, the church, or the press could do about it.

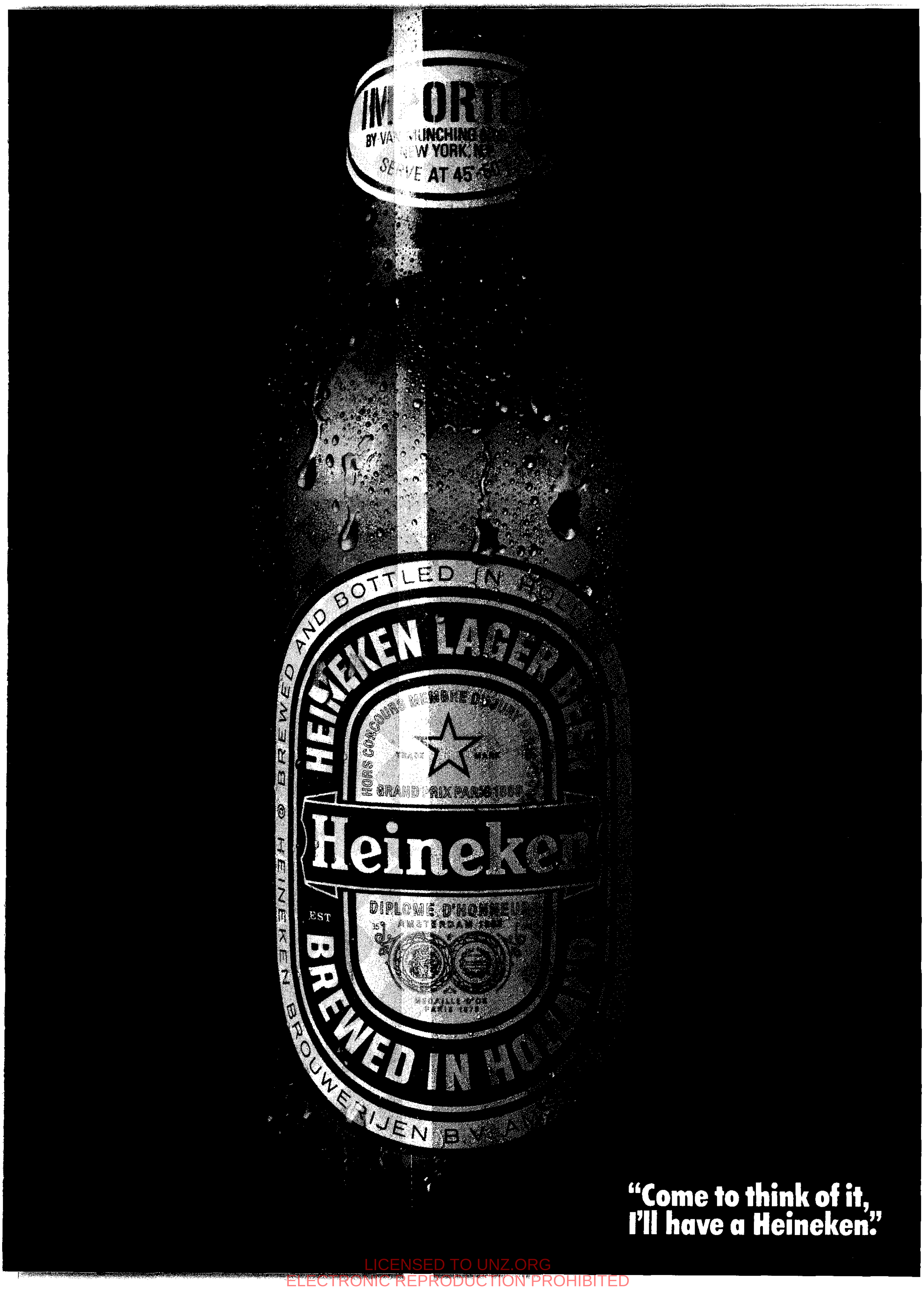
IT was often said during Prohibition that you could buy or sell almost anything on the streets of Harlem: diplomas, "hot" goods, quick cures, "power" over enemies and loved ones, "stocks" in Texas oil wells—anything that looked too good to be true or that held the promise of a miracle. "Harlem's grafters alone would supply the material for a volume," *The Saturday Evening Post* said in 1925. "They include at least a dozen varieties of doctors, proclaiming schools of medicine that probably do not exist anywhere else on earth. . . . Fortune tellers abound, also dealers in good luck." *Survey Graphic* added, also in 1925, "Black art flourishes in Harlem—and elsewhere in New York. . . . Feats of witchcraft are done daily. A towel for turban and a smart manner are enough to transform any Harlem colored man into a dispenser of magic to his profit. . . . Stop in front of a well-known drug store on Lenox Avenue. Here roots, herbs, and barks are displayed in the window. . . . In curled forms, in powders, in spirally bunches, in thick little knots, they lie there; they are sold as cures for various forms of illness. . . . No one can tell whether these plants are really what they are represented to be or not. Their sale is under no supervision; they may be roots of saplings dug in the Bronx, or bark from cherry trees disguised." But nothing sold more readily than bets on the numbers, Harlem's great game of chance, in which the odds against winning were a thousand to one. To play, you wagered anything from a penny upward on a three-digit number. Before noon, your number and the amount of your bet were collected by a "runner," who made rounds daily for the "banker." You won, or "hit," when certain Wall Street figures—published in the afternoon papers—contained your three digits in a certain order. On the winning bet of a penny, you were paid six dollars; on that of a dollar, six hundred dollars; and so on. You were free, of course, to bet any amount above a dollar, but there was an additional risk in doing this: the odds were already steep, and in the event that you hit, the odds against your collecting were even higher. The larger the amount you won, the more likely it was that your banker would disappear or welsh on paying—and since the game was illegal, there was no point in your going to the police. The banker usually claimed that, because there had been too many big winners that day, his bank was broken. This was hardly ever true. There were seldom many big winners on any one day; and the bankers nearly always collected far more in bets than they could conceivably need to pay off the winners. It is no wonder that they were among the big shots of Harlem, or that the *Age* once denounced them as "plutocrats," living "high," drinking "deep," and riding "easy" in expensive automobiles, driven by "liveried chauffeurs."

Poorer Harlemites did not much care how well the plutocrats lived as long as bets were paid, for hitting was about the only chance they had at a real payday. Win or lose, they met their runners every morning—on street corners, at coffee counters, in tenement lobbies, saloons, and barbershops—and put their pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters, or dollars on the numbers of their choice. A number was not just chosen at random; it had to be one that the player had invested with significance—a number that had occurred in a dream; a number that cropped up in a casual conversation and remained in memory as though it held a latent message; the number on the cap of a new mailman or on the license plate of a new automobile; the number of a street or building that had recently been in the news. Players looked everywhere for a number that appealed to the imagination.



Churchgoers took numbers from the Bible, from hymnals, and even from the mouths of their preachers. Most preachers in Harlem abhorred numbers playing. A few realized, however, that certain members of their congregation depended on the game for an income and for what contributions they made to church revenue. In the course of a Sunday service, such preachers would discreetly suggest to the congregation numbers that might be worth playing. They did this by placing a subtle stress on the number of a hymn they were announcing or on the number of a chapter and verse they were about to read from the Bible. Now and then, a minister would break entirely with discretion—as one did in 1926, when he declared to his members, "Now, here is a number that might come out, so you had better put it down and play it for the church." Even ministers who deplored the numbers game were sometimes obliged to soften their objections in order to meet the needs of the church's treasury. On a Sunday in 1924, as the collection plate was about to be passed around, one clergyman appealed to his congregation for a minimum contribution of two hundred dollars but made it very clear that he wanted no numbers money to be put in the plate. Members obeyed his wish, and when the plate was returned to the pulpit it held eight honest dollars. Well, as the preacher could plainly see, this was ridiculously short of the announced target. And, as any student of the Bible knows, there is no law that altereth not, save that of the Medes and the Persians. Hence, after revoking his earlier edict, the preacher directed that the plate be passed around once more. This time when it was returned to him, it bore a harvest of four hundred dollars.

DURING the twenties—and later as well—there were certain home entertainments in Harlem at which all and sundry were cordially welcome. Invitations were handed out in the streets, in bars, in barbershops, and in beauty parlors, or were left in mailboxes or in apartment-house ele-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"Come to think of it,
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vators. These were little cards printed with promises of a joyful time:

Hey! Hey!
Come on boys and girls let's shake that
thing
Where?
At
Hot Poppa Sam's
West 134th Street, three flights up
Jelly Roll Smith at the piano
Saturday night....
Hey! Hey!

●

Fall in line, and watch your step,
For there'll be Lots of Browns with
plenty of Pep At
a *Social Whist Party*....
Refreshments just it. Music won't quit.

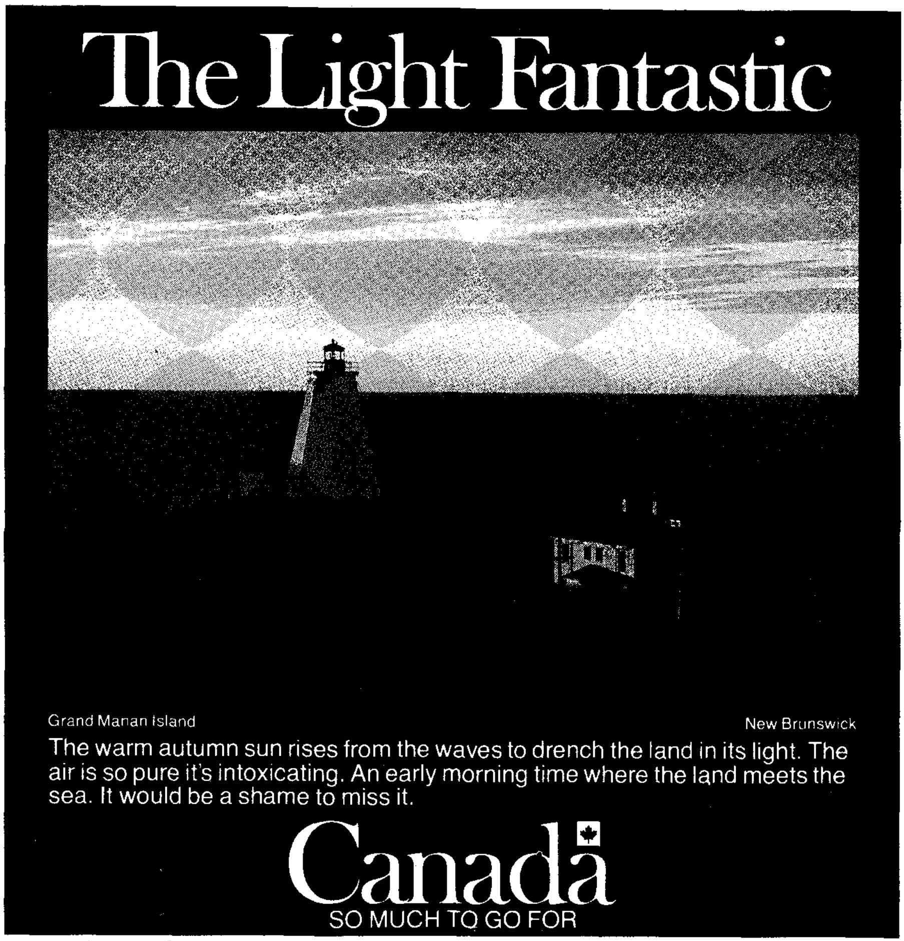
●

Shake it in the morning. Shake it at night
at a SOCIAL MATINEE PARTY....
Music too tight. Refreshments just right.

These affairs—also called parlor socials—were commonly known as rent parties. Admission ranged from ten cents to a dollar, and the guests were usually truck drivers, tradesmen, housemaids, laundry workers, seamstresses, porters, elevator operators, and shoeshine boys, though certain writers and artists also enjoyed them. Many of the guests were lonesome or unattached; some could not afford—and, in any event, would not have been let into—the classier Harlem night spots; others had recently come up from the South, and had no other entrée into the festivities of a Harlem Saturday night. Recalling such parties, a journalist from the community wrote in the forties, "Saturday night was gay time in Harlem then, and music streamed out of the windows of small overcrowded apartments. There was always an upright piano of some uncertain vintage, a guitar, and sometimes a trumpet and even a snare drum, tugged in by somebody just for kicks."

The rent-party tradition did not originate in Harlem—though rents there were so high that Harlem would surely have had to invent the tradition if it had not already existed. Ira Reid, a black sociologist, wrote in the nineteen-twenties:

> For many years it has been the custom of certain portions of the Negro group living in Southern cities to give some form of party when money was needed to supplement the family income. The purpose for giving such a party was never stated, but who cared whether the increment was used to pay the next installment on the "Steinway" piano, or the weekly rent? . . . These parties were the life of many families of a low economic status who sought to confine their troubles with a little joy....



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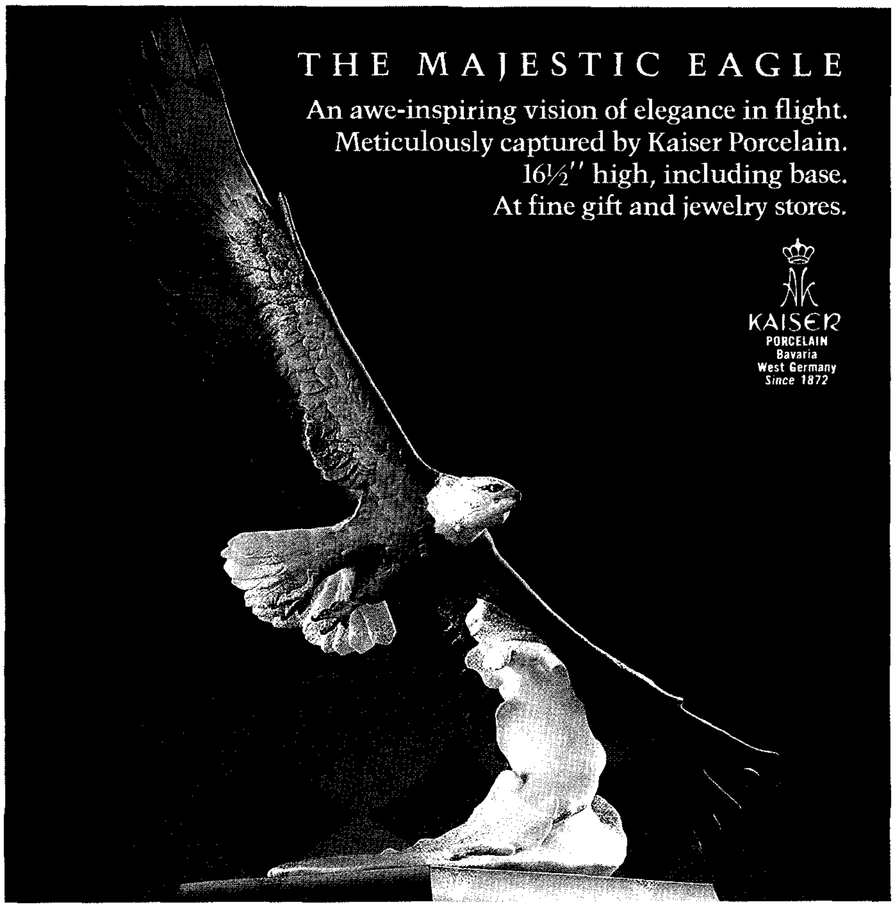

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No social standing was necessary to promote these affairs. Neither was one forced to have a long list of friends. All that the prospective host required to "throw" such an affair would be a good piano player and a few girls. Of course you paid an admission fee—usually ten cents. . . . The music invited you, and the female of the species urged that you remain. The neighborhood girls came unescorted, but seldom left without an escort.

In Harlem, Reid added, the rent party underwent an evolution in "éclat." Possibly, no one down South had thought of printing up invitations to these proletarian shindigs or of calling them parlor socials, social matinées, or social whist parties. Such terms would have promised something finer than the hosts of a working-class Saturday night were in a position to offer. But in Harlem, one of the great centers of black style, plain reality often put on the attractive clothes of imagination; by a miraculous act of the mind, shadow was often transformed into substance. And, especially during Prohibition, camouflage had a way of heightening the allure of whatever it concealed. Behind the front door of a social whist or matinée party, the lights—red or blue—were soft and low. Drinks were bathtub gin and whiskey. Food was fried fish, chicken, corn bread, rice and beans, chitterlings, potato salad, pigs' feet. "Whist" games were actually poker and dice. Music, in the parlance of the day, was "gut bucket," played by some of the masters and students of Harlem stride piano. Dancing—the Charleston, the black bottom, the monkey hunch, the mess around, the shimmy, the bo-hog, the camel, the skate, and the buzzard—went on till the break of day. Willie (the Lion) Smith, one of the piano players who entertained at these affairs, recalls in his autobiography:

> They would crowd a hundred or more people into a seven-room railroad flat and the walls would bulge—some of the parties spread to the halls and all over the building. All the furniture was stashed in another apartment except the chairs and beds. . . .
>
> The rent party was the place to go to pick up on all the latest jokes, jive, and uptown news. You would see all kinds of people making the party scene. . . . The parties were recommended to newly arrived single gals as the place to go to get acquainted. . . .
>
> Of course, there were also parties where there was such a racket all night long that the neighbors called the cops to quiet the joint down, and these would usually end with the law having a ball for themselves.

You were not regarded as much of a jazz pianist unless, wherever else you appeared, you played the rent-party

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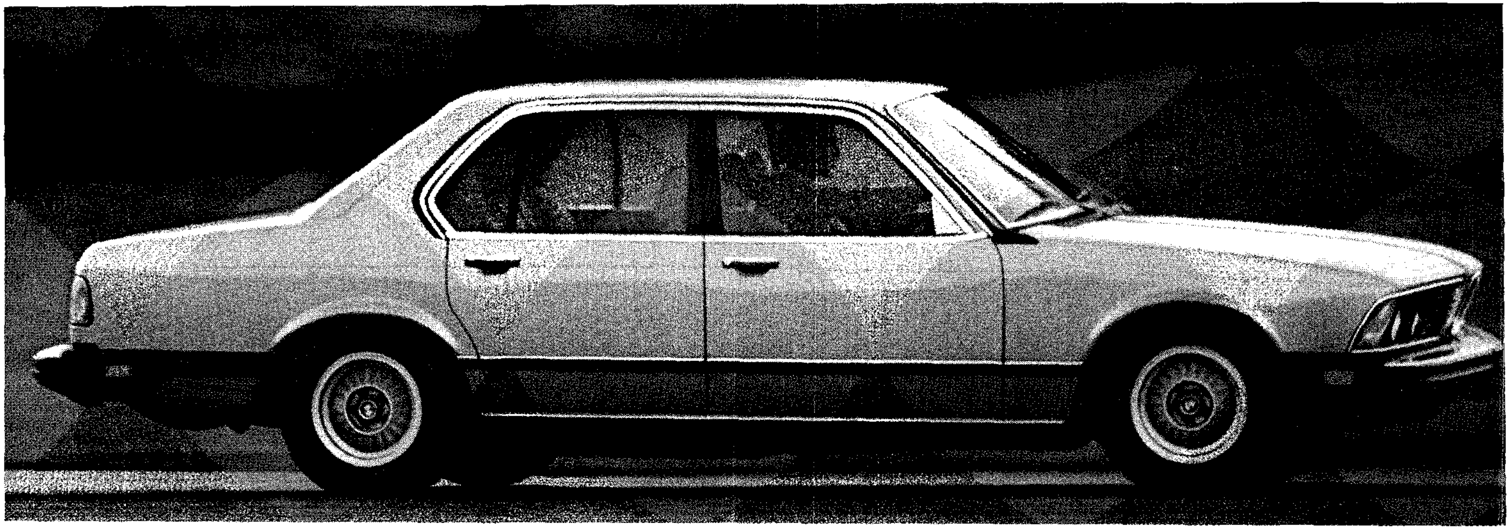

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EVOLUTION IS PREFERABLE TO REVOLUTION.

With a certain predictability, automakers reacted to the realities of the 1980's by bringing forth a plethora of "revolutionary" re-engineered cars.

The 733i, however, is hardly the result of a single year's rush to build an enlightened automobile.

Indeed, decades ago, when luxury car manufacturers were building ever larger cars, reckless in their consumption of fuel, BMW was championing such avant-garde concepts as six-cylinder engines, sensible piston displacements and impressive power-to-weight ratios.

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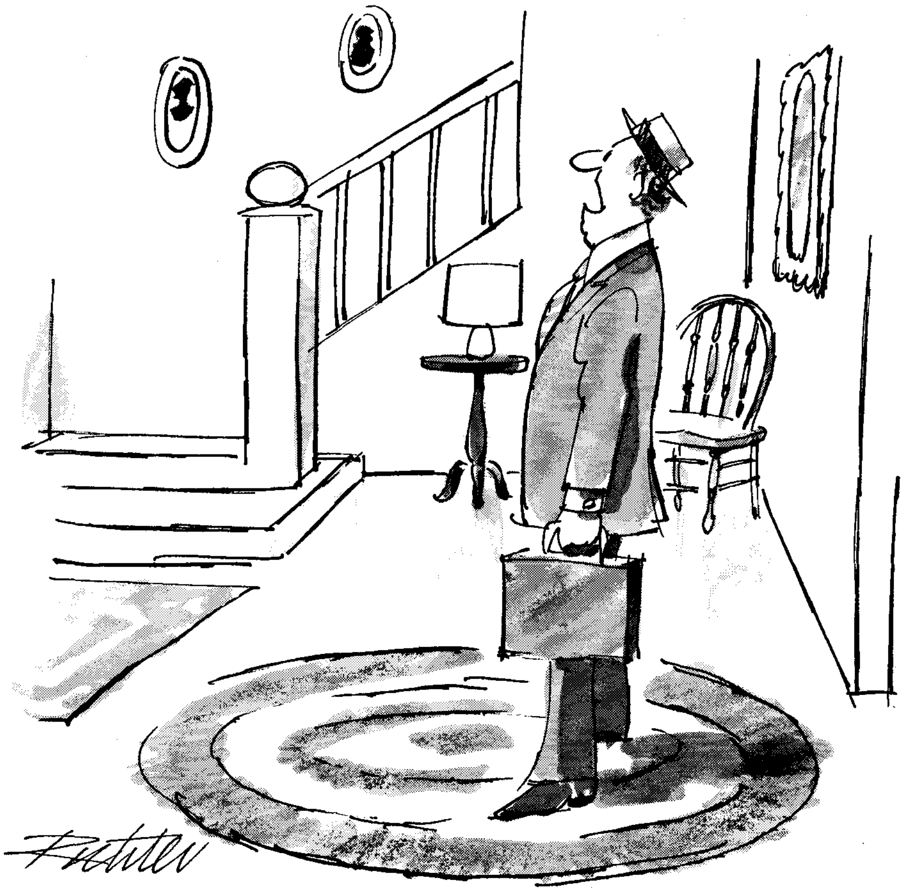
circuit. You earned your spurs not only by sending the dancers into flights of ecstasy but also by "cutting," or outperforming, rival piano players. Maurice Waller, a son of Fats Waller, has described these pianists—one of whom was his father—as "garish extroverts who led the revolution in black music." At one Saturday-night function or another, there would be Smith, Eubie Blake, Corky Williams, Abba Labba, Lippy Boyette, Claude Hopkins, James P. Johnson, Luckey Roberts, Duke Ellington (new in town then), and—the youngest of the group—Fats Waller. None was more of an extrovert than Fats—a portly, jocose youngster whose talent was large and ebullient and whose appetite for food, drink, and pleasure became as immense as his talent. He was then mastering not only the piano but the organ as well. When he was not entertaining at rent parties, he could be heard at the Lincoln Theatre, on West 135th Street, playing organ accompaniments to silent movies or vaudeville shows. After once hearing Waller at the Lincoln, the equally young Bill Basie (not yet known as the Count) became "a daily customer, hanging on to his every note, sitting behind him all the time, enthralled by the ease with which his hands pounded the keys and [his feet] manipulated the pedals." Fats was the youngest son of an assistant preacher at the Abyssinian Baptist Church, and old man Waller had hoped to raise the boy for a career in the ministry. To Fats, however, music was a higher, more joyous calling. He had learned the piano in various Harlem homes, including James P. Johnson's, whose wife later said, "Right after James P. heard Fats Waller playing the pipe organ, he came home and told me, 'I know I can teach that boy.' Well, from then on, it was one big headache for me. Fats was seventeen, and we lived on 140th Street, and Fats would bang on our piano till all hours of the night. . . . I would say to him, 'Now go on home, or haven't you got a home?' But he'd come every day and my husband would teach. Of course, you know the organ doesn't give you a left hand, and that's what James P. had to teach him."

Duke Ellington, five years older than Fats Waller, was also a student and admirer of the Harlem piano masters. Before coming to New York in 1923 as a member of Elmer Snowden's band, the Washingtonians, Ellington had met James P. Johnson when Johnson made an appearance in Washington, D.C. Johnson's most popular composition at the time was "Carolina Shout," and Ellington, fascinated by the work, had spent hours at the piano trying to capture and reproduce the Johnson style. When he arrived in New York, his own playing showed clear signs of Johnson's influence.

Perhaps none of the early Harlem pianists have left a more detailed and captivating account of the rent-party scene than Willie (the Lion) Smith, whose autobiography contains these recollections:

> Piano players called these affairs jumps or shouts and we would get substitutes to play our regular [night-club] jobs for us. It wasn't always easy to do this because a lot of the shouts were on a Saturday night and the bosses frowned on us getting off. We made a lot of them after our regular jobs were over for the night. . . .
>
> It got so we never stopped and we were up and down Fifth, Seventh, and Lenox all night long hitting the keys. We even had a booking agent—old Lippy. He'd say, "You boys wanna jump for ten or twenty?" This meant he had a couple of parties paying from ten to a double sawbuck each. On a single Saturday he'd book as many as three parties for us and we'd alternate between them. . . .
>
> There were, of course, some of the chitterling struts where a bunch of pianists would be in competition. Lippy was a great promoter and was always trying to steam up the guests to argue about who was the best. It sometimes got annoying, especially when you had your eyes on a good-looking chick, or wanted to take time out to get in the games they always had going in one or two of the back bedrooms. But you had to stay by the keyboard to hold your own reputation for being a fast pianist.
>
> Sometimes we got carving [that is, cutting] battles going that would last for four or five hours. Here's how these bashes worked: the Lion would pound the keys for a mess of choruses and then shout to the next in line, "Well, all right, take it from there," and each tickler would take his turn, trying to improve on a melody. . . .
>
> Hard cash was bet on the outcome and more than once [the listeners would] get ready to fight between them as to who had won.
>
> We would embroider the melodies with our own original ideas and try to develop patterns that had more originality than those played before us. Sometimes it was just a question as to who could think up the most patterns within a given tune. It was pure improvisation. . . .
>
> The best time of all at these parties came early in the morning. Then we'd play in a slow-drag style with the drummer muffling his hides and stroking the snare lightly and politely with the brushes. Sometimes we would doctor the piano by placing newspapers behind the hammers



"I'm home again. Proving once more that Thomas Wolfe was full of baloney."

> and put tin on the felts in order to get an old-fashioned player-piano effect. This also gave us a guitar sound.
>
> During these early hours close to dawn the dancers would grab each other tightly and do the monkey hunch or bo-hog. Their shuffling feet would give everything a weird rhythmic atmosphere. The lights would be dimmed down and the people would call out to the piano player, "Play it, oh, play it," or "Break it down," or "Get in the gully and give us the ever-lovin' stomp."
>
> Those were happy days.

Bessie Smith, who appeared regularly in Harlem during the twenties, often sang these lyrics:

> Up in Harlem ev'ry Saturday night
> When the high brows git together it's just too tight.
> They all congregates at an all-night strut
> And what they do is tut-tut-tut.
> Old Hannah Brown from 'cross town
> Gets full of corn and starts breakin' 'em down.
> Just at the break of day
> You can hear old Hannah say—
> "Gimme a pig foot and a bottle of beer
> Send me, gate, I don't care."

And Bessie seldom sang of what she herself had not seen or experienced.

IN 1926, according to *Vanity Fair*, the Negro was "in the ascendancy." Almost everyone was dancing the Charleston or singing spirituals and the blues. As *Vanity Fair* added, "mulatto maids of white actresses" were hired "with an eye to their dexterity at dancing the Charleston;" and "coloured men" taught the Charleston to "the smart folk of Park Avenue." New York's theatregoers and music lovers were acclaiming the performances of Paul Robeson, Roland Hayes, Jules Bledsoe, Abbie Mitchell, Bessie Smith, Taylor Gordon, Florence Mills, Ethel Waters, and Bill (Bojangles) Robinson. Jazz artists like Fletcher Henderson, Don Redman, Duke Ellington, Coleman Hawkins, Edith Wilson, Louis Armstrong, and Fats Waller had begun to assert their influence on the musical idiom in which they worked. And, as *Vanity Fair* also reported, Harlem cabarets were "more popular than ever."

These cabarets and night clubs were also more numerous than ever. They had been increasing since the war, but during the early years of Prohibition, when they sprang up in astonishing profusion, Harlem came to be known as the night-club capital of the city—and of the nation. And nowhere was the entertainment livelier and more infectious than it was in Harlem. A white visitor from downtown Manhattan recorded these responses to a Harlem floor show:

> First, there is the impulse to look at your neighbor and see how he reacts. The big bass drum boom, booms. Enthusiastic wails writhe from the cornet—another flash from two dozen tawny, brown legs, whip-snapping, now hip-twisting, and watch 'em strut! Boom, boom-de-boom, boom. Well, to hell with your neighbor. If he doesn't like it, he ought to stay home.
>
> Precisely from that decision, one will enjoy watching a Negro show in Harlem. One by one, our cherished biases are taken off like arctic overcoats. It becomes natural to laugh and shout in the consciousness of an emotional holiday. Then, when the last ambiguously worded song is done, one puts on again one's hat, coat, and niceties, and once again is staid, proper, and a community pillar.

Among the well-known night spots was the Lenox Club, at Lenox Avenue and 143rd Street, where the post-midnight set often stayed for breakfast. The *News* described its atmosphere in the Prohibition era: "Here the crowd is usually about 90 per cent colored, and the 7 o'clock whistles that call the faithful back to work on Monday morning find the boys and girls of both races drinking briskly, with an hour or two yet to go. . . . You will not enjoy the Lenox if you object to dancing shoulder to shoulder with colored couples. . . . You will not enjoy it if you blush at the dancing in the revue that suggests the end to which dancing originally was dedicated."

The Bamboo Inn, on Seventh Avenue, was—as one Harlemite wrote in 1928—"*the* place to see 'high Harlem' . . . well-dressed men escorting expensively garbed women and girls; models from *Vanity Fair*, with brown, yellow, and black skins," and "doctors and lawyers, Babbitts and their ladies with fine manners."

On West 133rd Street between Lenox and Seventh Avenues—a block with so many night clubs that it was known as Jungle Alley—were the Clam House, Tillie's Chicken Shack, Pod's & Jerry's, and Mexico's. The Clam House drew more white visitors than its neighbors did. There, "Gladys Bentley," accompanying herself at the piano, sang some of the naughtier lyrics of the decade. Bentley "used to draw the celebrities like flies," a Harlem journalist said, adding, "Those were the days of double entendre songs with much *ennui*, and if ever there was a gal who could take a popular ditty and put her own naughty version to it, La Bentley could do it." The artist Romare Bearden, who was then growing up in Harlem, recalls that " 'Gladys Bentley' was a woman dressed as a man. You also had a male performer who called himself 'Gloria Swanson.' So Harlem was like Berlin, where they had such things going on in cabarets at the time."

Tillie's Chicken Shack served some of the tastier late-night meals uptown—fried chicken and sweet-potato pie were its specialties. Its regular patrons—whites from Sutton Place and blacks from Seventh Avenue—gathered there around midnight as much to dine as to hear Elmira, the torch singer, in her suggestive rendition of "Stop It, Joe."

At Pod's & Jerry's, a lair of Willie (the Lion) Smith, one heard the best in Harlem stride piano. According to Smith, "the customers . . . varied from tush hogs up to the biggest names on Broadway"—Bix Beiderbecke, Paul Whiteman, Hoagy Carmichael, Artie Shaw, Jack Teagarden, Benny Goodman, Texas Guinan, Mae West, Tallulah Bankhead, Helen Morgan, Joan Crawford, Beatrice Lillie, William Powell, Jack Dempsey, and Gene Tunney.

Mexico's bore the nickname of its owner, who had been a mercenary south of the border. Duke Ellington, who frequented Mexico's, said that its proprietor "ran the hottest gin mill on 133rd Street, and you were always seeing cats walking along the streets, tubas on their shoulders, making their way over to his 'cutting contests.' " Ellington went on, "We used to hang out at his place, drinking up his booze. We called it 'a ninety-nine per cent,' one more degree . . . would bust your top." Milton (Mezz) Mezzrow, a white clarinettist and saxophonist from Chicago, who played in Harlem, later described the after-hours cutting contests that were held in places like Mexico's:

> The contests generally happened in the early morning, after the musicians came uptown from their various jobs. There was

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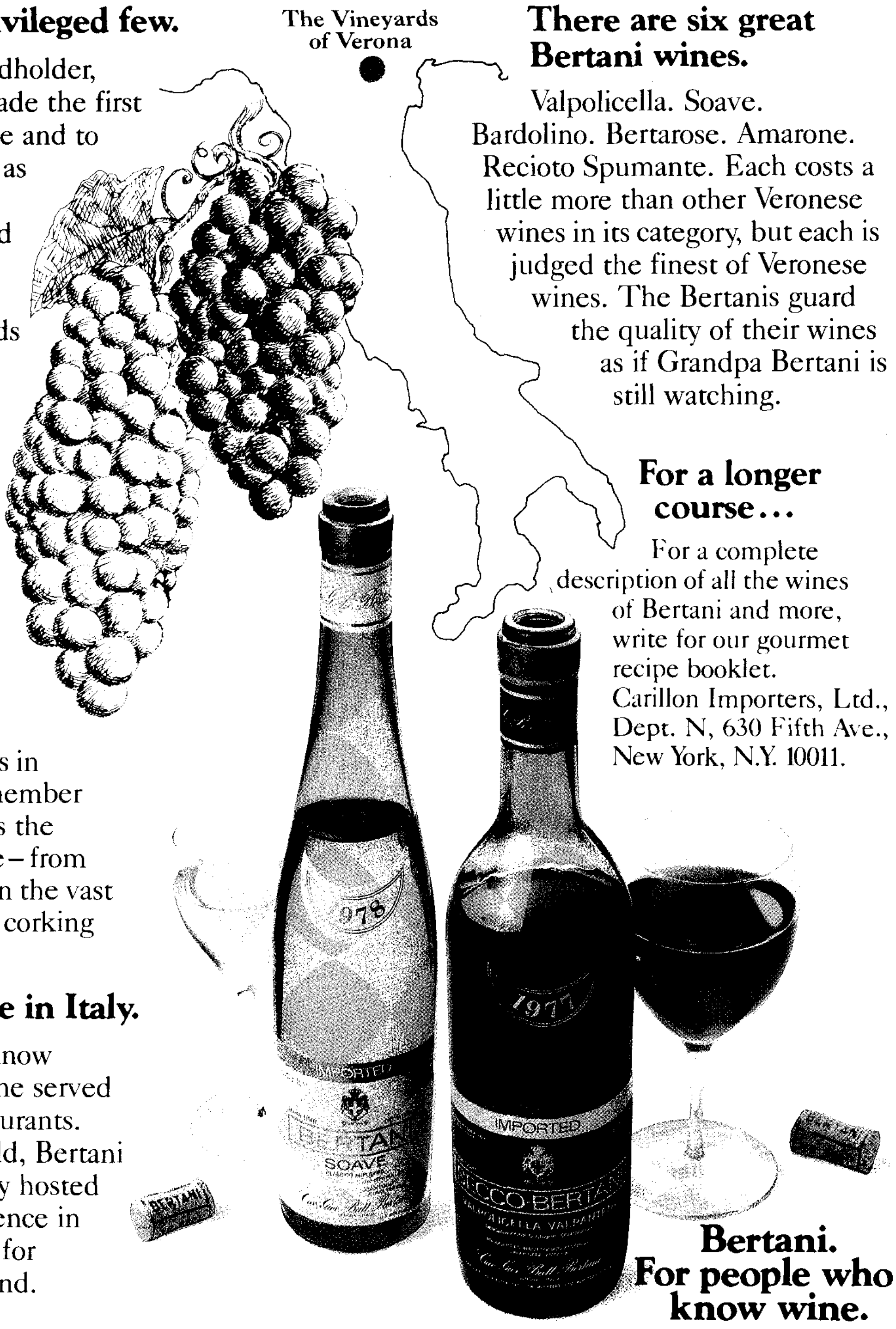

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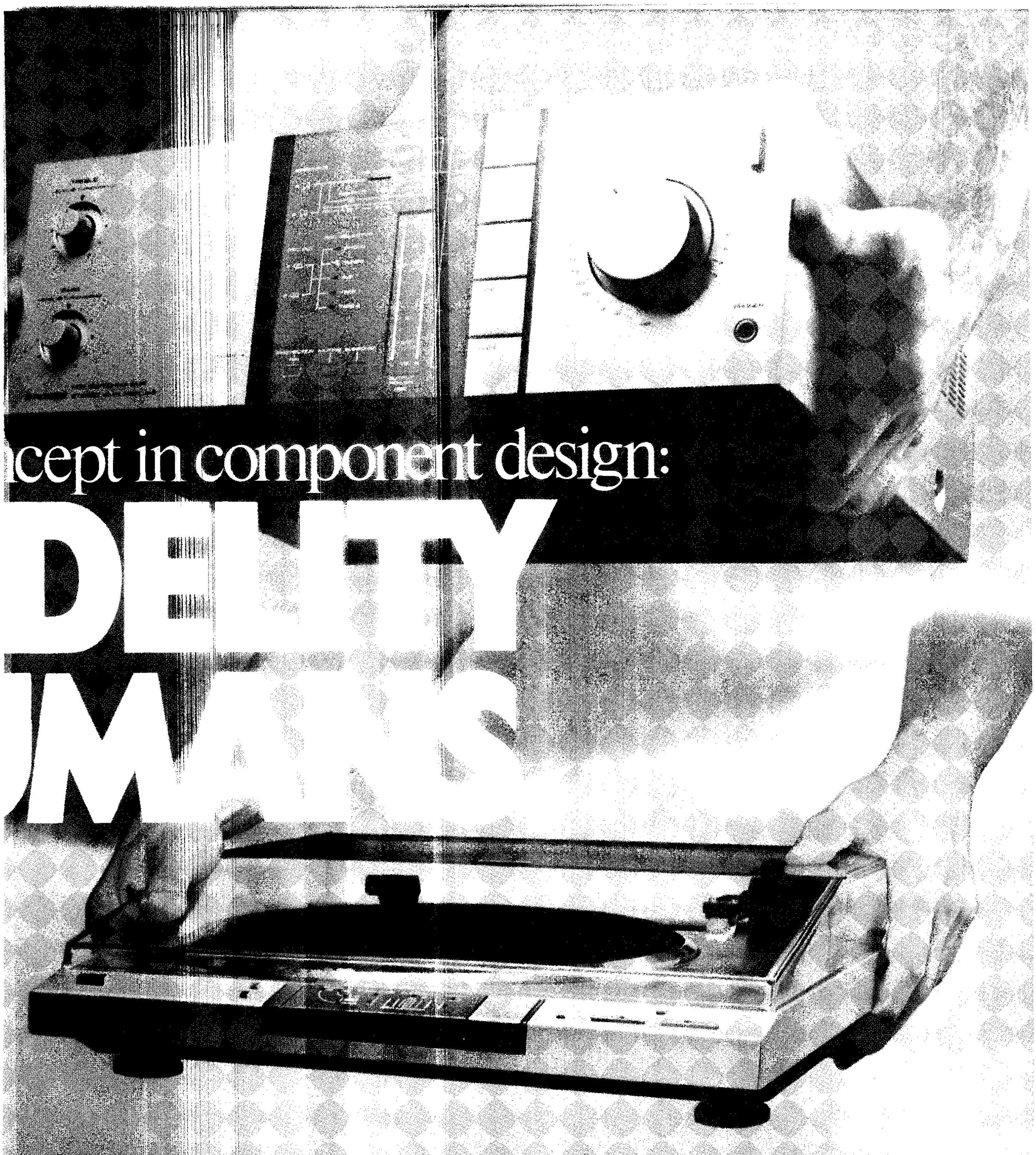

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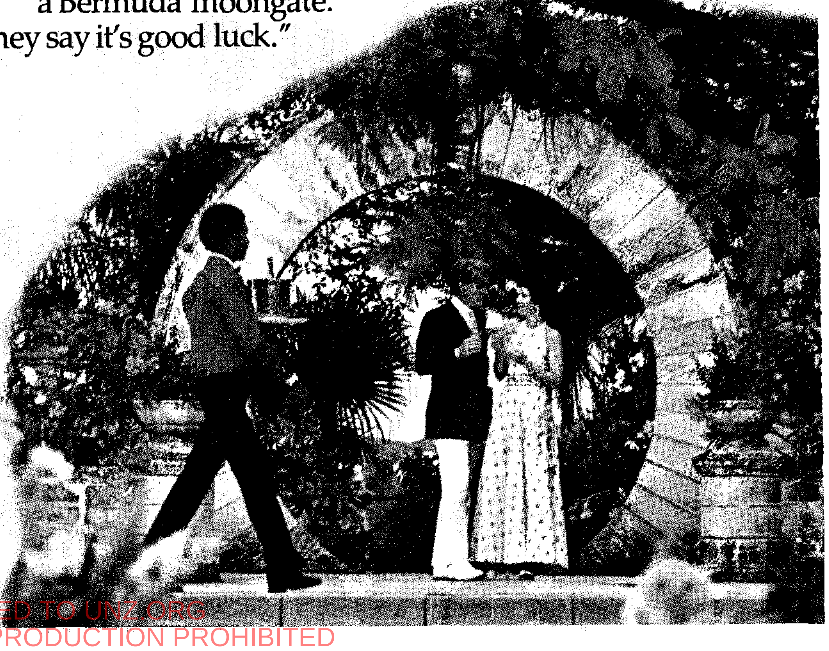

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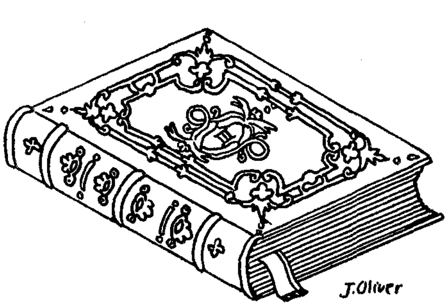
> always some small private club or speakeasy that had a piano in it, and when some new musician came to town he was obliged to come up with his instrument and get off for the other musicians. If he didn't show, that proved he wasn't sure of himself in the fast company around Harlem. The one that rated best on his particular instrument was told, "Hey man, So-and-So's in town and he was looking for you at Such-and-Such's this morning." All the contenders for the title were worked up that way, each being told the others were looking for him because they wanted to cut him down. . . . Things really got stirred up that way, and before the night was over all the cats were in some smoky room, really blowing up a breeze. If it was a close call—say, for instance, Lester Young and Ben Webster and Don Byas were all blowing their saxes, and the people couldn't come to much decision about who was best—then somebody would sneak out and get Coleman Hawkins, and when he unwrapped his horn it settled all arguments and sent the boys back to practice some more. These contests taught the musicians never to rest on their laurels.

Smalls' Paradise, at Seventh Avenue and 135th Street, was one of the top four night clubs of Harlem—Barron Wilkins' Exclusive Club, Connie's Inn, and the Cotton Club were the others. Of the four, Smalls' was the most accessible to ordinary Harlemites. Not many of them could afford its prices, but those who could were more welcome there than they were at the other top places. Smalls' was known for its big-band jam sessions, its colorful floor shows, and its waiters, who danced the Charleston while balancing full trays on their fingertips. It had a special appeal to visitors from downtown—especially the ones who felt that black music and entertainment were bound to be livelier in places where black customers formed a substantial portion of the audience. On weekends, the club was packed (tables were by reservation only), as were most of the other clubs. But on weeknights, when business was slower, Ed Smalls sometimes turned to the boys in the band. "There ain't enough cars upstairs," he once said to them. "I want cars outside to make this place really look like something." His musicians were unlikely to ignore such a request, for his cabaret paid as well and as promptly as any other uptown. (Because he was respectful of the churches, he was the most highly regarded cabaret owner in Harlem even by those clergymen who denounced night clubs as places of sin.) At Smalls' urging, the boys called up every acquaintance who owned a handsome automobile, and the following night—as one of them later said—"people couldn't get in for the cars sitting around outside."

Barron Wilkins' club, at Seventh Avenue and 134th Street, was one of the oldest cabarets in the community. It had moved uptown from the Tenderloin district in the first decade of the century and had been known as the Little Savoy, the Astoria Café, and Barron's Executive Club before it was named the Exclusive Club. Almost every important black pianist in New York had been hired by Wilkins at one time or another. Duke Ellington was virtually unknown when he and his Washingtonians (then led by Elmer Snowden) played there in 1923. Wilkins' club, Ellington wrote later, was then Harlem's "*top* spot"—the place "where they catered to big spenders, gamblers, sportsmen, and women, all at the peak of their various professions." Wilkins had hired Ellington and his friends on the recommendation of Ada (Bricktop) Smith, one of the leading blues singers of the day, who was then performing at the club—some years before she left for Paris, where she became one of the jazz celebrities of Europe. "People would come in who would ask for change for a C-note in half-dollar pieces," Ellington recalled. "At the end of a song, they would toss the two hundred four-bit pieces up in the air, so that they would fall on the dance floor."

In the twenties, Konrad Bercovici, a white journalist and novelist, described the Exclusive Club:

> Only members are admitted. It opens on week-days at about eleven o'clock p.m., officially, but the place really never gets started before one o'clock at night. It is frequented by white men, with only a sprinkling of negroes, although it is known as a colored man's cabaret. *Bons viveurs* from all the strata of society, financiers, lawyers, and theatrical people, with their women or in search of them, are dancing to the negro jazz band, while expensive food and drinks are being served at the tables, and the thick smoke of cigars and perfumed cigarettes hovers low over the white-haired heads of the males and the wavy hair of the females.
>
> Between the dances a professional singer or dancer is doing his or her stunt, and as the entertainers are always negroes the art is generally a very special one, fit only for the sophisticates of Barron Wilkins' club. One must have his purse well garnished when visiting the place. A hundred-dollar bill will not go very far and is not intended to do much service in this luxuriously fitted-out cabaret. But what charm! What exoticism! One easily forgets that all Harlem is not like it! Harlem, the Harlem of the poor, overcrowded, underfed, with children crippled with rickets and scurvy. . . .
>
> In its present form Wilkins' is the rich man's black and white cabaret. Southern gentlemen coming to the city, who cannot very well get on without negro society, are the first to look it up; and they learn to know after an experience or two that they must be on their guard. No affront or insult to the colored race would be suffered by any one of Wilkins' associates.



Wilkins was tall and sturdily built, like some of the athletes he befriended and supported. He sponsored Negro baseball teams; he had helped to finance Jack Johnson's pursuit of the heavyweight championship in 1908; and he donated generously to Sam Langford, a former black heavyweight challenger, when, in the early twenties, Langford became blind and destitute. Wilkins had, in Bercovici's words, "a tender, loving gaze," and many Harlemites sought him out in times of financial need. His generosity bought him much of the political clout he wielded in the community. According to the *Times*, he was "a power" in Harlem, especially at election time. But, the paper added, Wilkins swung between Republicans and Democrats "as the mood suited, or as his private interests dictated." Among his private interests during Prohibition was that of remaining in the good graces of the police. This he succeeded in doing, for his influence with the police was said to be greater than that of any other black in Manhattan. There was about Wilkins a faint aroma of the solid citizen who deals secretly in contraband; and, as a result, there was a feeling in Harlem that he paid heavily for his privileged standing with the law. But Wilkins, as the *Times* said, "always denied that he paid graft to the police." The occasion for that remark was Wilkins' death, in May of 1924. He was murdered one evening on Seventh Avenue, a short distance from his Exclusive Club. The assailant, a gunman and gambler called Yellow Charleston, claimed at his trial that he had been a business acquaintance of Wilkins', having regularly supplied the cabaret owner with stolen whiskey.

Connie's Inn, at Seventh Avenue and 131st Street, presented some of the

"I always say if you see what you want, grab it. And if I ever do, I will."

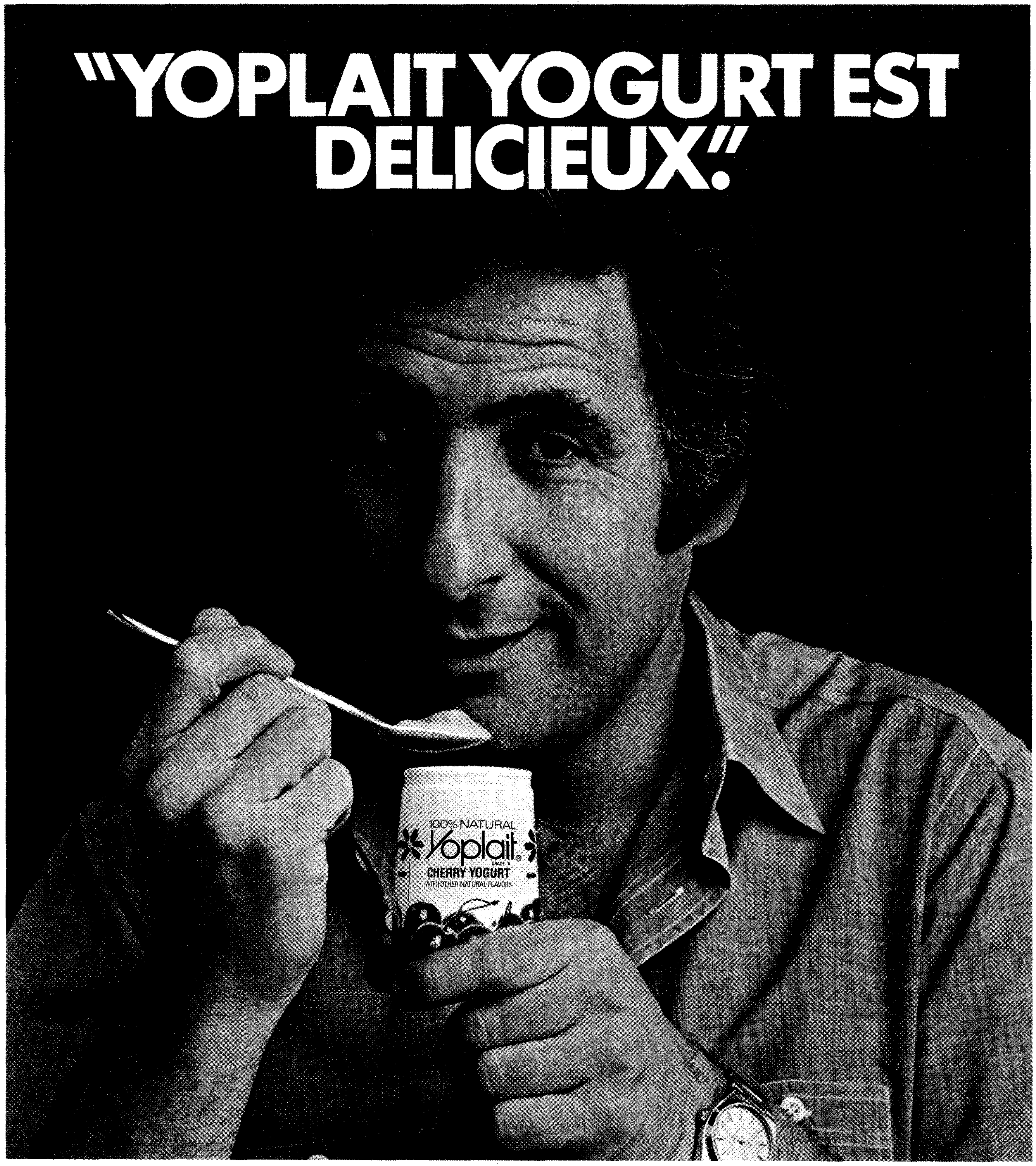
• •

finest cabaret revues in the city. Among them were "Keep Shufflin' " and "Hot Chocolates," both with music by Fats Waller and lyrics by Andy Razaf. These revues, which also ran as theatre productions on Broadway, introduced such popular songs as "Ain't Misbehavin' " and "What Did I Do to Be So Black and Blue." The crowd at Connie's was usually all white. "No, you can't go to Connie's Inn with your colored friends," Nancy Cunard, a visiting Englishwoman, had occasion to say. "The place is for *whites*." Blacks were admitted only as waiters or entertainers. The *Age*, which already had an intense dislike for the owners of Connie's Inn—the brothers George and Connie Immerman, who, the paper charged, operated some of the worst hooch-selling shops on Lenox Avenue—was outraged by the club's policy of barring even Harlem's best blacks while admitting all the " 'slummers,' sports, 'coke addicts,' and high rollers of the white race who came to Harlem to indulge in illicit and illegal recreations."

Connie's patrons did not in fact fit that description. According to a report in the *News*, regulars at the club included "the piquant Lenore Ulric, blonde Hilda Ferguson . . . Michael Arlen, suave and smiling, rap-tap-tapping on his table in appreciation of a spine-rippling dance . . . Jack Pickford . . . Mark Hellinger . . . Gertrude Vanderbilt . . . Harry K. Thaw, without whose name no roster of night club customers would be complete." Jimmy Durante, in his book "Night Clubs" (written with Jack Kofoed), called Connie's Inn the "swankiest of all the Harlem places." He went on, "They even have a red canopy outside—and, my God, you know that's the real top of the limit! It costs dough to play Connie's. . . . Smalls' Paradise, which is another one of the class joints, is easier on the pocket-book, principally because there's no cover-charge and ginger ale isn't rated in the same class with champagne."

When Durante called Connie's the "swankiest" of the Harlem night spots, he must have forgotten the times he had spent at the Cotton Club, over on Lenox Avenue at 142nd Street. It was the Cotton Club, after all, that was called "the aristocrat of Harlem"—and, however blacks may have felt about the term, there was some truth to it. The songwriter Harold Arlen, who helped to write some of the brilliant floor shows at the Cotton Club, called it "the hangout for the Mink Set, escaping Park Avenue for the earthier realities of Harlem." Lady Mountbatten, the wife of the English nobleman who later became First Lord of the Admiralty, was sometimes seen there along with the Park Avenue set. The financier Otto Kahn was "fascinated" by the place, according to Arlen. So, apparently, was Mayor Jimmy Walker, who often unwound there after a day at City Hall. The Duke Ellington orchestra began its rise to national and international fame when it opened at the Cotton Club, in December of 1927. It then included Bubber Miley and Louis Metcalf (trumpet); Joe Nanton (trombone); Otto Hardwicke (alto saxophone); Harry Carney (clarinet, alto, and baritone sax); Fred Guy (banjo and guitar); Sonny Greer (drums); Wellman Braud (bass); Rudy Jackson (clarinet and tenor sax); and Ellsworth Reynolds (violin). The elegant air of the Cotton Club agreed with Ellington's personal style. "Duke loved the highest of societies, white or black," the recording impresario John Hammond has written. "He sought the best locations, both because he enjoyed mingling with the cream of any social circle and because the money was better." Ellington himself recalled, "The Cotton Club was a classy spot. Impeccable behavior was demanded. . . . Sunday night . . . was the *night*. All the big New York stars in town, no matter where they were playing, showed up at the Cotton Club to take bows. . . . Somebody like Sophie Tucker would stand up, and we'd play her song, 'Some of These Days,' as she made her way up the floor for a bow. It was all done in pretty grand style." Other stars who frequented the club included Helen Morgan, Bert Wheeler, Paul Whiteman, Marilyn Miller, Eddie Duchin, and George Raft. Willie (the Lion) Smith recalled that Raft "was a sharpie in those days and about the best dancer in New York," and added, "When he showed up at the Cotton, women used to ask the headwaiter to ask Raft if he would dance with them to the hot music."

The Cotton Club revues—written and produced by Harold Arlen, Dorothy Fields, Jimmy McHugh, Ted Koehler, and Lew Leslie—were as sparkling as those at Connie's Inn, and more elaborate. The club, proud of its gorgeous female entertainers, advertised "the cream of sepia talent, the greatest array of creole stars ever assembled, supported by a chorus of bronze beauties." Among the leading singers and dancers were Ethel Waters, Adelaide Hall, Leitha Hill, Carolynne Snowden, Aida Ward, Henri Wessels, Bill (Bojangles) Robinson, Anice Boyer, and George Dewey Washington. Lena Horne, who began appearing there in the early thirties, has recalled, "The shows had a primitive naked quality that was supposed to make a civilized audience lose its inhibitions. The music had an intensive, pervasive rhythm—sometimes loud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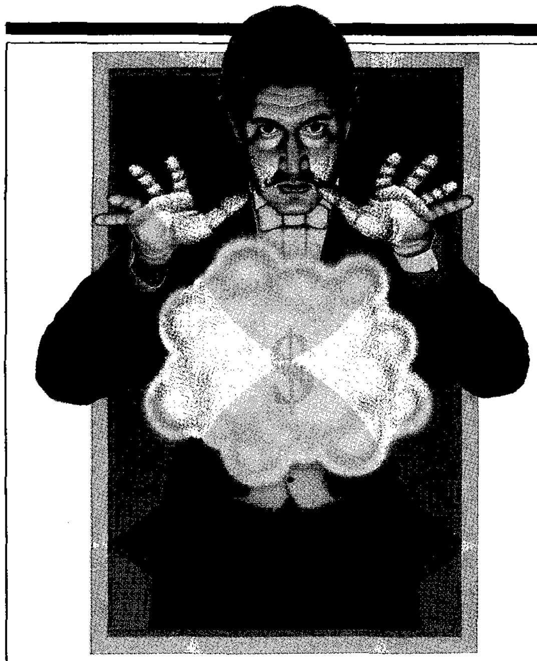

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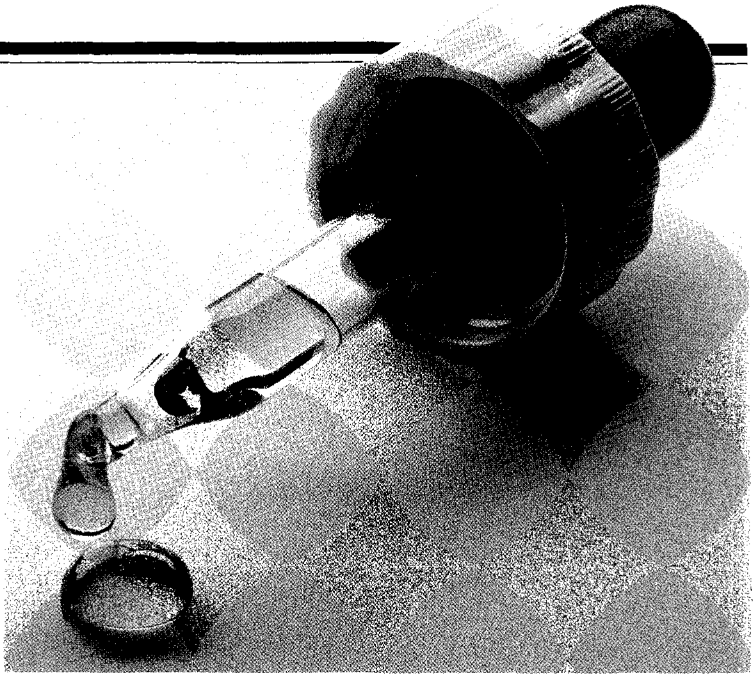

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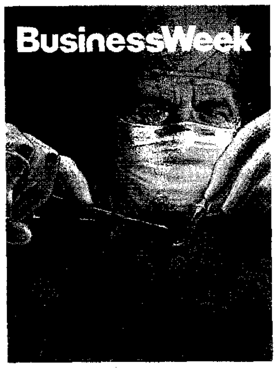

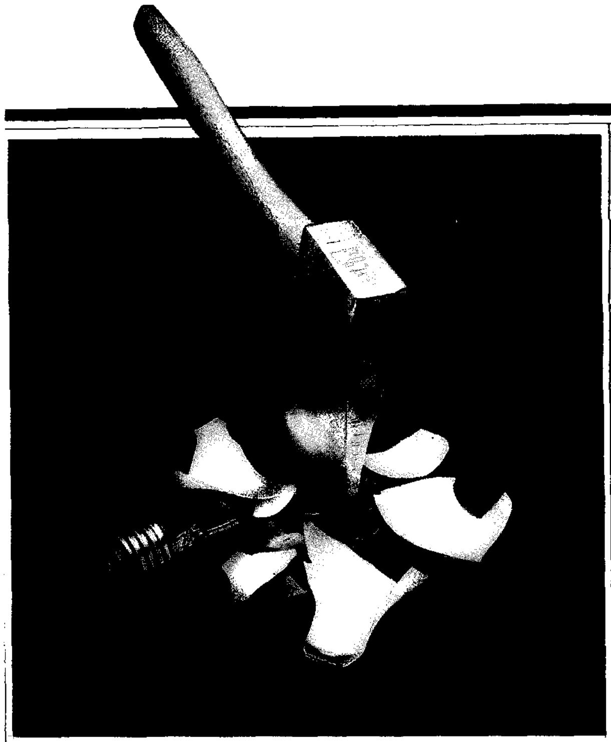

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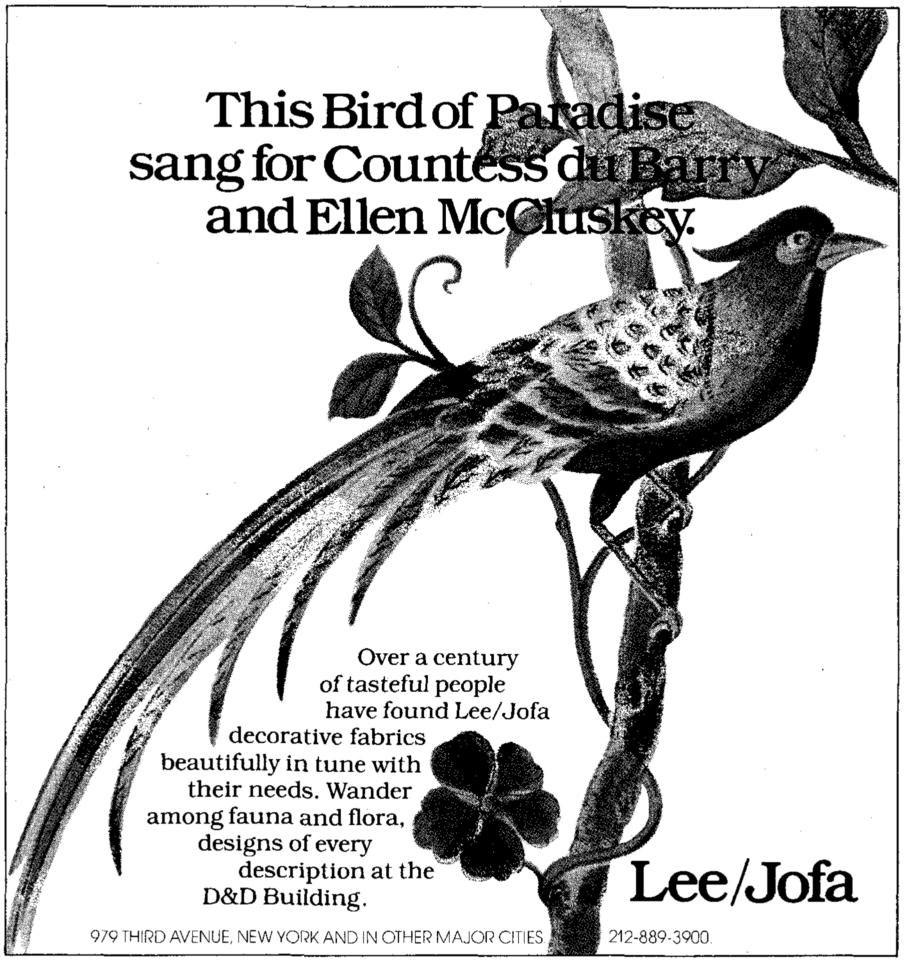
and brassy, often weird and wild. The dances were eloquently provocative; and if they were occasionally stately, that stateliness served only to heighten their abandon." Mercer Ellington, in a book about his father, recalls, "The stage was set up to represent the Land of Cotton, with a plantation cabin, rows of cotton bushes. . . . The concept of the Cotton Club represented not the South of the aristocrats but the South of the Negro. The people who came there wanted what they thought was the red-hot feeling of the South as depicted by Negroes. No white acts could work there." And, as at Connie's Inn, no blacks were admitted to its tables unless they were light-skinned enough to be allowed the privilege of passing. "Only the tops of the tops in terms of names or influence could get a reservation," Cab Calloway recalled. "But even on an ordinary Sunday night it was difficult to get in. Negroes from the Harlem community would line up outside to watch the limousines drive up—Cadillacs and Rolls-Royces and Duesenbergs long enough to make you choke—and the celebrities come and go. Everybody was there. . . . Lady Mountbatten visited the Cotton Club one night and nicknamed it 'The Aristocrat of Harlem.' "

The men who, in 1929, founded the Plantation Club—farther down on Lenox Avenue, at 126th Street—doubtless wished to duplicate the Cotton Club's successful formula and compete for its customers and entertainers. That is what the Cotton Club owners assumed, according to Edward Jablonski's biography of Harold Arlen:

> The rivalry went too far when the management of the Plantation persuaded Cab Calloway to bring his orchestra from the Cotton Club to the Plantation. Calloway was one of the major attractions at the Cotton Club with his famous "Minnie the Moocher" routine. As he was an irrepressible night-club-floor personality . . . his leaving the Cotton Club was looked upon as pretty unfair competition.
>
> One night "some of the boys" dropped in on the Plantation Club . . . all the tables and chairs, reduced to splinters, shattered glasses and bottles, even the bar was deracinated and replanted at the curb. . . . When the boys finished with the Plantation Club, the street was the healthier place to be. Calloway and band, needless to say, returned to their old stand.

The "boys" who paid a visit to the Plantation Inn could only have been hired guns of the mob, for the Cotton Club, like a few other night spots in Harlem, was owned and run by gangsters. It was an open secret that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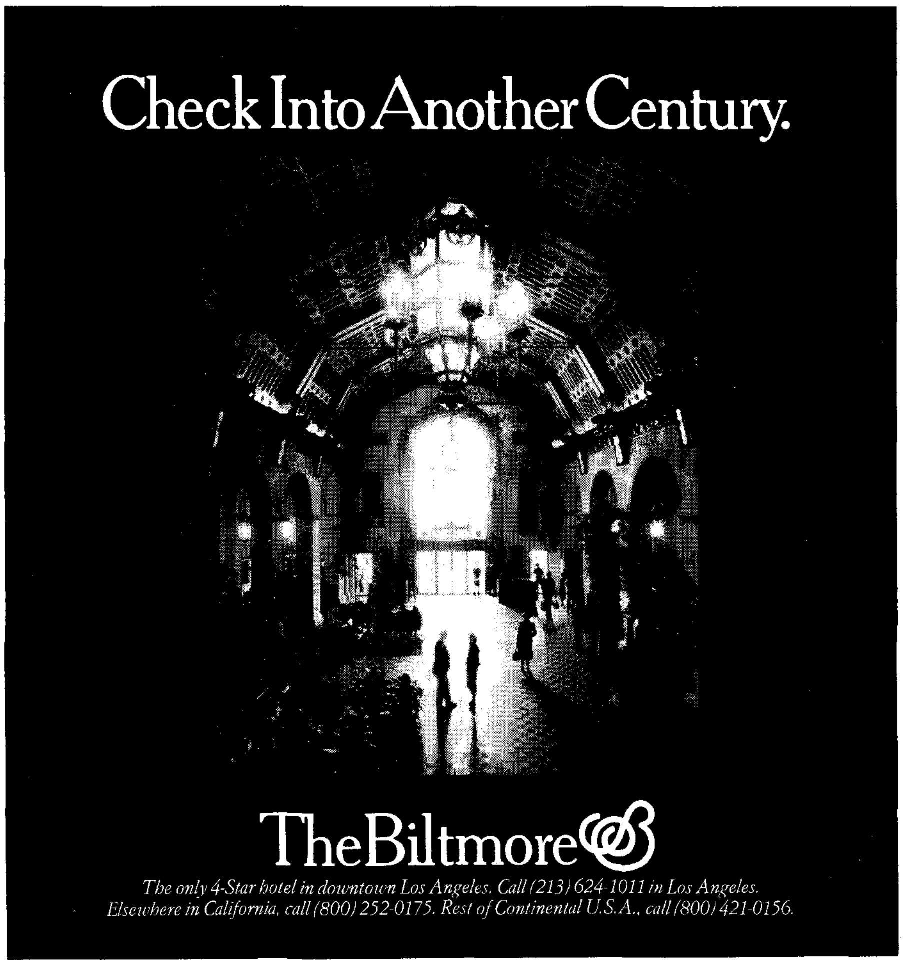
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the chief proprietor—though he seldom appeared on the premises—was Owney Madden, as feared a mobster and bootlegger as any operating during the twenties. He was driven around New York City in a bullet-proof Duesenberg, and the Cotton Club was one outlet for the products of his illegal breweries. The writer Jim Haskins, in his book "The Cotton Club," describes the origins of this night spot:

> About 1918 a building [called the Douglas Casino] was constructed for amusement purposes on the northeast corner of 142nd Street and Lenox Avenue. Built to compete with the very successful Renaissance Casino . . . the Douglas Casino was, like the Renaissance, a two-story building and intended as a dual operation. On the street floor was the Douglas Theatre, which featured films and occasional vaudeville acts. . . . One flight up was a huge room, originally intended to be a dance hall. Plans to book some of the big dances, banquets, and concerts away from the Renaissance were unsuccessful, and the dance hall remained essentially unused until around 1920. The former heavyweight champion Jack Johnson, who also happened to be an amateur cellist and bull fiddler, and who was a connoisseur of Harlem night life, rented it and turned it into an intimate supper club, the Club Deluxe. Even reborn as a supper club, however, the place failed to attract attention, until Owney Madden's gang came around looking for a suitable spot for the entertainment of white downtowners and to serve as the principal East Coast outlet for "Madden's No. 1" beer. The Club Deluxe seated 400-500 people, and it was just the place for which the syndicate was looking. Madden's people made a deal with Johnson under which the group would operate the place.

Stanley Walker, in "The Night Club Era," his history of nineteen-twenties cabaret life, said, "Millionaires and their ladies drank the Madden booze in many a joint." He added this portrait of the Cotton Club owner:

> Madden had iron in his gizzard . . . some of these friends were honest cops who had grown up with him on the West Side. Hell's Kitchen is the nursery for some of the finest policemen and some of the most ruthless criminals. . . .
>
> His face was small. In profile its lines were like a falcon's. . . . The nose was a fierce beak. He had that first requisite of leadership, "a bone in the face" . . . there was something fishlike about the way the mouth drooped at the corners. . . . His body bore the scars of many bullets. . . . His hair was black and sleek. His eyes were . . . a very bright and piercing blue . . . usually they were hard, and shining, and they saw everything.

Manhattan's millionaires and their ladies not only drank down heaps of Madden's booze, they were also fascinated by characters like Madden himself. Reminiscing about the twenties, a writer said in *The New Yorker* in 1940, "The smart set didn't have Elsa Maxwell to amuse them in those days; the person they thought it would be awfully cute to meet was Al Capone. They thrilled when Owney Madden was pointed out to them. In spite of every discouragement, they wore evening clothes and real jewelry to all-night madhouses run by mobsters." Was Lady Mountbatten just as thrilled? Did she know that she was being entertained in the precincts of mobsters when, during Prohibition, she dubbed the Cotton Club "The Aristocrat of Harlem"?

IN the twenties, *Variety* said, Harlem had "attained preëminence" as an "amusement center." Up there one saw "as many limousines from Park and upper Fifth Avenue parked outside its sizzling cafés, 'speaks,' night clubs, and spiritual seances as in any other high-grade white locale" in America. "Heavens," a writer recalled in *The New Yorker*, "how young everybody was! . . . Harlem was a thrill. We went there regularly well after midnight, to smoky lairs called the Drool Inn, the Clam House, and the Hot Feet. . . . Later in the morning, we snickered and leered in places which specialized in the *double-entendre* song, shouted loud. Still later, conspicuously furtive guides took us on to other *sotto-voce* cellars, where other *double-entendre* songs were sung. . . . *The New Yorker*, just as young as everybody else, solemnly pointed out that Harlem was 'not for débutantes.' "

In any case, here are some of the songs that the débutantes and everyone else were singing then: "Ain't She Sweet," "I'm the Last of the Red Hot Mamas," "Hard Hearted Hannah," "Fascinating Rhythm," "Lovin' Sam," "Somebody Stole My Gal," "You Made Me Love You," "My Blue Heaven," "Am I Blue?," "Who's Sorry Now?," "I Never Care About Tomorrow," and, of course, other songs by Cole Porter, Fats Waller, Duke Ellington, Harold Arlen, Irving Berlin, Jimmy McHugh, the Gershwins, Noble Sissle, and Eubie Blake.

Mezz Mezzrow, who had been strongly influenced by King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, and the New Orleans tradition, wrote: "The colored bands around New York had plenty of virtuoso musicians in them, but they didn't play the New Orleans music that I was crazy about; they had an entirely different pulse and flavor and I couldn't have chimed in worth a damn. . . . Even though the musicians didn't play New Orleans style, yet and still they had so much on the ball, such brilliant technique and inventive inflections to brighten up even the dullest arrangements. I just said to myself, even if it isn't my kind of music I better listen close and learn some more about this, because no matter what they're doing they do it so *good*."

The influence of Harlem musicians and their music had flowed across the Atlantic as well. "Jazz has simply taken Europe by storm," said the violinist Mischa Elman when he returned to America in 1922. "One hears it everywhere. To me, it has vast musical possibilities. Out of its wonderful rhythms will grow new ideas. It will become known as the American classical music. I think we should have a national conservatory of music at Washington so that composers of jazz and other music would be free to study and develop their art without financial disability."

Arriving in New York that same year, Darius Milhaud, the French composer, told reporters that European music was being considerably influenced by American music. "But whose music?" he was asked. "I mean jazz," Milhaud replied. The reporters, Milhaud went on to say—recalling the occasion in his autobiography—"were filled with consternation, for at that time most American musicians had not realized the importance of jazz as an art form and relegated it to the dance hall." During his visit to New York, Milhaud "never missed the slightest opportunity of visiting Harlem." The music up there "was absolutely different from anything I had ever heard before and was a revelation to me." And when he returned to Paris he "never wearied of playing, over and over on a little portable phonograph, shaped like a camera, Black Swan Records I had purchased in a little shop in Harlem." (Black Swan Records were produced in Harlem, by Harry Pace, with the help and advice of Fletcher Henderson.) More than ever, Milhaud said, "I was resolved to use jazz for a chamber work." His opportunity (though not for a chamber work) came when he was commissioned to write the music for a ballet—in collaboration with the painter Fernand Léger, who was to design the set, the choreographer Jean Börlin, and the librettist Blaise Cendrars. This turned out to be "La Création du Monde," of which the critic Rory Guy has written, "Milhaud recognized at once the chance he had been seeking to utilize jazz elements in a composition," and constituted "his orchestra in accordance with those he had heard in Harlem, utilizing seventeen solo instruments including jazz saxophone." It was yet another of the many forms in which nineteen-twenties Harlem contributed to cosmopolitan culture and style.

But if there were many white Americans who applauded such an integration—who found the Harlem contribution an enriching component of the cultural mosaic—H. L. Mencken, of *The American Mercury*, could not be counted among them. In a 1927 editorial, he wrote, "Can it be that the Republic, emerging painfully from the Age of Rotary, comes into a Coon Age? For one, I am not above believing it. The colored brother, once so lowly, now bursts into the sunlight all along the line. In New York City he has made such astounding progress, all within a few years, that he now ranks, socially, next after English actors. . . . No dance invented by white men has been danced at any genuinely high-toned shindig in America since the far-off days of the Wilson Administration; the débutantes and their mothers now revolve their hips to coon steps and to coon steps only." It was as Menckenesque a view as had been expressed during the twenties—though, in a decade so sociable, and in a journal of reasonable civility, one might have wished for racial terminology that was not so degrading and primitive.

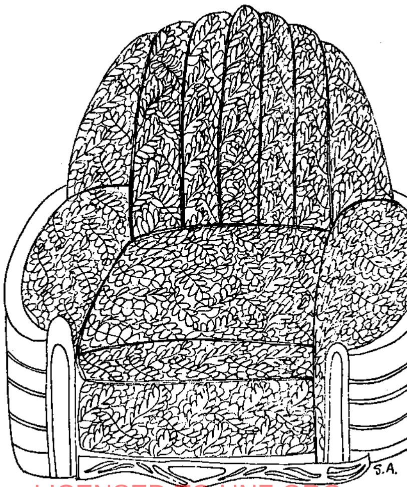
A QUESTION of community identity frequently arose during the twenties: What, indeed, was Harlem? Was it, as many people seemed to feel, mostly an "amusement center"? Or was it, as men like Fred R. Moore maintained, mostly a community of homes? It was, of course, something of both, though the opposing views were not easily reconciled. Even when the twenties were over, *Collier's* continued to describe Harlem as "a national synonym for naughtiness" and "a jungle of jazz." Jimmy McHugh and Dorothy Fields later wrote a number called "Harlem at Its Best," which Ethel Waters and others would sing:

When you've seen gals who wail
"Hello, baby, love for sale"
Pound the pavements east to
west
Grabbing *what they can to keep*
a handy man
You've seen Harlem at its best. . . .

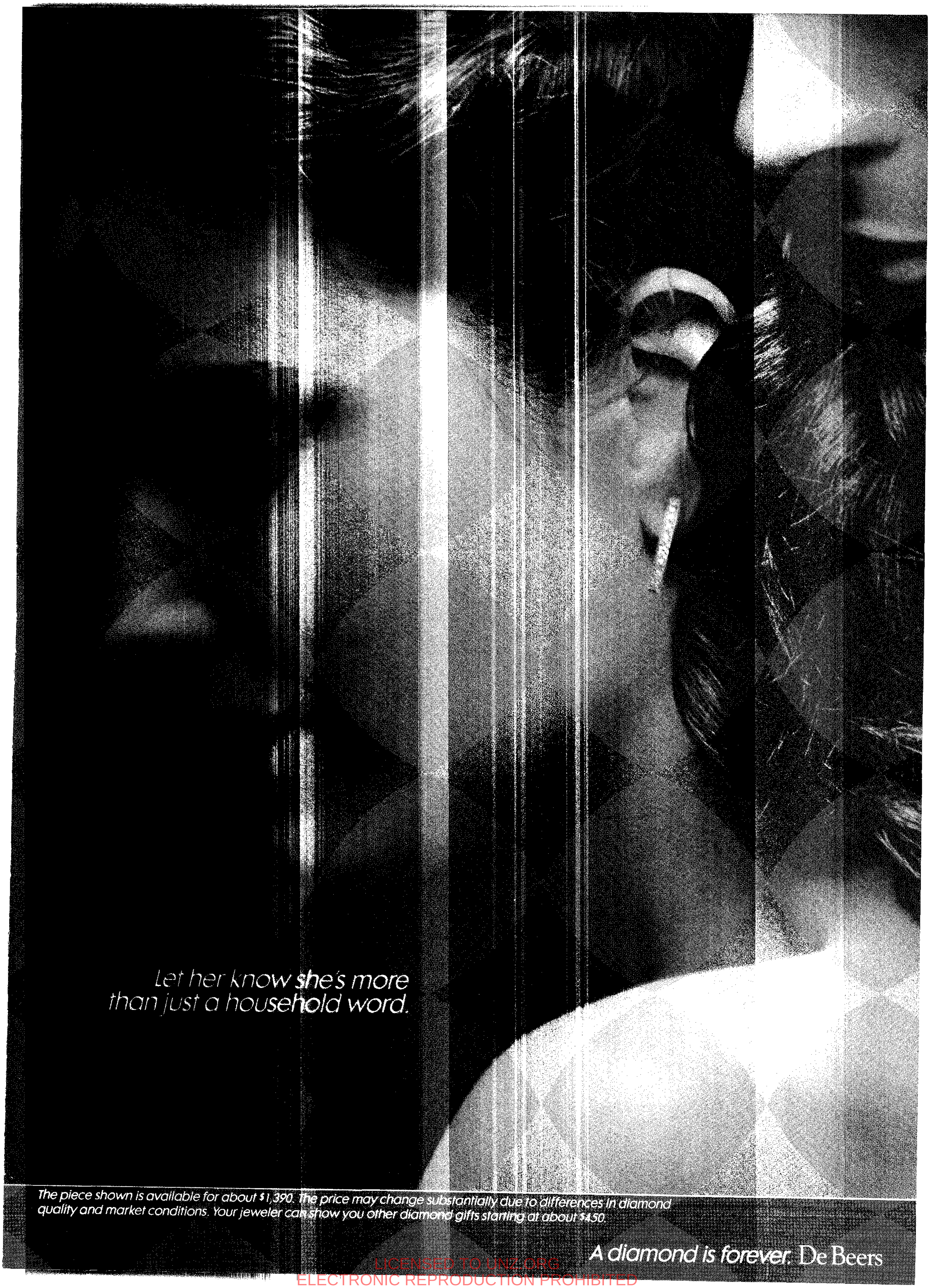
And when you've seen them couples
dance
Like they're in a trance
With that most primitive zest
Rocking on the beat
With everything but feet
You've seen Harlem at its best.

But this view of Harlem was not the one that many residents—or a few clear-eyed visitors—held. To a resident like James Weldon Johnson, most Harlemites were "ordinary, hardworking people," who "have never seen the inside of a night club," and who were occupied with "the stern necessity of making a living, of making ends meet, of finding money to pay the rent and keep the children fed and clothed." And to a visitor like the novelist Fannie Hurst, writing some years later, "the large majority of Harlem, who lead ordered, backbone-of-the-nation lives, are seldom heard of." She was thinking of butchers, bakers, lawyers, doctors, and ordinary wage earners. Many such people went out to Lenox and Seventh Avenues only to work, to shop, to stroll, or—as Fannie Hurst noted—to visit beauticians, chiropodists, or dentists. They belonged to "the immense section of unhonored and unsung Harlem which represents decency, family unity, and social stability."

Away from the surfeit of bars, clubs, cabarets, and other jazz joints, the "unhonored and unsung Harlem" of the twenties took a small but lively interest in the serious arts. A few painters, encouraged by grants and awards from the William E. Harmon Foundation, exhibited their work at the 135th Street branch of the New York Public Library. Ernestine Rose, a white woman who headed that library (it later became nationally known as the Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture), made her institution into one of the most hospitable gathering places for aspiring black writers and literary intellectuals. Amateur theatre groups, organized by W. E. B. Du Bois and Regina Andrews, performed regularly in its auditorium. Other groups, under other sponsorships, performed elsewhere in the community. Choruses and singing societies presented operettas and Sunday-afternoon concerts in various parts of the district. Violinists, cellists, pianists, and organists gave classical recitals in small halls and large churches. Little music schools trained many of the youngsters in the community. There was a Harlem Symphony Orchestra, led by a man named E. Gilbert Anderson. And when rising stars like Roland Hayes, Marian Anderson, Jules Bledsoe, Abbie Mitchell, and Paul Robeson were not singing downtown—at Town Hall or the Aeolian Hall—they appeared before enthusiastic audiences in Harlem.



In political and other forms of intellectual life, Harlem was the most militant community in the black world. Black nationalists, led by Marcus Garvey and his Universal Negro Improvement Association, advocated racial separatism, black pride, sovereignty, self-reliance, and a return to African modes of behavior. Black socialist radicals, led by A. Philip Randolph, Chandler Owen, and likeminded journalists and intellectuals, ridiculed the older black leadership organizations, rejected the conventional black ties to the Republicans and Democrats, and urged the masses to join the struggles and pursue the objectives of the trade-union movement. Such radicals held the view that there could be no black progress without economic gains, a widening of employment opportunity, a democratization of labor and industry, and—as they liked to say—a complete overhauling and reconstruction of American society and the American economy. Compared with the Garvey nationalists, however, the black socialists had only a modest following. Their following might have been modest at any stage—for blacks were no great joiners of left-wing movements—but the twenties were surely an inoppor-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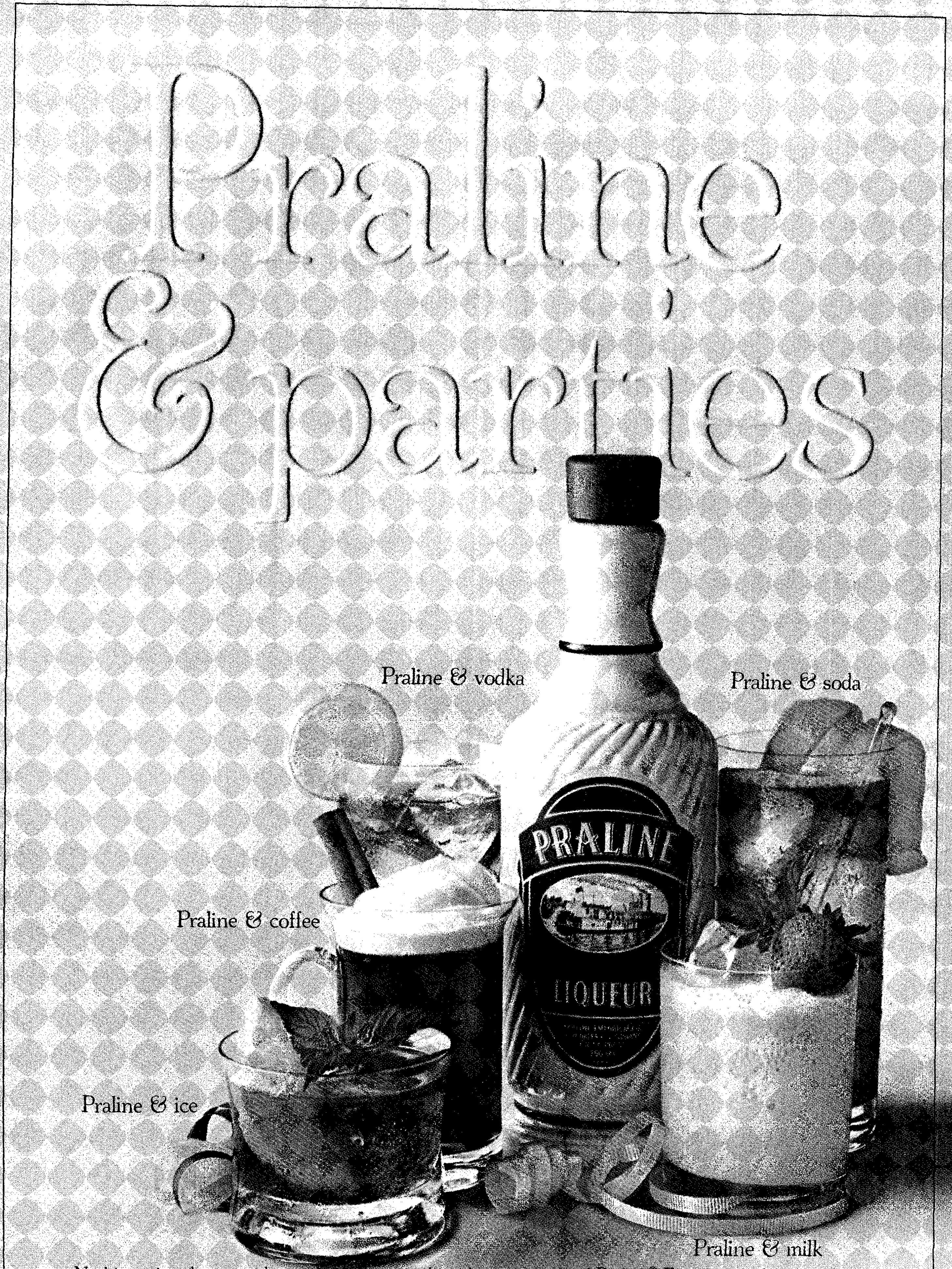
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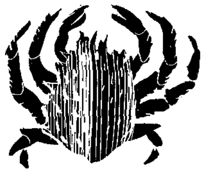
tune time for their message. After the war years—marked by an increase in lynchings and labor riots at home—many among the black masses had lost faith in white American movements and measures.

The black socialist radicals claimed loudly, as they had been doing since the war, to be New Negroes. Though the black nationalists, in their non-American sentiments, were probably Newer, Garvey's followers did not make much use of the term "New Negro," and since they were pessimistic concerning a future in America, the term did not properly apply to them. The black socialists who called themselves New Negroes were racial pluralists despite their radicalism. They simply insisted on a more just, progressive, and democratic form of American pluralism. Mostly, they were New Negroes in comparison with what they described as the Old Negro political and intellectual establishment—whether this establishment held the accommodationist views of Booker T. Washington or the protest ones of W. E. B. Du Bois. The *Age*, which had been a voice of Booker T. Washington even before the conservative Fred R. Moore became its editor, did not know quite what to make of these New Negroes. In 1920, after all the talk it had heard about the New Negro, the *Age* asked, What *is* this New Negro—what virtues does he have "that the Negro of yesterday, or the day before, did not possess?" Randolph's *Messenger* printed this reply:

> In politics, the New Negro, unlike the Old Negro, cannot be lulled into a false sense of security with political spoils and patronage. A job is not the price of his vote. He will not continue to accept political promissory notes from a political debtor, who has already had the power, but who has refused to satisfy his political obligations. The New Negro demands political equality. . . .
>
> The social aims of the New Negro are decidedly different from those of the Old Negro. Here he stands for absolute and unequivocal "*social equality.*" He realizes that there cannot be any qualified equality.
>
> . . . the methods by which the New Negro expects to realize his political aims are radical. He would repudiate and discard both of the old parties—Republican and Democratic. His knowledge of political science enables him to see that a political organization must have an economic foundation. . . .
>
> On the economic field, the New Negro advocates that the Negro join the labor unions. Wherever white unions discriminate against the Negro worker, then the only sensible thing to do is to form independent unions. . . .
>
> The social methods are: education and physical action in self defense. That education must constitute the basis of all action is beyond the realm of question. And to fight back in self defense should be accepted as a matter of course. No one who will not fight to protect his life is fit to live. . . .
>
> Finally, the New Negro arrived upon the scene at the time of all other forward, progressive groups and movements—after the great world war. He is the product of the same world-wide forces that have brought into being the great liberal and radical movements that are now seizing the reins of political, economic and social power in all of the civilized countries of the world.

Altogether, the New Negro intellectuals of Harlem were a most irreverent bunch. They claimed to be more widely read than the older leadership group in Harlem, to be more sophisticated in modern ideas, and to have found the scientific key to social and economic change. They revelled in the cut and thrust of argument, whether they were discoursing on street corners, writing in the magazines they had founded to promote their beliefs, or debating one another in meeting halls and drawing rooms. The drawing-room forensics often took place on Sunday mornings, and one of the least political of the New Negroes—Theophilus Lewis, who was principally a drama critic—later likened their parlor discussions to "Samuel Johnson's arguments in the coffeehouse." George S. Schuyler—a black journalist and skeptical fellow-traveller—described the gatherings, often held in Randolph's apartment, as "Athenian conclaves." Nothing, he said, "escaped the group's probing minds and witty shafts." At one point, they organized themselves into a group called the Friends of Negro Freedom, and conducted a campaign to drive Marcus Garvey from his position of prominence among the black masses of Harlem.



By the mid-twenties, Garvey's U.N.I.A. had slipped into a decline that it was unable to reverse. In 1922, it had been at its most powerful, claiming a worldwide membership of four to six million. That year, its parade through the streets of Harlem was larger and more colorful than any before or after. Garvey took the salute in front of a building—on Seventh Avenue near 135th Street—that was then occupied by *The Messenger*, a magazine that had been one of Garvey's severest critics in Harlem. This was his answer to the socialist editors of that journal, who had been able to muster only a handful of followers but, as he felt, had had the temerity to ridicule the programs and objectives of his organization. His prestige had never been greater than it was then, and, as a leader—arrayed, as a writer said, like Solomon in all his glory—he had never shone more splendidly. A year later, however, Garvey was convicted of using the mails to defraud his followers—while selling shares in his ill-fated Black Star Shipping Line—and was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. Believing as much in his innocence as in his own powers of advocacy, Garvey had fired his lawyer and argued his own defense—or, as the black journalist J. A. Rogers put it, he "was so accustomed to ruling the roost that he could not stand having another speak for him." In 1925, after an unsuccessful appeal, Garvey was sent to the Atlanta Penitentiary, and in 1927, when his sentence was commuted, he was deported to his native Jamaica. From various countries, he was to try, during the next thirteen years, to restore to his movement the grand flourish it had once possessed. His efforts were unavailing, and his death, in 1940, sealed the fate of the largest organization of its kind that had ever been assembled—though in parts of Harlem, Central America, and the Caribbean remnants of it may still be seen and heard. Yet, if Garvey's great organization came to ruin, his own influence on black consciousness did not disappear. The example of his movement in Harlem was to remain an inspiring element in almost every strain of black-nationalist agitation that has since developed in the Americas. Garvey's doctrines were even to have an effect on intellectuals like Kwame Nkrumah, of Ghana, who helped during the fifties and early sixties to lead the successful struggle for African freedom and independence—yet another sign of Harlem's importance when it was "the Negro capital of the world."

The black socialist radicals were also in disarray by the middle of the nineteen-twenties. Though many Harlemites had enjoyed reading their magazines and listening to their speeches, few had enlisted under the left-wing banner. One success of a sort had come in 1920, when Randolph, running on the Socialist Party ticket for New York State Comptroller, polled more than two hundred thousand votes—an impressive but losing performance. In Harlem, the majority of the votes he received may not even have been cast in support of his political views. He had personal qualities that made him widely admired in the public life of the community, and the votes he received may have been mostly an expression of that regard. "When you looked at Randolph, his rich voice fitted him," the musician Noble Sissle later recalled. "It went with everything about him, even his facial expression, which was one of great dignity. . . . He might use a lot of ten-cylinder words, but the layman was crazy about him, because he was so different. He had a little beat-up office up there, a raggedy desk and a few chairs. But he sat down just as the President would sit down at his desk in the White House. You'd forget about his little raggedy desk the moment you saw him sitting there. You were way off in another world. He might have sounded like a Yale or Harvard graduate with his talk, but there was a ring of sincerity to it and brotherly love to it, and you were proud to have someone like that to talk to you."

Randolph took his early political failures philosophically. Toward the end of his life (he died in 1979), he said, "Socialism and trade unionism called for rigorous social struggle—hard work and programs—and few people wanted to think about that. Against the emotional power of Garveyism, what I was preaching didn't stand a chance." He continued, "It was a dark period for us. We were in the wilderness alone. But as Negro radicals we did not work in vain. We were the very first to shape a working-class economic perspective in Negro thought." In 1925, the year Garvey was imprisoned, Randolph set out across the United States on what turned out to be the last of his many attempts to organize a trade union. This time, he succeeded, though not until 1937, after a bitter twelve-year struggle with the Pullman Company. The union he formed and led for the remainder of his active life—the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters—nourished the growth of other social movements among blacks, especially during the forties, and was the base on which Randolph established himself as one of the most eloquent labor and civil-rights spokesmen in the nation's history.

WHILE the black-nationalist and New Negro political organizations of Harlem were fading, an artistic movement was emerging. Called the Harlem or New Negro Renaissance, it was made up chiefly of writers, and—in the work of most of its members—represented a break with the "genteel" tendencies that had been dominant in black writing. Not all the Renaissance poets, novelists, and essayists lived in the city—though most of them did. (A few lived in Washington, D.C., where they taught or studied at Howard University.) Nor was even one of them born in Harlem. The majority had migrated there from various parts of America and the Caribbean—pulled, as one of them said, by the magnet of the black metropolis. They had also been pulled by the magnet of New York City, which, as they well realized, was the publishing capital of the nation.

Though the New Negro literary movement began to be recognized only around 1924, it began in the war years, during one of the early stages of black-militant activism in Harlem. In 1917, in the magazine *The Seven Arts*, edited by James Oppenheim and Waldo Frank, there appeared a sonnet titled "The Harlem Dancer," under the pseudonym Eli Edwards. The author, then virtually unknown, was Claude McKay, a Jamaican émigré, aged twenty-six, and the poem said, in part:

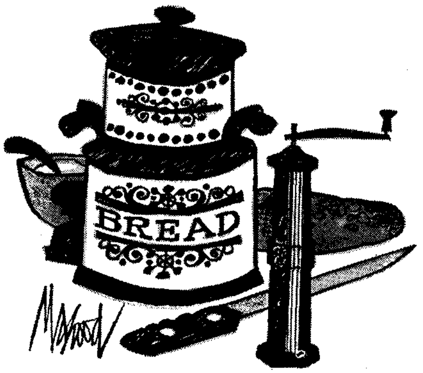
> Upon her swarthy neck black shiny
> curls
> Luxuriant fell; and tossing coins in
> praise,
> The wine-flushed, bold-eyed boys,
> and even the girls,
> Devoured her shape with eager, passionate gaze;
> But looking at her falsely-smiling
> face,
> I knew her self was not in that
> strange place.

Barring some of the dialect verses that Paul Laurence Dunbar wrote in the late eighteen-hundreds and early nineteen-hundreds, McKay's sonnet represented one of the first appearances in black poetry of material that spoke boldly and affectionately about the experience of the black urban masses. Nor, earlier, had black Harlem been a subject of serious imaginative writing. In 1919, Max Eastman's magazine *The Liberator* published another of McKay's sonnets, "If We Must Die." It had been written during the "red summer" of that year, in which scores of blacks were beaten or killed, and it brought to black poetry a new spirit of race militancy. A few of its lines went:

> If we must die, let it not be like hogs
> Hunted and penned in an inglorious
> spot. . . .
> What though before us lies the open
> grave?
> Like men we'll face the murderous,
> cowardly pack,
> Pressed to the wall, dying, but fighting back!

The transition in black letters that McKay's early work signified is illustrated by an exchange between him and William Stanley Braithwaite, a leader of the older black literary generation. In 1918, after McKay's early work had appeared in *The Seven Arts* and in *Pearson's*—edited by Frank Harris—he submitted a number of his poems to Braithwaite, who was then a critic for the Boston *Evening Transcript*. As McKay later reported, Braithwaite, also a poet, replied that the poems "were good, but that, barring two, any reader could tell that the author was a Negro." Because of "the almost insurmountable prejudice against all things Negro," Braithwaite advised the younger man "to write and send to the magazines only such poems as did not betray" his racial identity. That sort of advice—"grim and terrible" in its sincerity—McKay was unable to accept, for, as he later added, "I felt more confidence in my own way." Besides, in the work of the great white poets he admired—Byron, Shelley, Keats, Blake, Burns, Whitman, Heine, Baudelaire, Verlaine, and Rimbaud—he could "feel their race, their class, their roots in the soil," and, he said, "likewise I could not realize myself writing without conviction."

In 1921, two other black poets, younger than McKay, attracted public attention. One was Countee Cullen, a seventeen-year-old student at De Witt Clinton High School, in Manhattan, whose "I Have a Rendezvous with Life," published in his school magazine, *The Magpie*, was praised for its natural lyricism and for the precocity of its tragic feeling and insight. The other was Langston Hughes, then nineteen, who had recently graduated from Central High School in Cleve-



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land. His "The Negro Speaks of Rivers" was published in *The Crisis* (the organ of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People) and displayed a maturity of reflection that was considered remarkable. In 1922, McKay published his first collection of poems in America, titled "Harlem Shadows." (Before leaving his homeland, in 1912, he had published a book of dialect verses called "Songs of Jamaica," and in 1920, during a sojourn in London, he had published a volume there, titled "Spring in New Hampshire.") In 1923, the decade's first major work of black fiction appeared—"Cane," by Jean Toomer, which was a collection of finely written and poetically evocative studies of black rural life in Georgia. In 1924, Jessie Fauset, living in Manhattan, published her first novel, "There Is Confusion," though in content and spirit—middle class and genteel—it was not representative of what New Negro fiction became. It was not until 1924, however, that all these efforts were recognized as having been portents of a new movement in black writing.

Nor, when the movement emerged fully—and was seen to take the experience of the masses more seriously than earlier black literature had done—was there any general agreement concerning the influences that had brought it into being. In tracing its development, however, certain observers were struck by the fact that the first signs of the new movement had appeared during and immediately after the war, when the spokesmen for black pride and awareness were most audible; and because of this they felt, quite plausibly, that the movement drew much of its formative energy from the upsurge of black militancy in Harlem. In their apparent break with the aesthetic and cultural attitude of their elders, most of the New Negro writers did bear a resemblance to the Harlem race radicals and nationalists, who had revolted against the established black leadership; they could be said to represent in art what the race militants had represented in politics—not an appeal to compassion and social redress but a bold assertion of self.

Though virtually all the younger writers sprang from or were educated into the middle class, they wrote very little about that group. Among the exceptions were Jessie Fauset ("There Is Confusion" and "Plum Bun") and Nella Larsen ("Quicksand" and "Passing"), whose novels called attention to the plight of a light-skinned and cultivated middle class, forced by the circumstance of race into the undifferentiated jug of black life. Jessie Fauset was a Philadelphian, a graduate of Cornell, the University of Pennsylvania, and the Sorbonne, and she worked as an assistant to W. E. B. Du Bois, the scholarly and aloof editor of *The Crisis*. Claude McKay, one of the more mass-conscious of the Harlem writers, admired her personally. She was "prim, pretty, and well-dressed, and talked fluently and intelligently," he said, but he also observed that she "belonged to that closed decorous circle of Negro society, which consists of persons who live proudly like the better class of conventional whites, except that they do so on much less money." He added, "Miss Fauset is . . . dainty as a primrose, and her novels are quite as fastidious and precious." The experience of blacks like Jessie Fauset was surely deserving of attention. Their predicament, though on a higher social plane, was not unrelated to that of most blacks, who, because of social barriers, were not free to aspire and achieve, to make of themselves whatever they were equipped by talent and imagination to be. Many among the colored élite who sought these forms of liberation did so as much from a wish to realize their own potential as from a desire to differentiate themselves from those of their race who were blacker, poorer, and less cultivated than they. But however understandable that desire was, it tended—when viewed by the masses—to inhibit sympathy for what was most human about their plight.

The novels written by and for persons of this class were really a continuation of earlier genteel black fiction, much of which used the life of ordinary blacks merely as a background against which to dramatize the claims of exceptional status or the painfulness of its denial by white society. This mode of fiction was exemplified by the short stories and novels of Charles W. Chesnutt. The novels for which he was best known were "The House Behind the Cedars," "The Marrow of Tradition," and "The Colonel's Dream." All three were published between 1900 and 1905; and, in their treatment of racial material, they differed considerably from Paul Laurence Dunbar's "The Sport of the Gods"—perhaps the only novel of its period to examine the predicament of the masses themselves. Writing in 1930, the critic John Chamberlain said, "For a time people were generally unaware that the work of Chesnutt was not that of a white man. . . . The problem of the color line fascinated him. He wrote stories of the 'Blue Vein Circle of Groveland' (Cleveland?), stories of a society of Negroes of light color that sets itself up above the darker members of the race." It was to the Chesnutt tradition of writing that *Opportunity* (the organ of the National Urban League) was referring when it said, in 1925:

> A criticism of Negro efforts at artistic expression . . . has been that the members of this group with a background of deep-toned and gorgeously colorful experience all their own have, with the characteristic self-consciousness of the parvenu, strained desperately to avoid or deny it. . . .

The magazine added:

> We expect of literature, nowadays, to reveal with some measure of faithfulness something of the life of a people; something of those subtle forces which sustain their hopes and joys, stiffens them in sorrow. A start in this direction has already been made in certain of the recently published works by Negro writers.

Those were the writers who reflected most strongly the social inclinations of the Harlem Renaissance. To judge from much of their work, they took the view that the basic truths of the black experience were to be found in the styles and conditions of ordinary life—and that these were as worthy of artistic treatment as were the qualities of middle-class living. Of course, no part of that view was shared by the prim and proper middle-class writers and most of the older black critics who championed their work. But Langston Hughes, writing in a 1926 issue of *The Nation*, declared, "We younger Negro artists who create now intend to express our individual dark-skinned selves without fear or shame. If white people are pleased, we are glad. If they are not, it doesn't matter. We know we are beautiful. And ugly too. The tom-tom cries and

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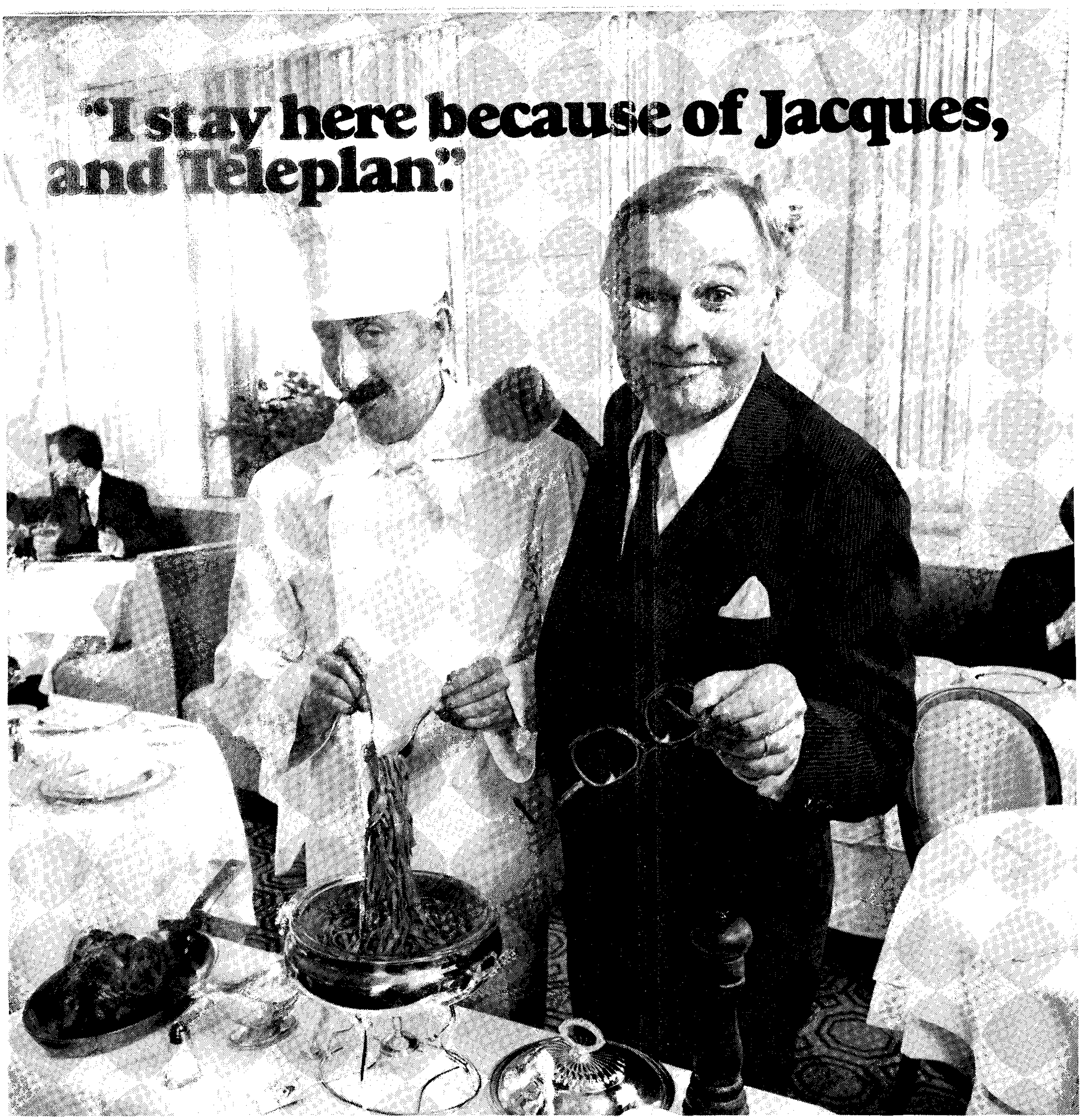

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the tom-tom laughs. If colored people are pleased, we are glad. If they are not, their displeasure doesn't matter either." That, in essence, was the spirit of the New Negro writing that flourished in Harlem during the twenties.

WHAT were some of these writers like, and how did their work illustrate the character of the Harlem Renaissance? In 1924, *Opportunity* launched an annual literary contest, with a view to discovering new writers and to sustaining activity among the ones who were already being published. The winners of the first contest included Langston Hughes, who was then twenty-three. His winning entry, "The Weary Blues," was markedly different in style from "The Negro Speaks of Rivers"—written soon after his graduation from high school and before he arrived in Harlem—and this new style, perhaps the most individual among the New Negro poets, was the one for which he became best known. The poem said, in part:

Droning a drowsy syncopated tune,
Rocking back and forth to a mellow croon,
I heard a Negro play.
Down on Lenox Avenue the other night
By the pale dull pallor of an old gas light
He did a lazy sway. . . .
He did a lazy sway. . . .
To the tune o' those Weary Blues. . . .

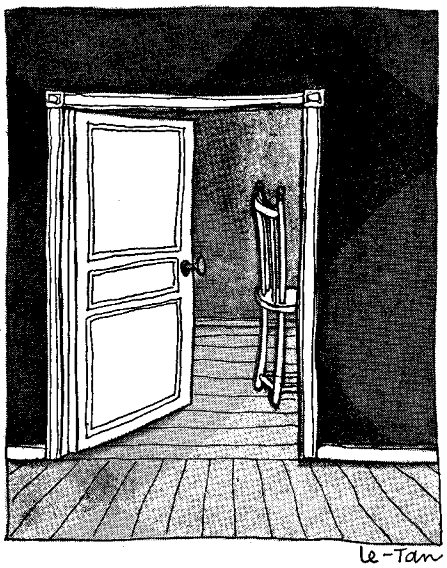
Thump, thump, thump, went his foot on the floor.
He played a few chords then he sang some more—
"I got the Weary Blues
And I can't be satisfied. . . ."

Here, to begin with, was another example of the attention that Harlem Renaissance poetry was devoting to the urban mass experience. But, more important, "The Weary Blues" captured, as no other black poem had, both the rhythmic and the human qualities of the blues—certain moods of the big-city street scene, and the naturalness of ordinary talk. Hughes was not as inspired a lyricist or as enchanting a singer as either Countee Cullen or Claude McKay—both of whom wrote in the traditional, formal lyric modes—but if there was a poet of Harlem life, as distinguished from a poet who lived and wrote in Harlem, it was Hughes. He had no equal in the accuracy with which he recorded in poetry the spontaneities of language, thought, and feeling and the everyday sights and sounds of the black metropolis.

Hughes was born in Joplin, Missouri, in 1902, and he attended public schools in Lawrence, Kansas, and Cleveland, Ohio. In 1921, when he first came to New York, he studied at Columbia University. Something of a roamer, he also attended Lincoln University, in Pennsylvania, and by the time he became nationally recognized he had worked as a hotel waiter in Washington, D.C., and France in between jobs as a seaman. Some years after Hughes had finally settled in Harlem and had accumulated a sizable body of published work, James Weldon Johnson wrote, "Hughes is a cosmopolite and a rebel, and both of these attributes are reflected in his poetry. As a rebel, he will not be bound by poetic form and traditions. As a cosmopolite, he takes his subject matter from any level of life that interests him. His forms are for the most part free, and his subject matter is often from the lower strata. . . . He is more apt than Cullen to portray life as he sees it rather than as he feels it."

Countee Cullen was born in Manhattan in 1903, and was brought up in a Harlem parsonage—by Frederick Cullen, pastor of the Salem Methodist Episcopal Church, and his wife, who adopted him when he was eleven. He was educated at De Witt Clinton High School, New York University, and Harvard; and during the twenties he studied for a time at the Sorbonne. When his first poems began appearing in his high-school magazine, he was immediately hailed in Manhattan's poetry circles as a Harlem prodigy, and by 1925, when he graduated from N.Y.U., he was already the most widely published of the younger black poets. As his biographer, Blanche Ferguson, has written, "it seemed that no literary magazine could bear to go to press without a Countee Cullen poem." His first collection, "Color," published in 1925, acknowledged some of the magazines in which the poems had appeared—*Vanity Fair*, *The Bookman*, *The American Mercury*, *The Crisis*, *Opportunity*, *The Messenger*, *The Century*, *Folio*, *Harper's*, *Les Continents*, *Poetry*, *Survey Graphic*, and *The World Tomorrow*. In "Color," and also in his second volume, "Copper Sun," published in 1927, Cullen, perhaps the finest pure lyricist among the New Negro poets, displayed what the critic V. F. Calverton called an "infectious beauty of rhythm." Wallace Thurman, one of the Harlem novelists, and the stingiest with a compliment, wrote in 1928 that Cullen had "an extraordinary ear for music, a most extensive and dexterous knowledge of words and their values, and an enviable understanding of conventional poetic forms." But, Thurman added—reverting to the style of debunking, with which he felt more comfortable—Cullen was "too steeped in tradition, too influenced mentally by certain conventions and taboos." To another of the Harlem poets, Arna Bontemps, Cullen confessed that John Keats was his "god" and Edna St. Vincent Millay his "goddess." One of his poems, "To John Keats, Poet, at Springtime," goes in part:

I cannot hold my peace, John Keats;
There never was a spring like this;
It is an echo, that repeats
My last year's song and next year's bliss.
I know, in spite of all men say
Of Beauty, you have felt her most.
Yea, even in your grave her way
Is laid. Poor, troubled, lyric ghost,
Spring never was so fair and dear
As Beauty makes her seem this year.



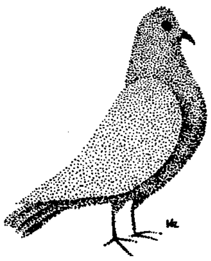
Cullen, more of an aesthete than Langston Hughes or Claude McKay, was not too strongly drawn to the details of black mass experience. "I am not at all a democratic person," he said to a friend in 1923. "I believe in the aristocracy of the soul." In 1928, he married Yolande Du Bois, the only daughter of the aristocratic editor of *The Crisis*. Cullen wished to be recognized as a poet and not as a black poet. But he did not always succeed in keeping the urgencies of racial theme out of his work. "Cullen says he is interested in poetry for poetry's sake, and not for propaganda purposes," the

Age commented in 1923—but went on to quote the poet as saying, "In spite of myself, however, I find that I am actuated by a strong sense of race consciousness . . . although I struggle against it, it colors my writing." Cullen also wrote, in a note about himself, "As a poet he is a rank conservative, loving the measured line and the skillful rhyme; but not blind to the virtues of those poets who will not be circumscribed. . . . He has said, perhaps with a reiteration sickening to some of his friends, that he wishes any merit that may be in his work to flow from it solely as the expression of a poet—with no racial consideration to bolster it up." However, in works like "Heritage" and "Yet Do I Marvel" Cullen showed himself to be an eloquent and engaged ironist of the black experience. Reading these poems, one cannot avoid noticing and applauding the urgent racial considerations from which they spring.

The poet and novelist Arna Bontemps was born in Louisiana in 1902, and grew up in Los Angeles. He moved to Harlem in 1924 "to become a writer," as he later said. In the "heady atmosphere" of his first literary party in Harlem, he was introduced to a number of the New Negro Renaissance figures he had been reading and hearing about on the West Coast. They included the critic Alain Locke, Jessie Fauset, the magazine editor Charles S. Johnson, Langston Hughes, and the short-story writer Eric Walrond. In such a group, Bontemps could not help being conscious of his own deficiency—"a hopeful newcomer, just beginning to feel comfortable in Harlem." At that time, Langston Hughes wrote later, Bontemps was "quiet and scholarly, looking like a young edition of Dr. Du Bois." It is from Bontemps—several years after the Renaissance had ended—that we get one of the more vivid reports of the attention that was lavished on the Harlem writers in the middle and late nineteen-twenties. "Within a year or two," he wrote, "we began to recognize ourselves as a 'group' and to become a little self-conscious about our 'significance.' When we were not too busy having fun, we were shown off and exhibited and presented in scores of places, to all kinds of people. And we heard their sighs of wonder, amazement, sometimes admiration when it was whispered or announced that here was one of the 'New Negroes.' Nothing could have been sweeter to young people who only a few weeks or months earlier had been regarded as anything but remarkable. . . . In Harlem we were seen in a beautiful light. We were heralds of a dawning day. We were the first-born of the dark renaissance."

Wallace Thurman was nearly incapable of writing sunnily about anything, including the Harlem Renaissance. He had few words of praise and he used them as sparingly as possible, or he concealed them within the rhetoric of his critical phrases. Cynical by temperament, strongly inclined to deprecation and complaint, he took a generally mocking and sarcastic view of things. In 1927, describing the years when black writers were so popular, he wrote, in one of his typical passages of sarcasm, "When the Negro art fad first came into being, and Negro poets, novelists, musicians, and painters became good copy, literate and semi-literate Negro America began to strut and shout. Negro newspapers reprinted every item published anywhere concerning a Negro whose work had found favor with the critics, editors, or publishers. Negro journals conducted contests to encourage embryonic geniuses. Negro ministers preached sermons, Negro lecturers made speeches, and Negro club women read papers—all about the great new Negro art. Everyone was having a grand time. The millennium was about to dawn."

Born in Salt Lake City in 1902, Thurman came to Harlem in 1925, from Los Angeles, where he had been working partly as a postal clerk and partly as a journalist. An article about him states, "Thurman is described by one who knew him as a slender young man, dark skinned, 'with hands and eyes that are never at rest.' His body was always rather fragile, probably due to his tubercular condition as well as a heavy addiction to alcohol." Theophilus Lewis, who was Harlem's leading theatre critic, wrote, in an essay on Thurman, "The man literally luxuriates in being ill. His anatomy and physiology seem to be nicely adjusted for falling out of gear from the slightest cause. Make him laugh at a joke and his jaw is likely to become dislocated. Carry a can of formaldehyde past the speakeasy where he happens to be drinking and he will immediately come down with liquor poisoning." Thurman struck Langston Hughes as "a strangely brilliant black boy, who had read everything, and whose critical mind could find something wrong with everything he read." Sometime during the twenties, Thurman—one of the many black writers whose letters and papers make up the James Weldon Johnson Memorial Collection at Yale—wrote to a friend, "I cannot read 'Magic Mountain.' . . . It is too consciously metaphysical. . . . Anyone could tell some lugubrious German was the author." To the same friend, he said of George Gershwin's music, "The Concerto is spotty and echoes the Rhapsody. It shows a great lack of imagination. And An American in Paris is impossible. At least to me. Only the Rhapsody stands out as being something to cheer about, and there are amateurish areas through it." According to Theophilus Lewis, Thurman's "pet hates" and "abominations" were "all Negro uplift societies, Greta Garbo, Negro novelists, including himself, Negro society, New York State divorce laws, morals, religion, politics, censors, policemen, sympathetic white folks who go in for helping Negroes, and . . . every damned spot in the United States except Manhattan."



Thurman, Langston Hughes said, "wanted to be a great writer, but none of his own work ever made him happy." His first novel, "The Blacker the Berry," published in 1929, showed his hatred for light-skinned Harlem society. It is the story of a very black girl who in the course of being rejected by Negroes of lighter complexion finds little to choose between the discrimination she encounters within her own race and that which she encounters among whites. That year, Thurman's play "Harlem" (with William Jourdan Rapp, a white writer, as co-author) had a successful run on Broadway. His royalties were substantial for a while, and enabled him to liquidate a number of his debts. He found, to his surprise, however, that there were certain other facts of life which his success as a black playwright would not alter. "A number of things happened around the theatre . . . which gave me a shock," he told Rapp soon after the play opened. "Five different times I have bought seats for myself to see 'Harlem'—including opening night—and though I asked for center aisle seats (as much as a week in advance), not yet have I succeeded in not being put on the side in a little section where any other Negro

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who happened to buy an orchestra seat was also placed." Members of light-skinned Harlem society would have been delighted to learn of his difficulties, for they hated his play—dealing with what Thurman liked to call the "raw" side of life—almost as passionately as he hated them. In his second novel, "Infants of the Spring," published in 1932, Thurman turned his ire on fellow-writers and intellectuals of the Harlem Renaissance, showing them to be wanting in the talent and the attitudes that made for excellence in black art and literature. Whatever truth his indictment contained, it also expressed a sense of his own failure—for he had come by then to recognize that his literary talents were not nearly equal to the ambitions he had for himself as a novelist. Thurman, Langston Hughes said, wanted to be as great a writer as Proust, Melville, or James, but, finding that his own pages were "vastly wanting," he surrendered to despair and "contented himself by writing a great deal for money . . . drinking more and more gin, and then threatening to jump out of windows at people's parties and kill himself."

The most facile of the Harlem Renaissance fiction writers was Rudolph Fisher. His talent was not a large one—it seemed unsuited to delving into the serious issues of black experience—but he wrote excellently within the range of his gift and his essentially comic view of life. He was also a physician, and, like Countee Cullen, he had been brought up in a parsonage—partly in Washington, D.C., and partly in Providence, Rhode Island, where his father had held pastorates. A graduate of Brown University and the Howard University Medical School, he settled in Harlem around 1925. His stories appeared regularly in *The Atlantic Monthly*, *The Crisis*, *Opportunity*, and *Story*. According to one of the Harlem poets, Fisher was "the wittiest of these New Negroes," having a tongue that was "flavored with the sharpest and saltiest humor." The appeal of his writing owed much to these flavors—whether in his short stories or in his two novels, "The Walls of Jericho" (1928) and "The Conjure-Man Dies" (1932). His work was neatly written; moved swiftly, with exactitude and clarity; and used wit and humor to make penetrating observations about behavior and character. Though he does not seem to have disliked the Harlem élite as much as some of his contemporaries

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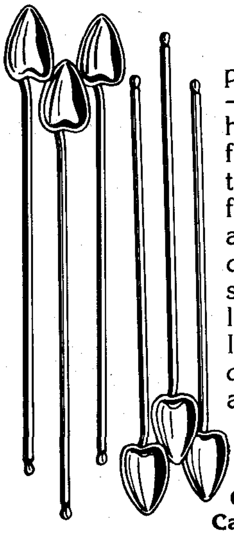

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did, Fisher's subjects came mostly from the lower strata—especially recent and unlettered migrants from the South. In stories like "Miss Cynthie" and "The City of Refuge," he showed himself to be both amused and gently moved as he watched the newcomers in their acts of adjustment to a black metropolis that had turned out to be more impressive and complicated than they had imagined it would be. Fisher drew these people—as he also drew members of Harlem society—with a sureness of touch, a sardonic detachment, an accuracy of speech and mannerism, an implied affection for the quirks of character, and an economy of narrative style that were unique among the Harlem novelists and short-story writers.

Zora Neale Hurston was the most vivacious member of the Harlem literary set. Although she is now remembered as a novelist of considerable distinction, she wrote only a few essays and short stories during the twenties. The novels and tales on which her reputation rests—"Jonah's Gourd Vine" (1934), "Mules and Men" (1935), and "Their Eyes Were Watching God" (1937)—appeared after the Harlem Renaissance had ended. During the years of that movement, she was notable more for her lively and infectious personality—and for her contributions to black literary polemics—than for any substantial output in writing. "Spunk" and "Drenched in Light," titles of short stories she published during the twenties, may well convey the essence of her own personality.

Hurston was a native of Eatonville, Florida. Her biographer, Robert Hemenway, notes, "She was purposely inconsistent in the birth dates she dispensed during her lifetime, most of which were fictitious. . . . She claimed to be born in 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, or 1903." But the year of her birth is thought to be 1901. Hemenway describes her as "brown skinned, big boned, with freckles and high cheekbones . . . a striking woman; her dark brown eyes were both impish and intelligent, her voice was rich and black—with the map of Florida on her tongue."

Some months after she arrived in New York, in 1925—from Washington, D.C., where she attended Howard University—Hurston won a scholarship to Barnard College, where she studied anthropology under Franz Boas. While at Barnard, she submitted stories to *Opportunity* magazine and joined the "niggerati," as she and Wallace Thurman liked to call the Harlem writers and literary intellectuals of that time. Hurston "was certainly the most amusing" member of the group, one of her colleagues later said, but she "was clever, too—a student . . . who had great scorn for all pretensions, academic or otherwise." He went on, "Almost nobody else could stop the average Harlemite on Lenox Avenue and measure his head with a strange-looking anthropological device and not get bawled out for the attempt, except Zora, who used to stop anyone whose head looked interesting, and measure it." The novelist Fannie Hurst, for whom Hurston worked as a secretary while attending Barnard, later wrote, "Regardless of race, Zora had the gift of walking into hearts."

In 1926, Langston Hughes, Wallace Thurman, and some of the other young black writers, together with the irrepressible Zora, launched a publication of their own, a magazine in which they hoped to define the position of the black literary avant-garde and, in so doing, state their aesthetic and philosophical differences with the older literary leadership. They called the journal *Fire!!*, because its mission was—in the words of one of the founding editors—"to burn up a lot of the old, dead conventional Negro-white ideas of the past." But after a spirited first issue, in November of 1926, *Fire!!* did not reappear. The financial burden of keeping it alive—printing and circulation costs—had overwhelmed the young and often insolvent rebels. The black literary patricians—men like W. E. B. Du Bois, William Stanley Braithwaite, Charles W. Chesnutt, and Benjamin Brawley—whose ideas *Fire!!* had come to destroy, can only have been moved at the magazine's death, whether "timely" or "untimely" in their eyes. This is apparent from Brawley's eulogy, written a while later, in which he made joyous and ironic use of metaphor. The flame of *Fire!!*, Brawley said, "was so intense that it burned itself up immediately." A historical footnote is even more ironic: the copies left over from the magazine's only issue were destroyed in a fire that burned through the basement of an apartment house where they had been stored.

Fittingly, the editor-in-chief of *Fire!!* had been the acerbic and self-punishing Wallace Thurman. And when he came to write "Infants of the Spring," a roman à clef in which he savaged the Harlem "niggerati," not even the lovable Zora Neale Hurston was spared. She appears in the book as Sweetie May Carr—"a short story writer, more noted for her ribald wit and personal effervescence than for any actual literary work," who was "a great favorite among those whites who went in for Negro prodigies." And if the words that Thurman puts in Sweetie May's mouth are an accurate reflection of the views she held, then she was no less cynical about the Harlem Renaissance than the author was. "Being a Negro writer these days," she says, "is a racket and I'm going to make the most of it while it lasts. . . . I don't know a tinker's damn about art. I care less about it. . . . About twice a year I manage to sell a story. It is acclaimed. I am a genius in the making. Thank God for this Negro literary renaissance! Long may it flourish!"

AMONG New York's white literati, no one was more friendly or helpful to the Harlem Renaissance movement than Carl Van Vechten—some of whose work may even be said to belong to the canon of New Negro writing. In a sense, this was surprising. Aspects of Van Vechten's background made him an implausible ally of such a movement, which, whatever were its shortcomings, aimed at conferring the recognition of serious art on the ordinary levels and details of black life. Apparently, blacks were not unknown in Cedar Rapids, Iowa,

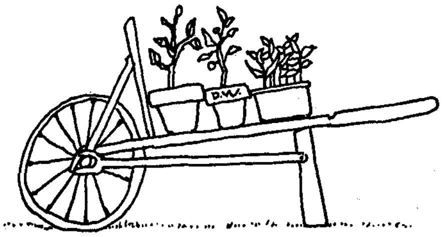
Rauch

where Van Vechten grew up. Late in his life, he was to recall having seen a “laundry woman” and a “man who cut grass.” But “they were the only two Negroes in Cedar Rapids, so I couldn’t become intimately acquainted with them.” So blacks had not figured that much in the early shaping of Van Vechten’s social and cultural attitudes.

Besides, by the early nineteen-twenties, when blacks in Manhattan began entering his life—and he began entering theirs—he had lost his interest in seriousness (possibly even in classical music, which he had once reviewed regularly for the New York *Times*), and had become a symbol of what was light, aimless, and gay in the style and spirit of the Prohibition years. Under a photograph of him, Mabel Dodge—a leader of New York’s prewar well-to-do bohemia—had written, “The Conscious Despair of Irrevocable Decadence.” He came to be seen as one of America’s *Sonnenkinder*—the term that Martin Green, in his “Children of the Sun,” applies to the generation of English upper-class dandies who gained a certain literary and cultural notoriety in the years after the First World War. The English *Sonnenkinder*, Green explains, were “preoccupied with style, worshipped Adonis or Narcissus, were rebellious against both their fathers’ and their mothers’ modes of seriousness—were in love with ornament, splendor, high manners, and so on.” Much of this has been said not only about Carl Van Vechten himself but also about some of the novels he wrote during the early twenties—“Peter Whiffle” (1922), “The Blind Bow-Boy” (1923), and “The Tattooed Countess” (1924). The last was even likened to the novels of Ronald Firbank, one of England’s *Sonnenkinder*, whom Van Vechten greatly admired.

Van Vechten’s narratives bristled with such pedantries as “passerine,” “sciapodous,” “oppugnancy,” and “morigeration”—much to the delight of some of his readers. One of them wrote to him, “I especially love your use of erudite and unusual words, they are like caviar to the everyday English, which anybody can use, and are a compliment to the intelligence and culture of the reader. I must admit that when I read your ‘Tattooed Countess,’ I had to refer to a Latin dictionary to figure out the meaning of a few of them.” More serious critics were not so impressed. Years later, Alfred Kazin wrote that Van Vechten not only “thrived on his own affectations” but also “meticulously detailed the perversions, the domestic eccentricities, the alcoholism, the esthetic dicta, and the social manners of ladies and gentlemen who did nothing, nothing at all.” Kazin was able to find nothing kinder to say about Van Vechten than that he was “the novelist of the speakeasy intelligentsia.” The judgment was not wholly unmerited. Van Vechten is himself on record as praising the “splendid drunken twenties,” and in his biography, by Bruce Kellner, there is the following: “A close friend of Carl’s . . . reflected in all seriousness that nobody ever completely sobered up. They moved from party to party, from club to club, drinking anything offered them. People drank all night, every night; when they slept has never been ascertained.” As Allen Churchill adds, in his book “The Literary Decade,” a Van Vechten party “resembled a speakeasy de luxe peopled by literary figures, stage and screen celebrities, prizefighters, dancers, elegant homosexuals, and Lorelei Lee gold diggers.”

Yet this was the figure whose assistance to the growth of the Harlem Renaissance—one of the most important stages in the development of black writing—was probably greater than that of any other white American. It was Van Vechten who talked Frank Crowninshield, the editor of *Vanity Fair*, into publishing some of the first poems of Countee Cullen and Langston Hughes, and who encouraged Alfred Knopf to bring out Hughes’ first collection. Among other editors and publishers of his acquaintance, he tirelessly promoted the work and the careers of the young Harlem writers. “When you say you intend helping a fellow, you don’t mean maybe,” one of them said to him. He wrote prefaces and reviews praising their books, and in magazine articles he upheld the seriousness of their work against the attacks of older black literary men. Such unreserved support of New Negro writing may have been possible only with the suppression of critical judgment; and Van Vechten was sometimes accused, by whites and blacks, of overpraising black writing—of recommending the good and the shoddy alike. Not that black writing was the only kind to profit from his endorsements. In 1925, Edmund Wilson said of Van Vechten that “whatever falls in with his humor obtains the suffrage of his judgment.” At any rate, a writer in the *Herald Tribune* called him “the beneficent godfather of all of sophisticated Harlem.” And James Weldon Johnson, one of the more sympathetic of the older black writers and intellectuals—and a close friend of Van Vechten’s—later praised his “many personal efforts in behalf of individual Negro writers and artists.” No one in the country, Johnson said, “did more to forward” the Harlem literary movement.



To his famous parties, in midtown Manhattan, Van Vechten invited the cream of young Harlem writers, artists, actors, and musicians. Some of these parties, Langston Hughes recalled, “were *so* Negro that they were reported as a matter of course in the colored society columns, just as though they occurred in Harlem.” But Van Vechten’s invitations to the Harlem writers and entertainers were motivated as much by a love of genial gatherings as by a more serious social purpose. The journalist George S. Schuyler, who was often invited, later explained:

> The literary lights, the stars of the ballet, the kings and queens of the theatre, the painters, sculptors and editors who had attained envious preëminence frequented [Van Vechten’s] salons on West 55th Street and later on at Central Park West; and to this company Van Vechten introduced their darker opposite members. Here they rubbed shoulders, sipped cocktails, nibbled *hors d’oeuvres*, conversed, sang and danced without self-consciousness. What was at first an innovation and a novelty soon became commonplace, an institution.
>
> Such salons in the early twenties were rare to the point of being revolutionary. At the time it was most difficult for Negroes to purchase a ticket for an orchestra seat in a theatre, even in Harlem, and it was with the greatest difficulty that a colored American in New York could get service in a downtown restaurant. Except at Coney Island, beaches were closed to Negroes and few were the other places that would tolerate their patronage. . . .
>
> Most of the white people of Van Vechten’s circle knew Negroes only as domestics and had never had them as associates. It was extremely daring for a white person to dine publicly with a Negro, and certainly to dance with one; but if those of the upper crust could be weaned over to such social acceptance, it was likely that a trend would be started which would eventually embrace the majority of those whites who shaped public opinion and set the social pace.
>
> To this laudable endeavor Carl Van

> Vechten and his famous actress wife, Fania Marinoff, devoted themselves as assiduously as any sincere revolutionists could. . . . Once the idea took hold it spread in geometrical progression.

Van Vechten once gave this account of how his interest in Harlem and its writers began and developed: “Along about 1923, Knopf published a book by Walter White, called ‘The Fire in the Flint.’ . . . I asked Alfred to introduce Walter to me, and he sent Walter over to see me. He was working for the N.A.A.C.P. . . . Walter . . . asked me to parties, to lunches, to dinners, and so forth, and in about two weeks I knew every educated person in Harlem. I knew them by the hundreds. . . . I not only knew Negro authors, of which there were many at the time. . . . I frequented the night clubs a great deal. . . . I used to carry a silver flask with me, which held both gin and whiskey, and I was always leaving this in some bar or other. . . . My silver flask was invariably brought back to me the next day.”

When, as Van Vechten added, it “became obvious to me that I would write about these people, because my feelings about them were very strong,” he began making notes for a novel. No one had yet written a novel about Harlem’s popular life (Fisher, Thurman, and McKay were to write theirs later); no novel had yet captured Harlem’s “rich and poor, fast and slow, intellectual and ignorant”—as Van Vechten described the population to Gertrude Stein in Paris. But he must surely have heard from his associates uptown that many Harlemites—particularly the cultivated set—would not forgive him for the sort of novel he intended to write.

Van Vechten’s novel appeared in the summer of 1926, bearing the title “Nigger Heaven”—for which not even the most skeptical Harlemites had been prepared. The book was a publishing sensation. As the author reported later, it sold “100,000 copies almost immediately.” Not surprisingly, the title, irresistible to most white readers, accounted for a large proportion of the sales, and the contents were no more resistible. “Nigger Heaven” was an account of the romantic and professional ups and downs of an educated Harlem couple—the woman a librarian, the man an aspiring novelist. As the vagaries of this unlucky affair unfolded, readers were given a picture of Harlem in much of its variety: the life of the literate and the rich; high society, with its hostesses, dinners, balls, and parties; the strivings and frustrations of the middle class; the jealousies and resentments among different shades of society and pigment; erotic intrigues, both elegant and decadent; intellectual inquiries into the nature of race prejudice; the language and manners of the poor; numbers kings and others of dubious legal and moral standing; qualities of the “lowlife;” and the late-night excitements of cabarets, speakeasies, and dance halls.

“Nigger Heaven” was a hit among white readers, and did reasonably well among white critics. Among the few white commentators who disliked it intensely was D. H. Lawrence, who said in a review, “It is a false book by an author who lingers in nigger cabarets hoping to heaven to pick up something to write about, and make a sensation—and, of course, money.” But in letters to Van Vechten, Gertrude Stein and F. Scott Fitzgerald praised the novel highly: Stein wrote, “You have never done anything better,” and Fitzgerald said it was “a work of art.” James Branch Cabell called it “an astounding and invaluable contribution to sociology,” and Joseph Hergesheimer found the novel to be “a thing so rare as to be unique.”

Most Harlemites who bought novels—or who bought this one—convicted “Nigger Heaven” on the evidence of its title alone. (Apparently, many among the masses—whose interests did not, as a rule, run to literature—bought “Nigger Heaven” as well. Charles W. Chesnutt wrote to Van Vechten at the time, “I note what you say . . . about ‘Nigger Heaven’ being read by the Negro masses. I agree with you that if that is true it is the first time such a thing has occurred. Up until now the colored people have not been extensive book buyers.”) Langston Hughes wrote, “Negroes did not read it to get mad. They got mad as soon as they heard of it. And after that many of them never did read it at all. Or if they did, they put a paper cover over it and read it surreptitiously, as though it were a dirty book.” Ethel Waters, who was a friend of Van Vechten’s, recalled, “I’d heard of his book, ‘Nigger Heaven,’ and had condemned it because of its obnoxious title—without reading it. Later I read this novel and thought it a sympathetic study of the way Negroes were forced to live in Harlem.” Writing, during the controversy, to his friend James Weldon Johnson, Van Vechten quoted a Harlem newspaper as saying, “anyone who would call a book Nigger Heaven would call a Negro nigger.” Charles S. Johnson, the editor of *Opportunity*, said to Van Vechten in a letter, “I might make a stir about your title and be a good ‘race man,’ but fundamentally I too am anxious to have the sting of the term extracted in the fashion that such employment promises to do. . . . My supreme tribute to the book is that I wish a Negro had written it.” Van Vechten’s father, out in Cedar Rapids, had not liked the title, either. Before the book came out, he had written to his son, “I have myself never spoken of a colored man as a ‘nigger.’ If you are trying to help the race, as I am assured you are, I think every word you write should be a respectful one towards the black.” But, as the younger Van Vechten later explained, he himself never used the word.

It was to be said in his behalf that on an early page of “Nigger Heaven” Van Vechten had supplied a footnote: “While this informal epithet is freely used by Negroes among themselves, not only as a term of opprobrium, but also actually as a term of endearment, its employment by a white person is always fiercely resented.” It was also clear that the novel—ironically or not—had taken its title from remarks made by one of its main characters:

> Nigger Heaven! That’s what Harlem is. We sit in our places in the gallery of this New York theatre and watch the white world sitting down below in the good seats in the orchestra. Occasionally, they turn their faces up towards us, their hard, cruel faces, to laugh or sneer, but they never beckon. It never seems to occur to them that Nigger Heaven is crowded, that there isn’t another seat, that something has to be done.

Van Vechten could well have heard similar statements from blacks of his acquaintance, for the term Nigger Heaven had been in common use in Harlem ever since the white theatres along Seventh Avenue had, in deciding to admit blacks during the war, confined them to the balcony. Nevertheless, as one of Van Vechten’s black friends told him, he had, in the title of his book, aired certain “family” matters and should therefore not have been surprised by the black reaction.

The bitterest attack on “Nigger Heaven” was written by W. E. B. Du Bois, who had warned Van Vechten earlier what cultivated Harlem’s response to the book was likely to be. Reviewing it in *The Crisis*, Du Bois said:

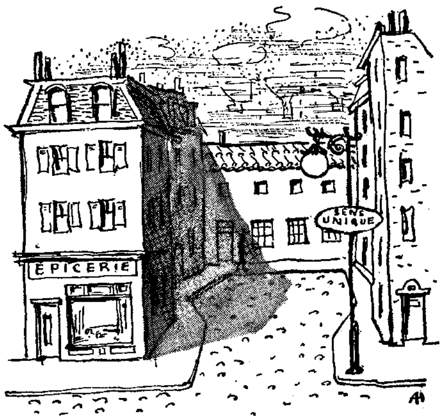
> "Nigger Heaven" is a blow in the face . . . an *affront to the hospitality* of black folk and to the intelligence of white. . . . the phrase "Nigger Heaven," as applied to Harlem is a misnomer. "Nigger Heaven" does not mean . . . a haven for Negroes—a city of refuge for dark and tired souls; it means in common parlance, a nasty, sordid corner into which black folk are herded, and yet a place which they in crass ignorance are fools enough to enjoy. Harlem is no such place as that. . . .
>
> But after all, a title is only a title, and a book must be judged eventually by its fidelity to truth and its artistic merit. I find this novel neither truthful nor artistic. . . . *It* is a caricature. *It* is worse than untruth because it is a mass of half-truths. . . .
>
> I read "Nigger Heaven" . . . because I had to. But I advise others who are impelled by a sense of duty or curiosity to drop the book gently in the grate and try the *Police Gazette.*

James Weldon Johnson and Langston Hughes, close friends of Van Vechten's, were among the few blacks who wrote in praise of "Nigger Heaven." In a review in *Opportunity*, Johnson called the novel "an absorbing story" and went on to say, "Mr. Van Vechten is . . . the only white novelist I can think of who has not viewed the Negro as a type, who has not treated the race as a unit, either good or bad. . . . The story comprehends nearly every phase of life in the Negro metropolis. It draws on the components of that life, from the dregs to the froth." Some time later, Hughes maintained that Van Vechten had written "sympathetically and amusingly and well about a whole rainbow of life above 110th Street that had never before been put into the color of words."

CLAUDE MCKAY, the earliest voice of the Harlem Renaissance, was born in a mountain village of Jamaica and migrated to the United States in 1912, at the age of twenty-two. He had been a police constable in his homeland, had won a small reputation as a local poet, and had come to America to study scientific farming. He soon lost this ambition, however. After about two years at Tuskegee Institute, in Alabama, and at an agricultural college in Kansas, he dropped his studies and headed for New York. As he explained later, he had been seized by the "vagabond" spirit, gripped by "the lust to wander and wonder." This was his way of saying that he had decided to become a poet in his adopted country—"to achieve something new, something in the spirit and accent of America." In and around New York City, he worked during the next few years as a longshoreman, a bartender, a porter in clubs and hotels, and a dining-car waiter on the Pennsylvania Railroad; and during this time he was writing some of the best of his early American poems—notably "Harlem Shadows," published in 1917, and "The Harlem Dancer" and "If We Must Die," both published in 1919. When the last of these appeared, in *The Liberator*, the magazine observed that McKay "seems to have a greater and more simple and strong gift of poetry than any other of his race has had." Max Eastman, editor of *The Liberator*, and a friend and mentor of McKay's, said he "resembled a portrait of King Christopher of Haiti," that "his eyebrows arched high up and never came down," and that "his finely modelled features wore in consequence a fixed expression of ironical and rather mischievous skepticism."

In 1919, McKay, again yielding to wanderlust, sailed for London, where he lived for about a year; wrote articles for Sylvia Pankhurst's radical newspaper, the *Workers' Dreadnought;* and published his collection "Spring in New Hampshire." Returning to New York, he worked briefly as an associate editor of *The Liberator* and published "Harlem Shadows." This appeared in 1922, and, reviewing it for the *Age*, James Weldon Johnson wrote, "No Negro poet has sung more beautifully of his own race than McKay, and no Negro poet has equalled the power with which he expresses the bitterness that so often rises in the heart of the race."

Later in 1922, McKay took off again—this time for Russia. He had become something of a Communist sympathizer, and wished, as he later said, to "go and see" what and how the Bolsheviks were doing. He also wished to "escape from the . . . hot syncopated fascination of Harlem" and "the suffocating ghetto of color consciousness." He was not to return for more than a decade. From Russia, where the Bolsheviks lionized him—as much for the strangeness of his color as for the interest he took in their revolution—he moved on to Western Europe and then to North Africa, where he lived and roamed until 1934.



He was therefore not in Harlem during the high period of the New Negro Renaissance—a movement with which his name was closely linked, and which his early poems had helped to bring about. But then, as he heard through the transatlantic grapevine, the younger black writers were in no hurry to welcome him back to the Harlem scene. They held his brief Russian fling against him, and feared that his return might be politically harmful to the growing New Negro literary movement. Moreover, as McKay said some years later, "I was an older man and not regarded as a member of the renaissance, but more as a forerunner." Though his feelings must have been hurt, he did have this consolation: "I had done my best Harlem stuff when I was abroad, seeing it from a long perspective."

Some of that work had been appearing in New York publications, and at one point James Weldon Johnson began writing to McKay, in Paris, urging him to return home. "You ought to be here to take full advantage of the great wave of opportunity that Negro literary and other artists are enjoying," Johnson said. "In addition, we need you to give more strength and solidity to the movement." But McKay was not so sure that he wished to return to America then. He later wrote:

> The Johnson letter set me thinking hard about returning to Harlem. All the reports stressed the great changes that had occurred there since my exile, pictured a Harlem spreading west and south, with splendid new blocks of houses opened up for the colored people. The reports described the bohemian interest in and patronage of Harlem, the many successful colored shows on Broadway, the florescence of Negro literature and art, with many promising aspirants receiving scholarships from foundations and patronage from individuals. Newspapers and magazines brought me exciting impressions of a more glamorous Harlem. . . .
>
> But . . .

McKay's "but" signified the state of feeling that then—in 1928—existed between him and the Harlem middle-class intelligentsia. His novel "Home to Harlem," written during his years abroad—and drawing heavily on memories of his life in the community—had recently been published in New York, and, like Van Vechten's novel two years earlier, it had been denounced by the Harlem élite. In the eyes of these critics, "Home to Harlem" was no less a libel against respectable blacks than "Nigger Heaven" had been. There were similarities, to be sure. McKay's novel was, like Van Vechten's, a best-seller. Critical response was just as mixed, most whites praising it and most cultivated blacks condemning it. But whereas "Nigger Heaven" had traversed a wide social and cultural landscape, "Home to Harlem" remained pretty much within the warm and lusty precincts of proletarian living. Black condemnation of his book, McKay said, "was so general, bitter and violent that I was hesitant about returning to the great Black Belt." From Harlemites, including some who were visiting Paris, he heard that his novel was "obscene," that it "exploited Negroes" and "betrayed the race," that it showed "contempt for the Negro bourgeoisie," and that it had been written merely to exploit the commercial success of "Nigger Heaven."

Back in New York, W. E. B. Du Bois, who had led the attack on Van Vechten's novel, assaulted McKay's similarly. He wrote in *The Crisis*, " 'Home to Harlem' for the most part nauseates me, and after the dirtier parts of its filth I feel distinctly like taking a bath. . . . McKay has set out to cater to that prurient demand on the part of white folk for a portrayal in Negroes of that utter licentiousness which convention holds white folk back from enjoying. . . . He has used every art and emphasis to paint drunkenness, fighting, lascivious sexual promiscuity and utter absence of restraint in as bold and as bright colors as he can." The reviewer for the *Times*, who read the novel somewhat differently, found it to contain "the rhythm of life that is a jazz rhythm." McKay, he added, "has pitched his novel to the rhythm of the man who runs the elevator or to the racial movement of the poems and blues of Langston Hughes . . . it is the real stuff, the low-down on Harlem, the dope from the inside." The dope from the inside was precisely what bourgeois black critics did not wish to be exposed; for—regarding their class as the exemplary black group—they feared that white readers would take McKay's dope to represent the total life of Harlem.

In two letters that McKay wrote from Europe, he both defended and explained himself. One was to Du Bois: ". . . nowhere in your writings do you reveal any comprehension of esthetics, and therefore you are not competent to pass judgment upon any work of art. . . . Certainly I sympathize with and even pity you for not understanding my motive, because you have been forced from a normal career to enter a special field of racial propaganda and, honorable though that field may be, it has precluded you from contact with real life." The other, to the more sympathetic James Weldon Johnson, said, "I have not deviated in any way from my intellectual and artistic ideas of life. I consider the book a real proletarian novel, but I don't expect the nice radicals to see that it is, because they know little about proletarian life. . . . I cannot agree with their dislike of the artistic exploitation of low-class Negro life. We must leave the real appreciation of what we are doing to the emancipated Negro intelligentsia of the future."

A few years after McKay wrote those letters, the Harlem literary movement lost its sweep and energy, though a few books continued to be published. Langston Hughes said, looking back, that the spring of 1931 "was the end of the Harlem Renaissance." He went on, "We were no longer in vogue, anyway, we Negroes. Sophisticated New Yorkers turned to Noël Coward. Colored actors began to go hungry, publishers politely rejected new manuscripts, and patrons found other uses for their money. . . . The generous 1920's were over." They were indeed. The decline of the Harlem Renaissance coincided with the rise and spread of the Great Depression. —JERVIS ANDERSON

(This is the third part of a four-part article.)

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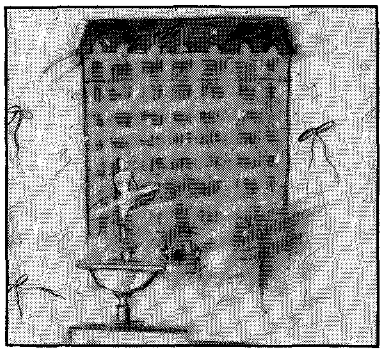
Antiapocalyptic thinking and a belief in the strength of society is perhaps more strongly underscored by Brand's outlook on the potential effect of nuclear holocaust. "Even all-out nuclear exchange, perish the thought, is not the end of everything, probably not even the end of North America or the U.S.S.R. It would be horrible, terrible and instructive, but by no means the end."—*Republic Scene, an in-flight magazine.*

Still, a little learning is a dangerous thing.



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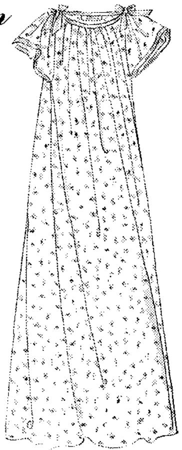

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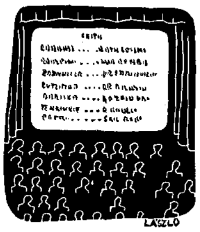
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Good News

"DRAGONSLAYER" draws us into the mysterious world that it creates. Though it gives visual form to the monsters in our imagination—we see the fire-breathing dragon that must be slain; we even see its horrible progeny—the movie never appears to be literal-minded. Rather, it invites us to enter the murky darkness where dragons live. Scaly, winged, huge—the beautiful, grotesque monster that we see is more mysterious, probably, than any we could have imagined for ourselves. We never have enough of this dragon, and it always looks different, depending on how near or far away it is, and whether it's rearing up on its hind legs with its head so close it fills the screen or soaring like a gigantic bat. Even when we're looking right at it, we don't quite believe what we see. The producer, Hal Barwood, and the director, Matthew Robbins, who wrote the picture together, met at the U.S.C. film school and worked as a scriptwriting team; they were credited on "The Sugarland Express" (1974), "The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings" (1976), and "MacArthur" (1977) before they produced and directed their first picture, "Corvette Summer," in 1978. The skills Robbins showed then, in his handling of the actors and his placement of the camera, flower in "Dragonslayer." It's a night bloom.



In Britain, during the Dark Ages—roughly the sixth century—a delegation from the remote kingdom of Urland arrives at the castle of an ancient sorcerer, Ulrich (Ralph Richardson), perhaps the only sorcerer left who can call forth the elements and command streaks of lightning. A youth named Valerian (Caitlin Clarke) speaks for the group and pleads with Ulrich to help them. A dragon has been ravaging Urland, and in order to appease it the King offers it human sacrifices. Twice a year, he holds a lottery in which the names of all the virgins in his kingdom are entered; the unlucky winner is tied to a tree outside the dragon's lair. Though Ulrich has foreseen his own death, he agrees to go with the visitors. But Tyrian (John Hallam), a black-bearded emissary from the King of Urland, arrives to prevent any interference with the lottery, which has kept the dragon peaceful. Tyrian challenges old Ulrich to a test of his magic, and Ulrich appears to be slain. There is no one left to help the Urlanders except Galen (Peter MacNicol), Ulrich's apprentice.

Galen knows a few tricks, he has learned a few spells, and he has inherited Ulrich's amulet, but he's far from certain of his powers. Bravely, he goes forth to face the dragon, who becomes enraged by this boy magician's paltry efforts to destroy him. The King (Peter Eyre), terrified, puts Galen in a dungeon, and the King's naïve daughter, Princess Elspeth (Chloe Salaman), is distressed when Galen tells her that through bribery her father has been keeping her name out of the lottery. She helps Galen escape, and Valerian (a girl disguised from birth as a boy, to protect her from the lottery) and her father, the blacksmith (Emrys James), hide him from the King. Valerian gathers scales that the dragon has shed and makes Galen a fireproof shield, while the blacksmith prepares him a lance for his next onslaught against the dragon.

Galen stands up to danger, but he is of this world; he's just a kid who's in over his head. Ulrich and the dragon are the two great antagonists in this movie. Ralph Richardson, who has been otherworldly for some years now and moves so airily that he barely seems to touch earth, is ideally cast. Richardson recites spells in Latin while mixing a witches' brew, and he puts on his wizard's squashed hat at a rakish angle, like W. C. Fields with his con man's topper. (They both had a go at playing Dickens' Micawber.) When Richardson was younger (he was born in 1902), he was typecast as a quiet, civilized Englishman who concealed his suffering under a bland exterior—as in "South Riding" (1938) and "The Fallen Idol" (1948). And even when he became an outsize figure—the powerful, rigid father in the impressive "The Heiress" (1949) or the penny-pinching father in the great "Long Day's Journey Into Night" (1962)—he still gave himself over to the roles. But in recent years he has become so powerfully eccentric a presence that the roles appear to be subsumed; he plays his parts with perfect control and yet enlarges them by his stare of astonishment, his imperiousness, and his wraithlike, distracted manner. He transcends the roles, makes them greater by the force of his mischievous indomitability. "Dragonslayer" is perhaps the only film in which Richardson shows the full, magnificent balminess that has marked his recent stage appearances. His Ulrich is like a batty, drunken old Shakespearean actor; his Latin spells have a poignant lilt—they could be elegies.

Playing in Shakespeare must have been the unifying experience for the cast of American and British actors. They speak plainly, in cadences that don't sound quite contemporary and that we can easily accept as sixth-century English. Peter MacNicol and Caitlin Clarke are both stage-trained Americans making their screen débuts. MacNicol has a flickering resemblance to Mark Hamill (it's the modelling around the mouth); Clarke has an intelligent, sensual grace, and she looks like a miniature Harriet Andersson. The brusque manner that Valerian developed when she was dressed as a boy lingers on, agreeably. She and Galen suggest a pair of Shakespeare's charmed lovers lost in an Ingmar Bergman forest. They have the right mixture of courage and callowness to set off the terrors of the older characters, especially those of the irascible, frightened King. Peter Eyre is what many a king in many a tale of enchantment was meant to be—a worried, loving daddy cloaked in arrogance.

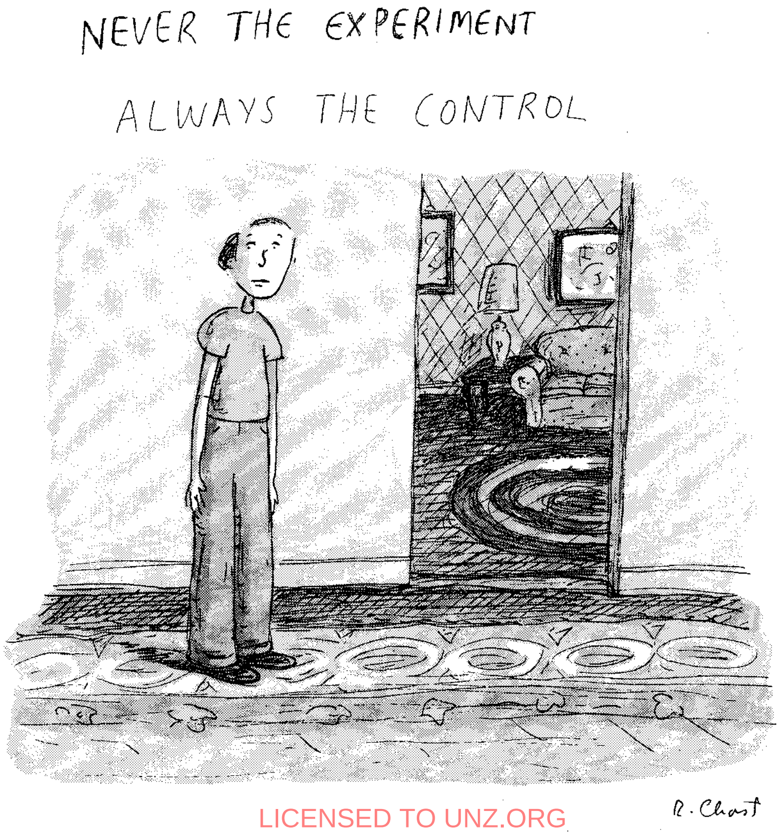
The cinematography (by Derek Vanlint) is very active, very dramatic. When Galen goes inside the cavernous lair, it's like entering Hell—the fires burning in stagnant water are sinister. And the lyrical, lunging camera movements thrust us into Galen's position. We're down inside the luxuriant romantic dangers of a fairy tale. The dragon breathes flames at him, and you think, Of course—something this majestic would have to breathe fire. I've never seen a movie monster that was as evilly voluptuous when it moved as this one; it seems to walk on its wings. The dragon's reptilian sliminess is jewelled, and when it discovers that Galen has killed its young and cries out, it's horror crying in horror. The production designer, Elliot Scott, and the special-effects supervisor, Brian Johnson, and the editor, Tony Lawson, all seem to understand that the film has one purpose: to be magical. Like Barwood and Robbins, they're all sorcerers' apprentices. So is Alex North, whose Mahleresque score is a beauty. The opening music recalls the deep bass sounds of the mother spaceship in "Close Encounters" when it answered the five-note theme of the Earthlings; this may be Barwood and Robbins' salute to their friend Spielberg, and also a link between the mythology of the past and of the future. When the dragon belches smoke or shakes the earth, the sound editors work the voices and sounds into the fabric of the music. At times, the music and the fiery dragon seem one. The beast is angered when a Christian monk who has stationed himself outside its lair addresses it as "Lucifer, a Fire Loosed from Hell," and it instantly—almost casually—breathes out and incinerates him.

"Dragonslayer" recalls reading a fairy tale that has the mixture of happiness and trauma to set your imagination whirling. It's true that almost everything in the film echoed in my memory: it all comes from movies. But it has been transformed and made new; in the terms the picture sets, it is almost completely successful. There are a few inexplicable details: How has the one giant dragon produced young? Is it hermaphroditic? Or, as its relation to its infants makes more likely, female? (But why sacrifice virgins to a female?) And, of course, people in in the audience are bound to wonder why the scared girls don't set about losing their virginity pronto. Also, I was uncomfortable for a moment during the last lottery when Valerian's shouts from the crowd were crude—as if she were ready to kill the winner herself. But Barwood and Robbins aren't afraid to linger on suggestive images (such as a white horse rearing up in fear at the approach of the dragon); the allusive imagery and the music gradually enfold you. There's a second of acute magical suspense when the ambient sounds die away and all you hear is the dragon's intake of air before it expels fire; the camera looks down on the victim from the dragon's point of view and then there's a startling cut to the flames and the face of the dragon. By the time there is a moment of abhorrence—when you see the foul dragonettes munching on a human body—it's the shock that makes the whole vision take hold.

"SUPERMAN II" has an old-fashioned virtue—charm—and a lot of entertaining kinkiness, too. The moviemakers went through heavy, reverent labor preparing the legend in the 1978 "Superman;" Richard Lester, who directed this second film (and who, it has been revealed, also did some work on the first), takes off from the legend. He brings it one light touch after another, and pretty soon the movie has a real spirit—what you wished the first had had. It's patched together, of course: there are corny Metropolis street crowds that must be holdovers from the earlier shooting, the special effects are highly variable in quality, and the whole film—blown up from 35 mm to 70 mm for the big-theatre showings—is grainy and bleached and often poorly framed. But that doesn't seem to matter much. Neither, really, does the fact that the script (credited to some of the same people who worked on the first: Mario Puzo, David Newman, Leslie Newman, and Tom Mankiewicz) cheats by telling you that something central is irreversible and then reversing it. The movie is full of smart gags and good ideas, and Lester stages little incidents (such as the hero being hit by a car: he doesn't get a mark on him, but the car's a wreck) that compensate for the big, klunky ones (like an episode involving terrorists setting an H-bomb in the Eiffel Tower). And Lester has got rid of most of the tedious characters who cluttered up the first film; Valerie Perrine and Jackie Cooper make mere token appearances this time—that's a big improvement right there.

Christopher Reeve, who brings emotional depth to Superman, pulls a switch on the material: Kryptonian that he is, Superman is the only human being in the movie. It's largely his love for Lois Lane and his sense of responsibility toward her (and the whole country) which give this film its jokey yet touching romanticism. By the end, he's no longer a square; he has suffered humiliation and grown up —you come out of the picture thinking about Superman's feelings. And Reeve has become a smoothie: his transitions from Clark Kent to Superman and back are now polished comedy routines. Margot Kidder's Lois Lane is still too cartoony. Her crinkly smile has no warmth, and she's so callously insensitive to Clark Kent—making fun of him for not being Superman—that she seems unworthy of Superman's devotion. (She's also cruelly photographed at times, with emphasis on her angular face, her pallor, and smudged charcoal eyes.) But Kidder and Reeve work well as a team, and they look blissed out together when they fly.

The originality of the movie is in its villains: Gene Hackman's bald, insidious Lex Luthor and the three Kryptonian traitors who in the first film were imprisoned for eternity in a Phantom Zone and now, through an accident, are released. Lester stages a series of perverse comic incidents with these archfiends in their black, high-punk jumpsuits; each has powers equal to Superman's, and all three are just naturally vicious. Terence Stamp's General Zod


NEVER THE EXPERIMENT

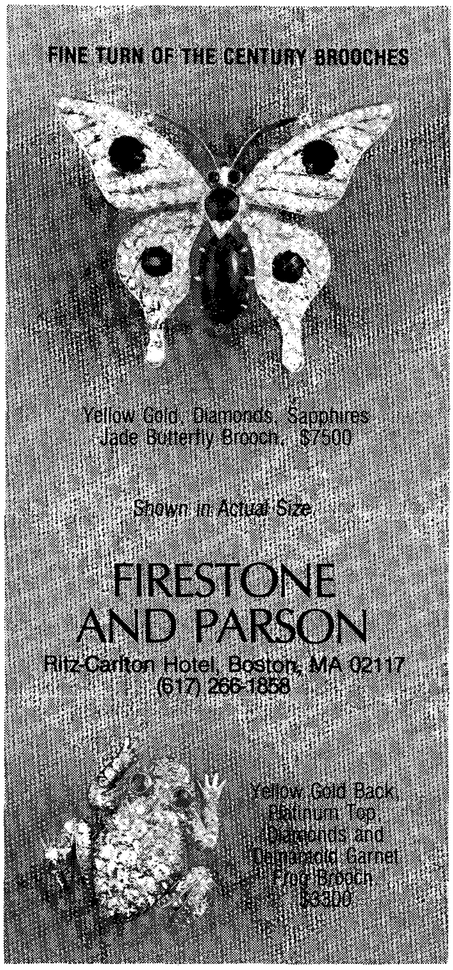
ALWAYS THE CONTROL

(who becomes ruler of the United States) is a vain psychopath with a fish-eyed stare of boredom, Jack O'Halloran's Non is a hulking, moronic brute, and Sarah Douglas's Ursa is a sadistic tease. These three open their lips as if to pout and they blow up a storm that sends people and cars crashing; you may feel a shiver of helplessness—you wonder what could stop them. Ursa is just about the heroine of the film—not because she does anything admirable but because she does her dirty deeds with such blasé nonchalance, and the merest flick of a malicious smile. There's no way for Ursa's character to develop, but Sarah Douglas has style, and the kind of face cameras worship. The presence of this monochromatic rotten trio liberates Hackman, who is free to be a chiseller, a shyster clown. Whenever Hackman gets the chance to do comedy—whether it's his blind-man bit in "Young Frankenstein" or his starring role earlier this year as the inventor in "All Night Long"—he grows in vitality. His eyes sparkle when he tries to trick Superman or tries to wheedle a present from Zod (just a small one: Australia). He's a juicy comedian who loves to be a bad guy, and Richard Lester shows real affection for Hackman's snivelling and bargaining. Lester is in his element on "Superman II"—it's full of sneaky details. In the midst of chaos, people examine their bashed cars, shaking their heads over each scratch. The picture grows faster and quirkier as it moves along. It's more sheer fun to see than anything else around.

I'D always wondered what kind of person would think up fraternity-initiation rites; when I first watched Bill Murray on "Saturday Night Live," in 1976, I said "That kind." He seemed like something out of a swamp—cold-blooded yet sweaty. Was he a wimp trying to be a bully—was his obnoxiousness a wimp's revenge? He seemed the shiftiest of comics, and I didn't see how the smug, dislikable aspects of his personality could resolve in a comic persona. Yet the more I saw of him the funnier he became. He's a master of show-business insincerity. His shifty aspects haven't resolved; they may be his essence. Part of him is always in hiding, and there's a wild strain loose inside the doughy handsomeness which saves him from predictability. He looks capable of anything, yet he isn't threatening: he'd just do something crazy. Murray seems enormously likable now—the more so, maybe, because he has been wearing his suave put-on expressions so long that he has no way to be straight without appearing even phonier. In the eminently forgettable "Meatballs," where he played big brother to a gooey-eyed kid with a crush on him, he avoided embarrassing himself (and us) by somehow contriving to look above the kid's head, off-screen—anywhere but at that moist, adoring face. "Meatballs," directed by Ivan Reitman, was a hit with the kiddies and subteens. "Stripes," the new Bill Murray comedy, also directed by Reitman, doesn't have a sentimental hook, and it's a much funnier movie, though anyone who stumbles into it without having seen Murray on TV may be floored—he's not someone you fall in love with at first sight.

In "Stripes," Murray plays a wreck of a hipster who has screwed up his life and is in terrible physical condition. He's presented as a benign sort of nihilist who's too tired to care about anything, and he looks ungainly and lumpish. Having nothing better to do, he decides, on a whim, to enlist in the Army to get back in shape, and he cons his buddy, played by Harold Ramis, into joining up, too. The picture is not an aesthetic object; it's just a flimsy, thrown-together service comedy about smart misfits trying to do things their own way in the Army. But it has a lot of snappy lines (the script is by Len Blum, Dan Goldberg, and Ramis), Reitman keeps things hopping (it's untidy but it doesn't lag), and the performers are a wily bunch—they're professional flakes. John Candy, the big-blob charmer from the Second City, plays another recruit, and you keep spotting other Second City people—such as Joseph P. Flaherty, as a border guard spouting Slavic gibberish. But you can't take your eyes off Murray, because even when he's in an Army barracks he's never completely in the situation—he's slightly withdrawn, watching everyone else. (If you look away from him, you may miss out on information about one of the other characters.) Murray has feelers out in all directions. He's so anxiously aware of everything going on around him that you almost feel he's watching you.

"Stripes" doesn't follow through on the idea of hipsters versus the military mind. When Murray, who assumes leadership of the recruits right from the start, has his big confrontation scene with the new platoon's drill ser-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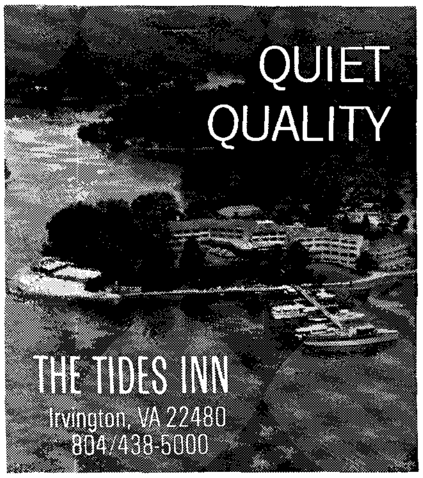
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geant (Warren Oates), it's a dud. The picture doesn't follow through on anything, not even on the characters—a wild-eyed recruit (Conrad Dunn) introduces himself by saying that people call him Psycho, and there's no payoff; a Hispanic recruit in a bandanna (Antone Pagan) looks promising but never has a scene to play. Meanwhile, a Peeping Tom captain (John Larroquette) has too many scenes; any of him would be too many. The story comes to a natural end with the recruits' commencement exercises; afterward, when the platoon is whipping around Europe, the action is standard farce. Yet even when the plot goes all over the place the performers carry on as if they were doing something really spiffy, and the funny lines keep coming. Bill Murray is like a bomb ticking, and he keeps erupting with smartass remarks. At the same time, he's the supreme practitioner of going with the flow; he is never surprised. It's a rare comic who acts superior to the people around him and is still funny. Maybe Murray's know-it-all hipness isn't offensive because it seems compulsive and it just gets him into trouble. And because he's in direct contact with the audience. Or should be. But I doubt if the people who appreciated the message of "Private Benjamin" are going to laugh at a trivial service comedy in which nobody learns a lesson and nobody's character is improved. The moviemakers may have innocently blundered: they're still operating in the post-counterculture comedy terms of the late seventies—the recruits here don't believe in anything at the beginning of the film or at the end, either. This may be a silly, dated view—a remnant of stoned alienation—but it's a useful premise for a comedy. And could Bill Murray believe in anything? I wouldn't want to be within fifty yards of anything he believed in.

—PAULINE KAEL

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THE MYSTERIOUS (AND ON THE WHOLE BADLY BEHAVED) EAST

[*From "An Administrative Perspective of Tokyo," published by the Tokyo Metropolitan Government*]

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY. The juvenile delinquents in 1963 numbered 29,000. Of the total cases 47.8% was larceny, followed by rude acts (29.1%), atrocious acts (2.9%) and intellectual misdeeds (1.5%). Violent misdeeds by juvenile groups were remarkable. In the age grouping of juvenile delinquents, the uprising of lowteens was conspicuous. There were also 331,150 youngsters who were guided by policemen at their critical moment of committing misdeeds.

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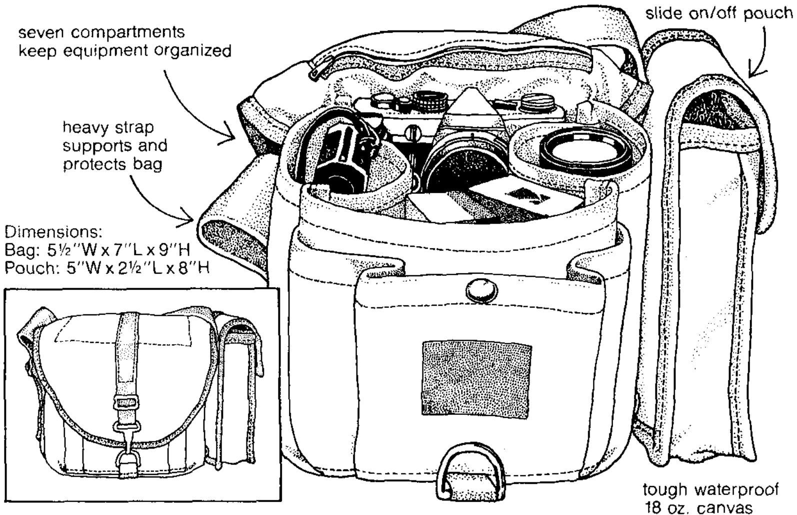
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

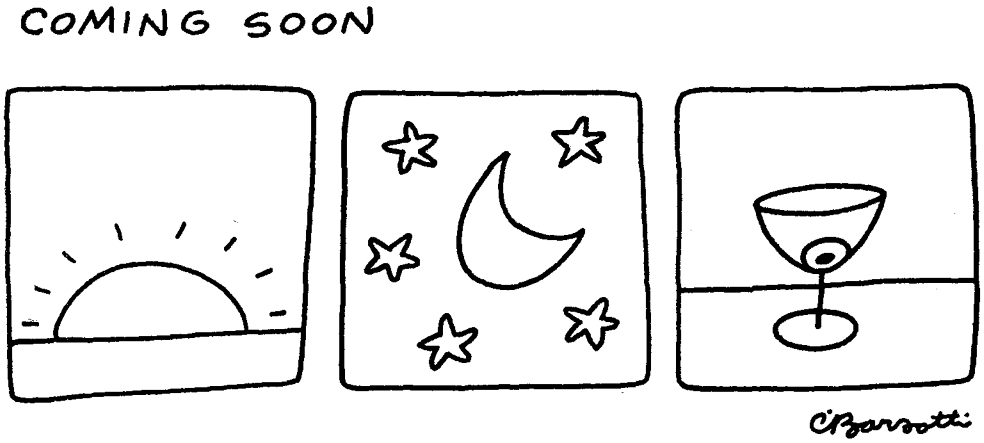
Mariano Fortuny's clothing and textile designs, a selection of which is being exhibited through July 11th at the Fashion Institute of Technology, have the same power to fascinate today that they did in the first decades of the century, when most of them were created. Fortuny's pleated-silk gowns, colored like jewels or hothouse fruits and shaped like Greek chitons, and his fluid wraps of extraordinarily textured and patterned velvet have a legendary place in the history of twentieth-century fashion. Unlike other significant chapters of costume history, though, that on Fortuny has never been closed. He stood aloof from fashion in his day and, as a result, has never entirely gone out of fashion. Rivals and would-be imitators have come and gone, but his styles remain as moving and as wearable now as they were when they were created. Women who have collected, inherited, or, in some few cases, retained original Fortunys still wear them with affection and a kind of reverence—although on increasingly rare occasions, since the garments are now worth many thousands of dollars on the investment market. Even on inanimate mannequins in the basement galleries at F.I.T., these clothes have a prodigious, palpable vitality.

Mariano Fortuny was a man of great personal style. He was born in Spain (in 1871), but he is totally associated with Venice, to which he moved in youth, and where he lived until his death, in 1949. He turned his attention to women's-clothing design in his late thirties, after decades of artistic work in a remarkably wide variety of forms, from painting, engraving, and sculpture to photography, set design, and a novel system of stage lighting. He brought to dress an artist's concern for matching the medium to the vision and a painterly eye for color and the effect of light. He also brought to the subject a sensibility with an intuitive philosophical and spiritual comprehension of time. His work is steeped in the spirit of Venice—the history of its art, its heritage of trade with the East, and a beauty based on a splendor that has declined but not decayed. Fortuny was creating at a period when modern-art movements were fermenting all around him, but he resolutely ignored them, studying instead the art and artifacts of the past—among them those of ancient Greece, the Renaissance, and a whole range of ancient non-Western cultures, particularly Arabic, that had not yet been affected by twentieth-century notions of perpetual, restless change.

The notion that everything in life passes and yet nothing really changes is anathema to fashion as a rule. One might say that fashion's whole mandate is to kick over yesterday's traces and to provide immunity to the potentially unhappy idea of tomorrow. It gives the illusion that none of us will ever be any less beautiful than we are today, let alone grow old or die: fashion anchors us all in the here and now. Fortuny's kind of fashion, on the other hand, somehow accepts the implications of mortality, and gains depth by it. He was often referred to by contemporaries as an alchemist, because of the secrecy with which he labored in the workshops of his dramatic headquarters and home—the enormous Palazzo Orfei, overlooking the Grand Canal—and attained magical effects through techniques unfathomable to outsiders. He deserved the title, too, for what he did with past time: dipping his gowns in history to give them a life that outlives the beauties who first wore them. It is small wonder that Fortuny's designs were appreciated to the full, from their first appearance in the fashionable world, by that other alchemist Marcel Proust. Proust, who was a poetic and also a closely analytical observer of fashion, left in his novel a glittering series of descriptions of Fortuny gowns which would, if every last garment had been lost or destroyed, have been sufficient to insure their immortality.

In the constantly seesawing visual debate between the natural and the unnatural, exaggerated, and distorted silhouette which is the history of women's fashions, Fortuny stands with the natural school, for all his refined and educated eye. He was not the first to conclude that the stylized version of woman he saw around him—belling skirts, hourglass waists, pouter-pigeon bodices, and mounds of hair and millinery—was inartistic and unworthy of her. Some who proposed a more liberated style had practical or hygienic motives, but Fortuny's were purely aesthetic. He preferred, for instance, to see the hems of his famous, shimmering, columnar silk-sheath gowns splay languidly out around the wearer's feet—hardly facilitating sprightliness but making her look like a mermaid or a beautiful vase by Émile Gallé. These gowns, which he called the Delphos gowns, hang straight from the shoulders and cling to the natural figure in a way that must have been striking indeed in Fortuny's conventionally corseted era. Sometimes the Delphos has sleeves, sometimes not. Some examples have hip-length overblouses whose hems hang in jesters' deep points weighted down by little glass beads, like the old-fashioned cheesecloth covers for the tops of milk jugs. The length of the silk is marked by many narrow, irregular pleats, permanently set in the cloth by a process that is one of Fortuny's many patents and secrets. For storage, the gowns become narrow tubes of contracted pleats, coiled into serpentine figure eights. On the female form, the light catches the silk in different ways and is refracted not only off the vertical pleats but also off the horizontal undulations that sometimes interrupt them, looking like the crimps in a length of unbraided hair. The colors that Fortuny created are still rare and luscious after the passage of decades: blushing peach and apricot, purple grape and candlelit claret, blue of fountains and of peacocks' tails.

Fortuny's virtuosity with textiles had even freer rein with all the loosely structured garments—tunics, chasubles, capes, scarves, and kimonolike wraps—that were worn over the Delphos gowns, for reasons of warmth and modesty as well as artistic effect. These were very often made of velvet, which Fortuny regarded as the aristocrat of stuffs, as the Renaissance world that so often inspired him had. His large collection of antique textiles and ecclesiastical vestments included many velvets from that period, and he studied them closely, reproducing even their patina of wear and age. (Fortuny was an omnivorous collector of all kinds of art and *objets*—as had been his father, a famous, widely travelled Spanish painter, who died young, leaving his son his collections and his



taste for eclectic acquisition. The Palazzo Orfei was as much of a legend in Fortuny's day as his work and his strikingly dressed person. Cavernous salons were filled with his own art and his father's; ancient statues and suits of armor stood guard over divans strewn with cushions, in the Moorish way; draperies and panels of Fortuny's textiles hung from the ceilings like banners in the naves of Gothic churches.) In the workshops and studios, velvets and other fabrics were patterned with Fortuny's great repertory of historical ages and civilizations, by hand methods ranging from painting and stencilling to printing and engraving. The velvets were also treated with a special technique of multilayered dyeing, which sends the base color floating up mysteriously through pile that has a different tint and catches the light in different ways according to the nap and the drape. This dreamlike haze of color is sometimes compounded by fine metallic frostings—designs in gold or silver that seem to swim and hover across an ever-changing field.

If Fortuny's designs were the art of the past transformed into modern fashion—"faithfully antique yet markedly original," as Proust called them—they were also, very often, the styles and patterns of ceremonial grandeur crystallized into garments of great tenderness and intimacy. Fortuny's sense of form and color was joined to an intense feeling for women, as ideal romantic visions but also as creatures of flesh and blood. Artistic technique alone might have made the clothes interesting to historians after all these years, but it is Fortuny's respect and empathy for women that make the clothes still wearable and so peculiarly touching. An informative book, "Mariano Fortuny: His Life and Work," written and compiled by Guillermo de Osma (Rizzoli; $37.50), includes many photographs of women wearing their Fortunys—from the young Mrs. Condé Nast, in 1919, to the young Mrs. Tina Chow, the fashionable wife of an international restaurateur, in 1977. In a way, though, the clothes are less compelling on the pretty fashion plates of various decades than on women with an air of leading real lives, of a complexity that complements the clothes. There is, for instance, a 1907 color portrait by Alfred Stieglitz of his sister, Mrs. Selma Schubert, that is quite striking. A stern, almost grumpy-looking woman in early middle age, she sits on a park bench among a scattering of autumn leaves, with a blowsy bunch of flowers in her belt and a very well-worn woolly cardigan pulled over her gold silk Delphos. Then, there is a symbolic pair of portraits of the art collector Peggy Guggenheim, Fortuny's neighbor in Venice, wearing what might be the same Delphos in both—first as a young woman, then as an old one. In the first, she stands statuesquely on some sunlit terrace by the Grand Canal, toying with the flowers on a rosebush and aiming a happy, hoydenish smile at the photographer. In the second, she sits forlornly in the gloom indoors, on the edge of a big bed, with her gown slipping off one withered shoulder and her gaze turned blankly to one side—the picture of tragic old womanhood. The Fortuny gowns seem to occupy a special place in such women's lives. Where other designers' garb might trivialize experience, these clothes add a poignant kind of dignity.

Essentially, Fortuny went on producing the same styles for forty years or so, while dramatic shifts of mood and shape were taking place around him. In his lifetime and after, a succession of different kinds of enthusiasm were brought to his work. At the beginning, before the First World War, Fortuny was known to a small élite—the women of the Faubourg, whom Proust observed in the gowns, but only in the privacy of their homes, and a few more daring women in the arts, such as Eleonora Duse, Isadora Duncan, and Ruth St. Denis, who began to wear them for public soirées and for their performances. Fortuny reached his largest and most obviously fashion-following audience in the nineteen-twenties and thirties, and it was in this period that he became widely known in America. The same clothes were worn for different reasons. Before the Great War, they seemed to carry on a tradition of idealistic and artistic female dress begun with the nineteenth-century Pre-Raphaelites and Aesthetes. After the war, they seemed liberated, even slightly naughty, and totally modern attire for wear to cocktail parties in the Jazz Age. The years leading to the Second World War saw a gradual decline in the designer's popularity in Europe, although he was still quite popular in America, thanks to the efforts of a businesswoman named Elsie McNeill. In the fifties, Fortuny's garments were largely relegated to closets and attics, and the Delphos pleats lay coiled in their special little boxes. But the end of the nineteen-sixties saw them sinuously out in the world again, rediscovered by a new audience—of young women with fashion tastes that ran to nostalgia for the quality of past creations. The seventies saw full-scale rehabilitation for Fortuny, with serious exhibitions and escalating prices at Sotheby's and Christie's. The designer's devotees are given to saying that he is beyond fashion, that his artistry is too serious to be covered by a term associated with the frivolous and the temporary. In truth, Fortuny's garments *are* fashion, but of a rare kind that is beautiful, durable, and very passionately felt. Even in his own time, Fortuny was a model of what fashion might have been.

—Kennedy Fraser

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Tiens!

DANCING

Love's Body

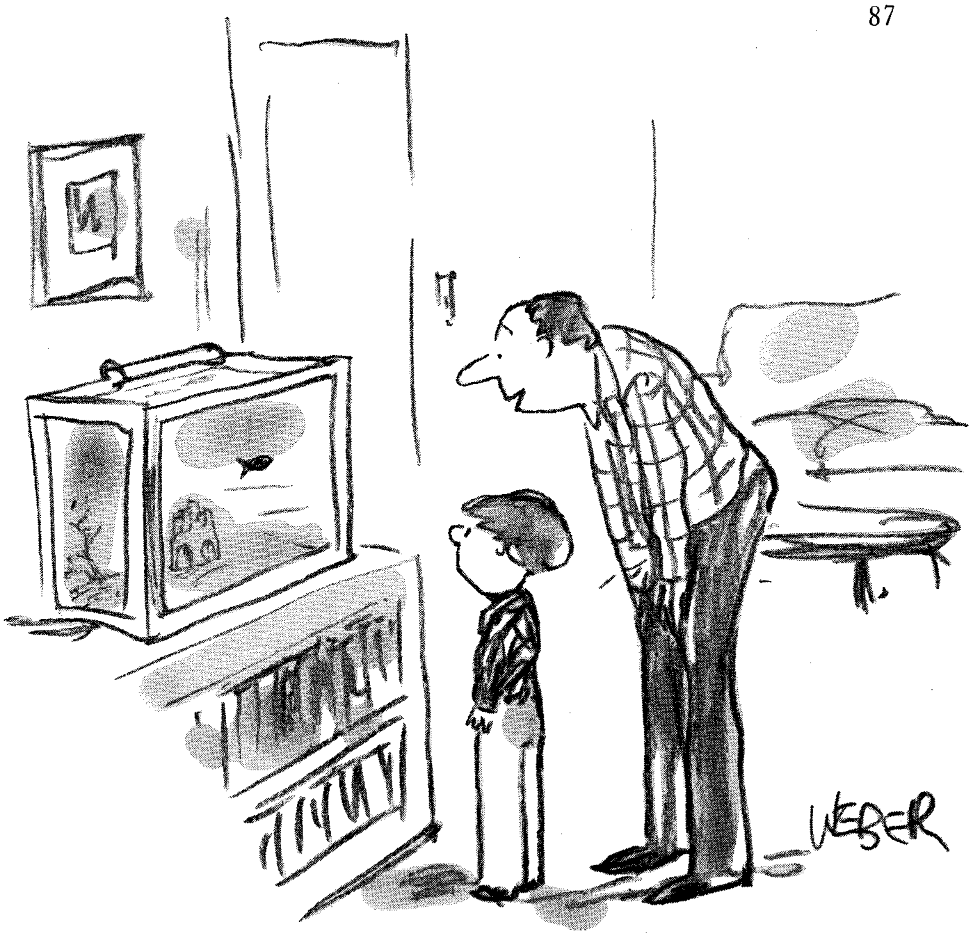
THE subjects that dance cannot touch on, such as war, disease, poverty, and death (as a fact, not as a symbol), are the subjects that fascinate Kenneth MacMillan, or seem to. Add to this list a pervasive concern with sex in its physical aspect, and there is every reason to suspect him of vainglorious ambition, at the most, or opportunism, at the least. MacMillan also likes to adapt popular plays, operas, and movies, and he's invariably to be found right in the thick of the latest international trend in choreography. His two newest works, performed by the Royal Ballet at the Met, are "Gloria" and "Isadora." "Gloria," set to a Poulenc Mass, is a liturgical ballet of the type associated nowadays with the Czech choreographer Jiří Kylián. MacMillan hots up the genre with references to the dead of the First World War; his inspiration was Vera Brittain's 1933 autobiography, "Testament of Youth," which became a best-seller all over again in England when the BBC dramatized it last year. As for "Isadora," its multimedia precedents include a fair number of ballets so bad one wonders why MacMillan wasn't dissuaded from launching his own. "Isadora" contains twice as many erotic pas de deux as the last MacMillan full-evening ballet, "Mayerling." It deals in the touchiest of all the subjects on the untouchable list—dance itself. And it complicates things still further by adopting two narrative devices that have never worked properly in dance—past-tense reflection and double casting. Isadora Duncan is played by an actress, Mary Miller, and also by a dancer, Merle Park (alternating with Sandra Conley). The familiarity—the tackiness—of these devices (not even Martha Graham ever fully got away with them) does not ease our understanding of whatever it was that MacMillan wished to say about the life and work of Isadora. So now he caps his sins of volition with the sin of poor craftsmanship.

But all that, as Sam Spade says in "The Maltese Falcon," is on one side. It is easy to compile a case against MacMillan; on the other side stands the fact of his talent. MacMillan's work, even when it is shoddy, is so much stronger and more stageworthy than the hackwork it resembles that charges of blind ambition and bad taste are irrelevant. The worst thing about "Isadora" is that it's not really MacMillan's show; it's Gillian Freeman's. Miss Freeman is the scenarist of "Isadora," as she was of "Mayerling;" her specialty seems to be reducing movies to scenic occasions for MacMillan's choreography, only here she has the upper hand. If "Mayerling" resembled a silent movie arranged for the stage, "Isadora" is like an illustrated lecture. But MacMillan, who was imaginatively caught up in the death-degradation-disease themes of "Mayerling," seems uninvolved and uninterested in any aspect of "Isadora" save the love scenes. With so much use of speech (the script quotes "My Life" extensively as well as six other Duncan books), with the most calamitous scenes in Isadora's life punctuated by outcries of pain (both actress and dancer yell lustily), the dancing was bound to take a subservient role. And, the way the climaxes are handled, the re-creations of Duncan's dances really have no place. Her bereavement, for instance, is staged three different ways. The lifeless bodies of the children are brought in, heralded by Paris Singer, who, aghast, stumbles and falls again and again, and rises as Isadora falls, and falls again as she rises, and when the rising and falling and rolling and tangling cease Merle Park opens her mouth in a silent scream and Mary Miller wails from across the stage. That's one treatment. Next, a lengthy, hushed scene of spectators in the rain witnessing the cortège. Umbrellas fold one after another as the two small coffins pass, followed by Miller as Isadora, a grand figure in a long purple mantle and train. A woman starts to address her in a broken voice: "Isadora—!" She passes on. Next, Park as Isadora dances her bereavement, only she doesn't. We've already seen enough, and the pastiche of Duncan dance which MacMillan has contrived for this moment is too frail to support such a statement. It's too frail throughout the ballet. MacMillan can't make Duncan dancing as lurid as its biographical context, and he's fearful of condescending to it, so he concentrates not on the dancer but on her intimate life and colorful times. He satirizes the fossilized ballet of Duncan's period (the Alhambra, not the Maryinsky) with a vengeance that Duncan herself might well have thought excessive, and he has his merry way with a tribe of vaudeville flamenco dancers, with all social dances from the tango to the Charleston, and with Loie Fuller. Fuller, who was celebrated by the poets and artists of her day, presented abstract spectacles of light on waving silk. She doesn't come off well in the films that were made of her, but that is no reason to take her any less seriously than Edward Gordon Craig, who also experimented with abstract design in the theatre, and whom Freeman and MacMillan take very seriously indeed. Fuller's act as staged by MacMillan looks like her filmed "Fire Dance" with a Charlie Chaplin ending. But while Fuller's historical importance is ground to rubble, the episode of the Fuller dancer who accosted Isadora is inflated into a full-blown lesbian pas de deux, with poor Monica Mason suppliant in a union suit of gold lamé. (Duncan's problem with Nursey, as she relates in "My Life," was not lesbianism but homicidal mania. And in Duncan's version the whole episode is comically dismissed.)

The Nursey incident is the first of many in which Isadora is treated by MacMillan as a sex object. And treated none too kindly or gently. Isadora's men, from the Hungarian actor Oskar Beregi (Derek Deane) to Craig (Julian Hosking) to Singer (Derek Rencher) and Sergei Esenin (Stephen Jefferies), are all depicted in the quality of their sexual passion for her. Beregi, the "Romeo" to whom she so famously lost her virginity, is affectionate but callous; the rest are brutal, overmastering men. Not even the anonymous gigolo (Ashley Page) or the Man on the Beach (Ross MacGibbon), who fathered her third child, handles her tenderly. There are so many floor-slamming, whizbang adagios, with so many acrobatic crotch-held lifts, that they cancel each other out; the heaving and flailing limbs, the convolutions that turn Merle Park's body into Silly Putty cease to have impact. The only one of these panting pas de deux that carries any expressive charge after the first big one (with Craig) is the one with Esenin, in which Isadora really is pulped, and her desperation and exhaustion ought to be moving. But by the time Esenin appears, in Act II, the audience is punch-drunk. And we're also confused: is MacMillan showing us a series of sadomasochistic relationships or is the violence inherent in his idea of heterosexual passion? The only other key MacMillan composes in—rapture—is the same as violence, but with heads thrown back in ecstasy. Thus it is that Isadora, radiant, ravenous, succumbs to Craig, and thus it was for most of the way in "Manon." In "Mayerling" (a ballet that has never been shown in New York; "Manon" was last seen here five years ago), MacMillan for the first time used the pas de deux not merely to indicate at-it-again sex but to define specific erotic atmospheres crucial to his theme. Rudolf, the syphilitic prince who carried out a suicide pact with his mistress, was in history's view politically frustrated, but in MacMillan's view he was also a prisoner of sex, and each pas de deux was a dramatic fulcrum. MacMillan had found the perfect dynamic metaphor for his drama of venery. In "Isadora," nothing thematic hinges on those pas de deux. Whether Isadora was a masochist, whether she was sexually insatiable are questions that lie apart from and are pathetically diminished by the blows dealt her by fate. MacMillan can only depict the blows as they occurred; no strategy works to pull them into complicity with a psychosexual analysis of Isadora's character. Yet MacMillan's insistence on the sex life—far too heavily and artfully worked to be mere titillation—suggests that he does think there's some fateful complicity somewhere. The first half of the evening ends with Isadora howling in childbirth; the second half ends with her lying dead in the Bugatti as her last words are intoned: "*Adieu, mes amis. Je vais à la gloire.*" Does MacMillan think God punished her for a whore?

I'd suspect "Gloria" of attempting psychosexual analysis of the Lost Generation, right there on the battlefield, if it didn't seem more likely that MacMillan is failing here the same way he failed in "Isadora"—with significant form. (Or, to move from one of Clive Bell's terms to one of T. S. Eliot's, his objective correlative has got out of hand.) The metaphors in MacMillan's work are not all sexual. Still, sex is the ruling metaphor; it's what lends urgency and fluency to his dance language. Amid so much that is misguided and misapplied in "Gloria"—starting with the sung Latin Mass as accompaniment for a ballet—it may be trivial to cite MacMillan's metaphors; after all, any ballet put where God can see it would look trivial. But MacMillan's offense is not only the one against taste—it's also an offense against meaning. He brings on tin-helmeted soldiers, covered with the dust of the trenches, and also a whole slew of wispy girls in gray. Ghosts or memories of wives and lovers, angels of mercy or of death—we're never sure who they're supposed to be. MacMillan's acrobatic-expressionistic dance language is similarly ambivalent. In its continual self-investigation, its kneading and twisting and joining of body shapes and body parts, it reaches a kind of creative delirium—a mystique of physique. A language so powerfully organic forces into being a connective logic almost as a natural consequence of its growth, and a choreographer may take these dumb intuitive connections for signs of ideas. I think that in "Gloria" MacMillan uses this tumescent language for a comparatively modest purpose—to show how it was between men and women in the war—and the language inflates and perverts his meaning unconscionably. In the Agnus Dei section, he takes the basic Kylián unit of two men and one woman and manipulates it to its nearest correlative in life (that is to say, in sex), and he doesn't stop until he has got an image of the woman pronged between the two men. It's like that so much of the time in "Gloria" that we have to decide on a theme. The title "Gloria" means what Isadora's "*la gloire*" meant—death. But the death that hangs over the boys and girls of the ballet has nothing to do with the war. So "Gloria" isn't about war—it's about choreography trying to be ideas. If death is present at all, it's in the orgasmic extinction of a metaphor.

MacMillan's ideas don't inevitably turn into porn—only his big ideas do, the ideas that are needed for the big subjects. You could say that "La Fin du Jour" is about culture and style at the dawn of the technological age, but MacMillan hasn't approached it that way. I think he began by moving his dancers around like robots, and the "meanings" took off from there, just



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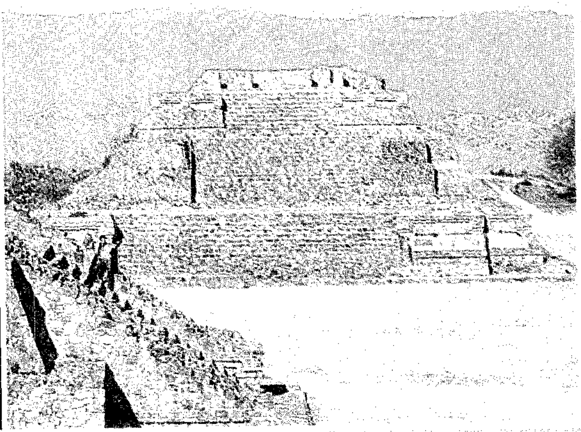
as they do when he's manipulating gross anatomy. What saves "La Fin du Jour" from grandiosity is that it *starts* with a metaphor not of its own making ("like robots") and builds up novelty as it goes along. It's a superficial ballet, but then it has superficiality as a subject. I wish MacMillan could have shown more ballets like it this season. (Or just more ballets; as the Royal's principal choreographer, he was surely entitled to more than three ballets in three weeks.) But I can see the mishap of "Isadora" as a logical outcome of "Mayerling" and "Gloria." It's the ultimate trap for self-reflexive choreography—a ballet about a dancer. MacMillan gets caught the minute he tries to make a dramatically expressive solo for Isadora in a style other than Duncan pastiche. The moment occurs during one of Isadora's visits to Russia, when she sees, or thinks she sees, children's coffins. The solo, which is made up of floorwork unmistakably in the Graham style, is highly ambiguous in every other respect. It might be MacMillan's homage to Graham as a Duncan descendant, but surely it isn't: Martha Graham is a descendant of Ruth St. Denis. It might be Isadora expressing her grief over the casualties of czarist persecution. It might be Isadora telling Craig (who is present) that she is pregnant. The one thing it can't be is Isadora showing him a new dance, although the Russian dance school that she was not to start until the next decade comes into being on the spot. "Isadora" as a dance drama is undone by scenes like this. Perhaps MacMillan and Freeman should have produced "Marilyn." Think of that death scene! Think of all the pas de deux!

The dance-sex-death nexus of "Mayerling" would be possible in "Isadora" only if it weren't a ballet—if, that is, Gillian Freeman's ideas dominated the stage completely. But then that nexus, faint and furtive though it may be, is the only thing that keeps this "Isadora" from being a stage version of the Vanessa Redgrave film of 1968, and it's MacMillan's contribution. The ballet leaves out the unconsummated loves, such as Heinrich Thode, Gabriele D'Annunzio, and, most conspicuously, Konstantin Stanislavski, whose effect on Isadora drove her to hot and cold Russian baths. These men weren't in the movie, either, though they might well have been. The ballet keeps having to fight off comparisons not only with that movie but with any movie. Compared with what goes on nowadays in X-rated films, MacMillan's sex scenes are nothing. I'm not even sure they are pornographic. Dancers' bodies as we see them on the stage are stripped of those sexual attributes which might get in the way of the dance. Can there be porn without flesh? MacMillan is the only choreographer in the world who could have posed the question.

Because it's not really a ballet, "Isadora" is not the kind of work in which casting matters a great deal. It's no secret that the leading role was intended for the former Royal ballerina Lynn Seymour, who a few years ago danced a memorable Isadora in a ballet by Frederick Ashton, and who, years before that, was a MacMillan discovery—his Juliet and his Anastasia. The dancer on whom the role was actually constructed, Merle Park, is a little thin and sallow for Isadora but is a keenly intelligent performer nonetheless. Though Sandra Conley, with her bigger legs, long arms, and full-toned port de bras, looks more like the pictures of Isadora that obviously inspired MacMillan, she's less dramatically incisive, and her size makes her harder for the men to throw around. Mary Miller, a tall, full-figured woman, does the speaking role with a flawless American accent. Her young Isadora is a vim-and-vigor Californian, a bit too games-mistressy for the poet-philosopher that Isadora was even then. In later scenes, wearing a kimono and a magenta wig, she's a portly trollop. She attempts one dance solo, "La Marseillaise," and comes off quite a bit worse than Redgrave did in "The Internationale." Do the British, who have no tradition of modern dance, really believe that a fair account of Isadora's performing can be given by an amateur? (When Isadora bares her breast to the Boston audience, though, it has to be the actress who does it, not the dancer.) "Isadora" has an original score, by Richard Rodney Bennett, that supports it at every turn without claiming any distinction for itself. It includes discreet imitations of the Brahms, Liszt, and Chopin piano music to which Isadora performed. The designer is the resourceful Barry Kay. By means of a curtain hung from a steel ring, a few screens and projections, and some atmospheric bric-a-brac, he follows Isadora from London to Berlin, from Boston to Nice, and his St. Petersburg railway station may be

Folkloric Dancing.



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Maxell Corporation of America, 60 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, N.J. 07074 the only justification for that ambiguous dance scene. Almost as good is his bright-blue Bugatti, enshrined center stage like a mummy's tomb before it is driven a few feet down a ramp, with Isadora inside.

MacMillan's three ballets may be seen as three ballets in a series. The machine age that is prefigured at the end of "Gloria," when the women's bodies turn into airplanes, and that is elaborately depicted in those same terms in "La Fin du Jour" may well have links to that Bugatti. (Isadora, having seen the Diaghilev ballet "hopping madly about in Picasso pictures," writes to Craig, "If that is Art I prefer Aviation.") "La Fin du Jour" gives us the Riviera world of mechanized sensation which Isadora knew in her last days, where modes of travel and leisure, sex and fashion—where human beings themselves—seem to have rolled off the same assembly line. MacMillan's meaning, enhanced by Ian Spurling's designs, is in the movement. In "Gloria," Andy Klunder's designs and the quotation from Vera Brittain which is inscribed in the program notes lend the ballet a meaning that the choreography doesn't project. A few years ago, MacMillan did "Requiem," another liturgical ballet, for the Stuttgart Ballet; it was a major contribution to the solemn new expressionism being promoted then at the Stuttgart and since then throughout Europe. The ballet, a memorial to John Cranko, was revoltingly sanctimonious. It had a tricky décor, by Yolanda Sonnabend, which contributed nothing to it. MacMillan did it in Stuttgart because Covent Garden's board of directors had raised objections to his chosen music, Fauré's Requiem. ("Song of the Earth" had initially been resisted for the same reason.) What caused the board's change of heart over "Gloria" I have no idea. But I think "Requiem" may be the ballet that Covent Garden believes it has now in "Gloria." Apart from the inevitable crucifixion imagery, "Gloria" isn't pious, and it certainly isn't patriotic. It's only the ballet that at that moment MacMillan wanted or was driven to make.

—Arlene Croce

•

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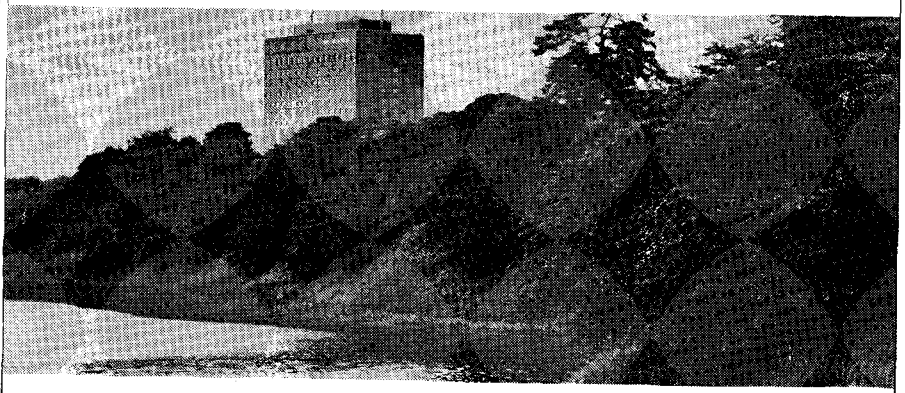

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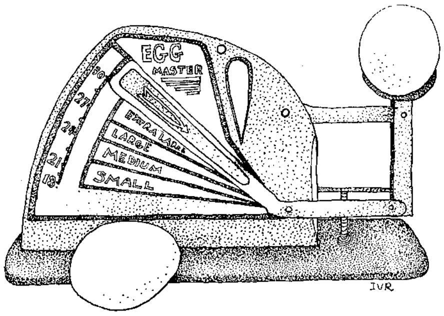
AT Princeton University, off and on since winter, I have observed the physicist Theodore B. Taylor standing like a mountaineer on the summit of what appears to be a five-hundred-ton Sno-Kone. Taylor now calls himself a "nuclear dropout." His has been, at any rate, a semicircular career, beginning at Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, where, as an imaginative youth in his twenties, he not only miniaturized the atomic bomb but also designed the largest-yield fission bomb that had ever been exploded anywhere. In his thirties, he moved on to General Atomic, in La Jolla, to lead a project called Orion, his purpose being to construct a spaceship sixteen stories high and as voluminous as a college dormitory, in which he personally meant to take off from a Nevada basin and set a course for Pluto, with intermediate stops on Ganymede, Rhea, and Dione—ice-covered satellites of Jupiter and Saturn. The spaceship Orion, with its wide flat base, would resemble the nose of a bullet, the head of a rocket, the ogival hat of a bishop. It would travel at a hundred thousand miles an hour and be driven by two thousand fission bombs. Taylor's colleague Freeman Dyson meant to go along, too, extending spectacularly a leave of absence from the Institute for Advanced Study, in Princeton. The project was developing splendidly when the nuclear treaty of 1963 banned explosions in space and the atmosphere. Taylor quelled his dreams, and turned to a sombre subject. Long worried about the possibility of clandestine manufacture of nuclear bombs by individuals or small groups of terrorists, he spent his forties enhancing the protection of weapons-grade uranium and plutonium where it exists in private industries throughout the world. And now, in his fifties—and with the exception of his service as a member of the President's Commission on the Accident at Three Mile Island—he has gone flat-out full-time in pursuit of sources of energy that avoid the use of fission and of fossil fuel, one example of which is the globe of ice he has caused to be made in Princeton. "This isn't Ganymede," he informs me, scuffing big crystals under his feet. "But it's almost as exciting."

Taylor's hair is salt-and-peppery now but still stands in a thick youthful wave above his dark eyebrows and luminous brown eyes. He is tall, and he remains slim. What he has set out to do is to air-condition large buildings or whole suburban neighborhoods using less than ten per cent of the electricity required to cool them by conventional means, thereby saving more than ninety per cent of the oil that might be used to make the electricity. This way and that, he wants to take the "E" out of OPEC. The ice concept is simple. He grins and calls it "simple-minded—putting old and new ideas together in a technology appropriate to our time." You scoop out a depression in the ground, he explains—say, fifteen feet deep and sixty feet across—and line it with plastic. In winter, you fill it with a ball of ice. In summer, you suck ice water from the bottom and pump it indoors to an exchanger that looks something like an automobile radiator and cools air that is flowing through ducts. The water, having picked up some heat from the building, is about forty-five degrees as it goes back outside, where it emerges through shower heads and rains on the porous ice. Percolating to the bottom, the water is cooled as it descends, back to thirty-two degrees. Taylor calls this an ice pond. A modest number of ice ponds could cool, for example, the District of Columbia, saving the energy equivalent of one and a half million barrels of oil each summer.

The initial problem was how to make the ice. Taylor first brooded about this some years ago when he was researching the theoretical possibilities of constructing greenhouses that would aggregately cover tens of millions of acres and solve the pollution problems of modern agriculture. The greenhouses had to be cooled. He thought of making ice in winter and using it in summer. For various regions, he calculated how much ice you would have to make in order to have something left on Labor Day. How much with insulation? How much without insulation? The volumes were small enough to be appealing. How to make the ice? If you were to create a pond of water and merely let it freeze, all you would get, of course, would be a veneer that would break up with the arrival of spring. Ice could be compiled by freezing layer upon layer, but in most places in the United States six or eight feet would be the maximum thickness attainable in an average winter, and that would not be enough. Eventually, he thought of artificial snow. Ski trails were covered with it not only in Vermont and New Hampshire but also in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and even in North Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama. To make ice, Taylor imagined, one might increase the amount of water moving through a ski-resort snow machine. The product would be slush. In a pondlike receptacle, water would drain away from the slush. It could be pumped out and put back through the machine. What remained in the end would be a ball of ice.



Taylor had meanwhile become a part-time professor at Princeton, and on one of his frequent visits to the university from his home in Maryland he showed his paper ice ponds to colleagues at the university's Center for Energy and Environmental Studies. The Center spent a couple of years seeking funds from the federal government for an ice-pond experiment, but the government was not interested. In 1979, the Prudential Insurance Company of America asked the university to help design a pair of office buildings—to be built just outside Princeton—that would be energy-efficient and innovative in as many ways as possible. Robert Socolow, a physicist who is the Center's director, brought Taylor into the Prudential project, and Taylor soon had funds for his snow machine, his submersible pumps, his hole in the ground.

AT Los Alamos, when Taylor got together on paper the components of a novel bomb he turned over his numbers and his ideas to other people, who actually made the device. Had such a job been his to do, there would have been no bombs at all. His mind is replete with technology but innocent of technique. He cannot competently change a tire. He has difficulty opening doors. The university hired Don Kirkpatrick, a consulting solar engineer, to assemble and operate

"So it's nine great big votes yes and one teeny-weeny little vote no."

• •

appropriate hardware, while unskilled laborers such as Taylor and Freeman Dyson would spread insulating materials over the ice or just stand by to comment.

"The first rule of technology is that no one can tell in advance whether a piece of technology is any good," Dyson said one day. "It will hang on things that are unforeseeable. In groping around, one wants to try things out that are quick and cheap and find out what doesn't work. The Department of Energy has many programs and projects—solar-energy towers and other grandiose schemes—with a common characteristic: no one can tell whether they're any good or not, and they're so big it will take at least five years and probably ten to find out. This ice pond is something you can do cheaply and quickly, and see whether it works."

A prototype pond was tried in the summer of 1980. It was dug beside a decrepit university storage building, leaky with respect to air and water, that had cinder-block walls and a flat roof. Size of an average house, there were twenty-four hundred square feet of space inside. Summer temperatures in the nineties are commonplace in New Jersey, and in musty rooms under that flat roof temperatures before the ice pond were sometimes close to a hundred and thirty. The 1980 pond was square—seventy-five feet across and fifteen feet deep. It contained a thousand tons of ice for a while, but more than half of that melted before insulation was applied: six inches of dry straw between sheets of polyethylene, weighed down with bald tires. Even so, the old building was filled most of the time from June to September with crisp October air. Something under seven tons of ice would melt away on a hot day. Nonetheless, at the end of summer a hundred tons remained. "It's a nice alternative to fossil fuels," Robert Socolow commented. "It has worked too well to be forgotten."

The concept having been successfully tested, the next imperative was to refine the art—technically, economically, and aesthetically. "The point is to make it elegant this time," said Freeman Dyson, and, from its hexagonal concrete skirt to its pure-white reflective cover, "elegant" is the word for the 1981 pond. Concealing the ice is a tentlike Dacron-covered free-span steel structure with six ogival sides—a cryodesic dome—which seems to emerge from the earth like the nose of a bullet, the head of a rocket, the hat of a bishop. Lift a flap and step inside. Look up at the summit of a white tower under insulation. Five hundred tons of ice—fifty-eight feet across the middle—rise to a conical peak, under layers of polyethylene foam, sewn into fabric like enormous quilts. It is as if the tip of the Jungfrau had been wrapped by Christo.

Taylor, up on the foam, completes his inspection of the ice within, whose crystals are jagged when they first fall from the snow machine, and later, like glacier ice, recrystallize more than once into spheres of increasing diameter until the ultimate substance is very hard and resembles a conglomerate of stream gravel. The U.S. Army's Cold Regions Research and Engineering Laboratory has cored it with instruments of the type used on glaciers in Alaska. Suspended from a girder high above Taylor's head and pointing at the summit of the ice is something that appears to be a small naval cannon with a big daisy stuck in its muzzle. This is SMI SnowStream 320, the machine that made the ice. In its days of winter operation, particles plumed away from it like clouds of falling smoke. Unlike many such machines, it does not require compressed air but depends solely on its daisy-petalled propeller blades of varying length for maximum effectiveness in disassembling water. "We are harvesting the cold of winter for use in the summer," Taylor says. "This is natural solar refrigeration, powered by the wind. Wind brings cold air to us, freezes the falling water, and takes the heat away. We are rolling with nature—trying to make use of nature instead of fighting it. That machine cost seven thousand dollars. It can make about eight thousand tons of ice in an average winter here in Princeton—for thirty-five dollars a hundred tons. A hundred tons is enough to air-condition almost any house, spring to fall. In the course of a winter, that machine could make ten thousand tons of ice in Boston, seven thousand in Washington, D.C., fifteen thousand in Chicago, thirty thousand in Casper, Wyoming, fifty thousand in Minneapolis, and, if anybody cares, a hundred thousand tons of ice in Fairbanks. The lower the temperature, the more water you can move through the machine. We don't want dry snow, of course. Snow is too fluffy. We want slop. We want wet sherbet. At twenty degrees Fahrenheit, we can move fifty gallons a minute through the machine. The electricity that drives the snow machine amounts to a very small fraction of the electricity that is saved by the cooling capacity of the ice. In summer, electrical pumps circulate the

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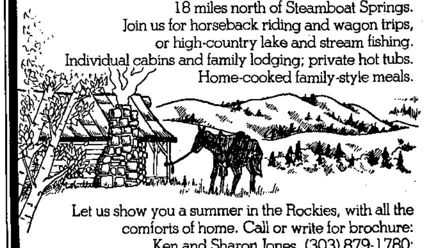

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A MAN who could devise atomic bombs and then plan to use them to drive himself to Pluto might be expected to expand his thinking if he were to create a little hill of ice. Taylor has lately been mulling the potentialities of abandoned rock quarries. You could fill an old rock quarry a quarter of a mile wide with several million tons of ice and then pile up more ice above ground as high as the Washington Monument. One of those could air-condition a hundred thousand homes. With all that volume, there would be no need for insulation. You would build pipelines at least ten feet in diameter and aim them at sweltering cities, where heat waves and crime waves would flatten in the water-cooled air. You could make ice reservoirs comparable in size to New York's water reservoirs and pipe ice water to the city from a hundred miles away. After the water had served as a coolant, it would be fed into the city's water supply.

"You could store grain at fifty degrees in India," Taylor goes on. "We're exploring that. The idea is to build an aqueduct to carry an ice slurry from the foothills of the Himalaya down to the Gangetic plain. With an insulated cover over the aqueduct, the amount of ice lost in, say, two hundred miles would be trivial—if the aqueduct is more than ten feet across. In place of electric refrigeration, dairies could use ice ponds to cool milk. Most cheese factories could use at least fifty thousand tons of ice a year. If all the cheese factories in the United States were to do that, they alone would save, annually, about six million barrels of oil. When natural gas comes out of the earth, it often contains too much water vapor to be suitable for distribution. One way to get rid of most of the water is to cool the gas to forty degrees. If ice ponds were used to cool, say, half the natural gas that is produced in this country, they would save the equivalent of ten million barrels of oil each year. Massive construction projects, such as dams, use amazing amounts of electricity to cool concrete while it hardens, sometimes for as much as three years. Ice ponds could replace the electricity. Ice ponds could cool power plants more effectively than environmental water does, and therefore make the power plants more efficient. Ice would also get rid of the waste heat in a manner more acceptable than heating up a river. In places like North Dakota, you can make ice with one of these machines for a few cents a ton—and the coolant would be economically advantageous in all sorts of industrial processing."

Taylor shivers a little, standing on the ice, and, to warm himself, he lights a cigarette. "You could also use snow machines to freeze seawater," he continues. "As seawater freezes, impurities migrate away from it, and you are left with a concentrated brine rich in minerals, and with frozen water that is almost pure—containing so little salt you can't taste it. As seawater comes out of the snow machine and the spray is freezing in the air, the brine separates from the pure frozen water as it falls. To use conventional refrigeration—to use an electric motor to run a compressor to circulate Freon to freeze seawater—is basically too costly. The cost of freezing seawater with a ski-slope machine is less than a hundredth the cost of freezing seawater by the conventional system. There are sixty-six pounds of table salt in a ton of seawater, almost three pounds of magnesium, a couple of pounds of sulphur, nearly a pound of calcium, lesser amounts of potassium, bromine, boron, and so forth. Suppose you had a ship making ice from seawater with snow machines that had been enlarged and adapted for the purpose. You would produce a brine about ten times as concentrated with useful compounds as the original seawater. It would be a multifarious ore. Subsequent extraction of table salt, magnesium, fertilizers, and other useful material from the brine would make all these products cheaper than they would be if they were extracted from unconcentrated seawater by other methods. The table salt alone would pay for the ship. You could separate it out for a dollar a ton. A ship as large as a supertanker could operate most of the year, shuttling back and forth from the Arctic to the Antarctic. At latitudes like that, you can make twenty times as much ice as you can in Princeton."

"What do you do with the ice?"

"Your options are to return it to the sea or to put it in a skirt and haul it as an iceberg to a place where they need fresh water. The Saudis and the French have been looking into harvesting icebergs in Antarctica and towing them to the Red Sea. Someone has described this as bringing the mountain to Muhammad. I would add that if you happen to live in a place like New York the mountain is right at your doorstep—all you have to do is make it. The cost of making fresh water for New York City with snow machines and seawater would be less than the cost of delivered water there now. Boston looks awfully good—twice as good as Princeton. Boston could make fresh water, become a major producer of table salt and magnesium and sulphur, and air-condition itself—in one operation. All they have to do is make ice. It would renew Boston. More than a hundred years ago, people cut ice out of ponds there and shipped it around Cape Horn to San Francisco. When this country was getting going, one of Boston's main exports was ice." —JOHN MCPHEE

◆

The Soviet ship carried Russian wording on its bow and the word "EKWATOR" amidships along with a red star. Some seamen could be seen on its bow.

In Washington, administration sources said the Soviet ship was cruising outside the 12-mile territorial limit apparently to monitor sea trials by the first Trident missile-carrying submarine next week. A Coast Guard spokesman identified the Soviet ship as the Ekwator.—*Denver (Colo.) Rocky Mountain News.*

Good work, spokesman!

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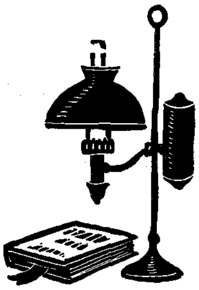


HEMINGWAY signed his early letters Ernest, Ernie, EH, Hemingstein, Hemmy, Stein, Hem, Wemedge, Steen, Love Pups, Oin, Yogi Liveright, and Herbert J. Messkit. Such a wealth of inventive and jocular monickers suggests a powerful wish to be somebody, whatever it takes. A few days before his nineteenth birthday, he became, he wrote his family back in Oak Park, "the first American wounded in Italy." While recovering from this, the most important wound in his life of many wounds, he was the youngest patient at the Milan Red Cross Hospital, and while still there received a promotion that made him, he proudly told his father, "the youngest 1st Lieut. in the Army." Returning home, he began a campaign against—he wrote his fellow-veteran James Gamble—"the Sat. Eve. Post. I sent them the first story Monday last. And havent heard any thing yet of course. Tomorrow another one starts toward them. I'm going to send 'em so many and such good ones, no, I haven't really got the big head, that they're going to have to buy them in self defence." He did not sign himself Papa until 1927, in a letter to Archibald MacLeish. Indeed, he employed this most famous of his sobriquets rather more sparingly than one might expect—largely in relation to younger writers for whom he adopted a paternal fondness (Lillian Ross, George Plimpton), to a few favored females who appeared to him in a daughterly aspect (Marlene Dietrich, Adriana Ivancich), and to his own three sons. A letter to Harvey Breit in 1954 he signed Papa and then thought better of it, crossing it out and writing instead Ernest. (After the publication of "The Old Man and the Sea" in *Life*, he complained to Wallace Meyer, "Then some perfectly innocent character thinks he bought the right to call you 'Papa' by paying 20 cents for the copy of LIFE and you say, 'I may be your father but you look like a son of a bitch to me,' and the next thing you have hurt somebody's feelings and you have to cool him to put him out of his misery.") To his first wife, Hadley, Hemingway was Tatie or Edward Everett Waxen, and to Mary Welsh, who became his fourth and last wife, he was Bear Mountain or Old Mountain Man or Your Big Kitten. Three letters to Lillian Ross, who brought out in him a maximum of playfulness, are signed Mister Papa, Mr. Pappa, and H. von H., which is short for Huck von Hemingstein, a self-designation merging his ideal concepts of himself as an Old World gallant and an incarnation of the American literary genius epitomized by "Huckleberry Finn." "All modern American literature comes from one book by Mark Twain called Huckleberry Finn. . . . It's the best book we've had. All American writing comes from that. There was nothing before. There has been nothing as good since." So he claimed in "Green Hills of Africa;" the other quotations above come from Hemingway's "Selected Letters 1917-1961," edited by Carlos Baker (Scribners; $27.50).

Hemingway did not want his letters published. In 1958, he wrote his executors, "It is my wish that none of the letters written by me during my lifetime shall be published. Accordingly, I hereby request and direct you not to publish or consent to the publication by others, of any such letters." He did not regard himself as a good letter writer, and frequently ends a letter with an apology for it: "This letter is stupid;" "Please forgive such a stupid letter;" "Please forgive me for writing dull and stupid letters." Of his missives to Charles Scribner, Sr., many of which are printed in this volume, he wrote to Wallace Meyer:

> I think you or the family should take great care that nobody gets hold of them nor that they are ever "consulted" by any of the personal approach critics; or any critics or biographers. The personal letters are often libellous, always indiscreet, often obscene and many of them could make great trouble.

During his lifetime, especially after the cost of being somebody had grown exorbitant, he bitterly resented and resisted invasions of his privacy by scholars. To Charles A. Fenton, the author of "The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway: The Early Years" (1954), he declared, "The writing published in books is what I stand on and I would like people to leave my private life the hell alone. What right has anyone to go into it? I say no right at all." When Fenton proposed to publish some of Hemingway's early, unsigned journalism, he was told, "Writing that I do not wish to publish, you have no right to publish. I would no more do a thing like that to you than I would cheat a man at cards or rifle his desk or wastebasket or read his personal letters." And to Arthur Mizener, the biographer of Scott Fitzgerald, Hemingway once wrote, "I figure to have all my papers and uncompleted Mss. burned when I am buried. I don't want that sort of shit to go on." Yet here, just twenty years after the great man's death, we have a towering excremental heap—nearly six hundred letters and over nine hundred pages published through the connivance of Mary Hemingway, her attorney Alfred Rice, Charles Scribner, Jr., and Carlos Baker. By one of those disservices of which only reverence is capable, the letters are all reproduced uncut (Hemingway was not naturally laconic, it turns out) and with their "endearing" misspellings carefully preserved. One reaction seems certain: Hemingway, who so heroically strove to keep anything inferior from his pen out of hard covers, and who even at his most flamboyant retained strict notions of propriety and dignity vis-à-vis his reading public, would have hated this overlong, sludgy, and frequently humiliating book.

WELL, what's done is done. As a piece of manufacture and editorial work, the volume warrants an A-minus, perhaps a B-plus. Mr. Baker knows his Hemingway, but the apparatus of footnotes is minimal, with frequent references, in lieu of helpful explication, to "Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story," by the same Carlos Baker (1969), which in turn derives much of its content from summary of these same letters. The biography alludes to a number of interesting letters (for example, a letter of August 18, 1938, to Mrs. Paul Pfeiffer, his mother-in-law at the time, describing his break with Catholicism and prayer because of the conduct of the Spanish Church during the Civil War; a letter of

August 27, 1940, to Arnold Gingrich, of *Esquire*, "computing what *For Whom the Bell Tolls* had cost him;" and a number of his last sad, wild communications to Mary Hemingway from Spain) that are not present in this selection. Without knowing the full correspondence, as only God and Carlos Baker do, one cannot judge the selecting. One can wonder why, if the object is a scholarly monument to a native giant whose every word is precious, a complete, multi-volume edition of letters such as the French are giving Colette and the English have given Virginia Woolf has not been launched; and why, if the intended audience is the general reader, a somewhat less cumbersome and expensive selection was not made. The proceeds, we are piously told, "are to be devoted to the Ernest Hemingway Foundation, which [makes] annual awards in the field of American fiction under the aegis of the P.E.N. Club." Ten dollars off the sale price would have been a well-deserved award to the heroic American book buyer. Yet there is something exiguous about the volume anyway. One letter after another slogs past without a single chapter break or interval of biographical essentials. There is no chronology of Hemingway's life, no bibliography of his works, no glossary of his major correspondents, and no typographical distinction in the index between simple references to a person and letters written to that person. This user found the index erratic. For instance, no reference exists under "Hemingway, Grace Hall" to this definitive blast, in a letter to Charles Scribner, Sr.:

> My mother is very old, her memory is more than spotty and she is addicted to fantastic statements. Lately, because she is so old, I have played the role of a devoted son in case it pleased her. But I hate her guts and she hates mine. She forced my father to suicide . . .

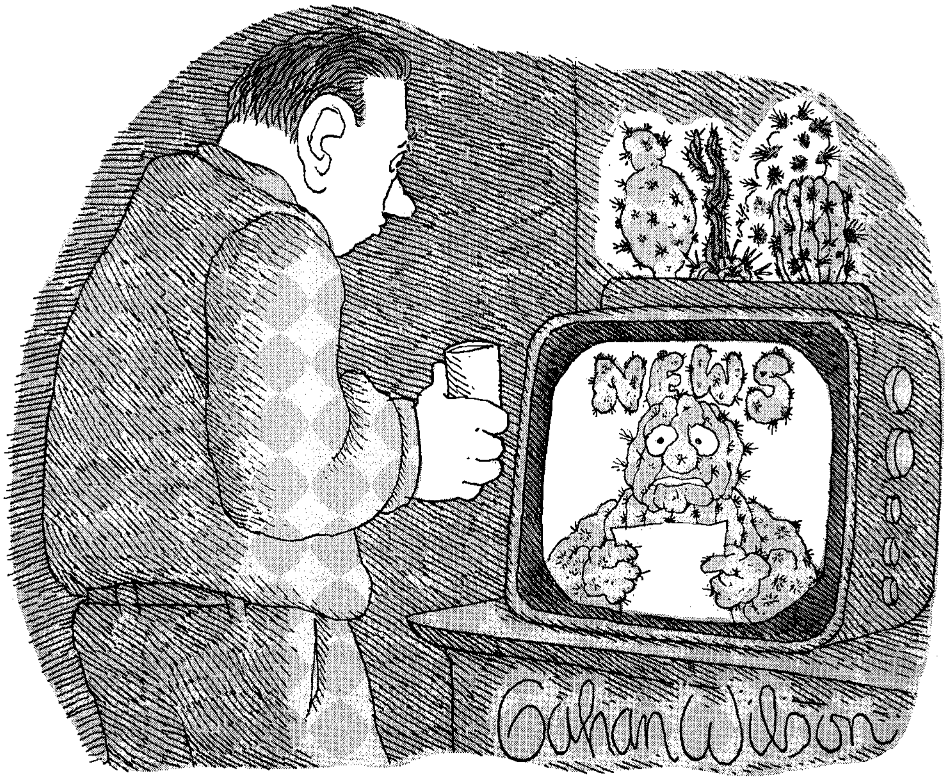
The index also ignores this interesting verdict upon the Spanish philosopher Miguel de Unamuno:

> Do you remember what a dull and conceited man Unamuno was? But often he was right. I used to sit around by the hour listening and waiting for him to be right.

It cannot be said that these letters add anything substantial to the picture of Hemingway's life already provided by his own fiction and journalism, by the heavy publicity he received while alive, by the personal accounts of A. E. Hotchner and Mary Hemingway and others, and by Mr. Baker's own biography. No skeletons such as have been recently found in several Presidential closets come to light. Nor do the letters enhance or soften with newly glimpsed humanity the writer's image, as do the letters of Scott Fitzgerald and John O'Hara. Hemingway in fact is seen in these missives, in their cruel dismissals and constant boasting, as even more of a bully and braggart than we had suspected. Nor are they, like the letters of Kafka and Keats, literature; written usually at the end of a long day of work and play, sometimes with the aid of inhibition-loosening spirits, they are more often than not garrulous, repetitious, and coarse. There are some exceptions: the letters of condolence to Gerald and Sara Murphy and to Mrs. Charles Scribner are quite beautiful, as are the first and last letters in the book—the first a letter to his grandfather from an eighteen-year-old boy who has spent the summer in upper Michigan working on a farm and who is worried about the potato crop and proud of three large rainbow trout he has caught, and the last from a sixty-one-year-old man with a Nobel Prize and a bad case of hypertension writing to console a nine-year-old boy hospitalized with viral heart disease. Himself hospitalized in Minnesota, Hemingway wrote young Frederick Saviers, "Saw some good bass jump in the river. I never knew anything about the upper Mississippi before and it is really a very beautiful country and there are plenty of pheasants and ducks in the fall."

From first to last, his letters do homage to whatever beautiful country the writer is in—part bragging and part simple praise of the world. In a letter to Maxwell Perkins, he described himself as "having a great deal of fondness and admiration for the earth and not a hell of a lot for my generation." His correspondence pulses with the subliminal message "Having wonderful time" that Harry Levin, in his unsurpassed essay upon Hemingway's style (reprinted in last year's "Memories of the Moderns"), saw as the essential burden of those generalized pet adjectives "fine" and "nice" and "good" and "lovely":

> The races at Auteuil with everybody crowded around the big charcoal brazier and a November bright blue sky and the turf hard and the fields good and we watching each race from the top of the stands . . . and we went up in the mountains at a Swiss old brown chalet and skied and had a bob sled and drank hot punch in the evenings and the days were cold and clear and there was lots of snow.
>
> Pamplona is a swell town of about 30,000, on a plateau in the middle of the Mountains of Navarre. Greatest country you ever saw and right on the edge of the only trout fishing that hasn't been ruined by motor cars or railroads. . . . Spain is the real old stuff.
>
> The grub is excellent and there is good red and white wine and 30 kinds of



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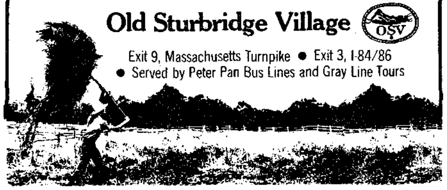
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> beer. . . . It [Shruns, Austria] is a swell place. Wonderful town and the people very God fearing and good drinkers.
>
> We bring our drinking water and ice and fresh vegetables on the pilot boat that comes once a week from Miami. There is no kind of sickness on the island [Bimini] and the average age of people in the cemetery is 85.

The blunt yet somehow urgent and luminous style was there from the start, and can be detected even in the letters written at the age of nine which Mr. Baker quotes in his introduction:

> I looked in a clam that I had brought to school from the river. Had shut down on one of our big Japanese fantail gold fishes tales. On Saturday Mama and I went across the ford at the river.

Words for Hemingway were elemental and chaste, spurning any secondary life of wordplay. In the over four hundred thousand words of these letters, there is rarely a simile—so rarely that this extended metaphor, concerning the sudden death, eleven years after their divorce, of his second wife, Pauline, comes with grotesque effect, as of a pained contortion:

> The wave of remembering has finally risen so that it has broken over the jetty that I built to protect the open roadstead of my heart and I have the full sorrow of Pauline's death with all the harbour scum of what caused it.

Occasionally but not often in the correspondence, a word picture leaps up as sharp as the italicized paragraphs between the stories of "In Our Time." To Harvey Breit, concerning the burial of the Spanish novelist Pío Baroja, in 1956:

> The day was misty with the sun breaking through and burning off over the bare hills and on the way out to the un-consecrated ground cemetery the side of the streets were jammed solid with flowers, the flower sellers stands for Nov 2—All Souls day, and we rode out to the cemetery through the country he wrote about in Hierba Mala, La Busca, and Aurora Roja. There were not too many of us. He was buried in a plain pine coffin, newly painted black so that the paint came off on the faces and the hands of the pall bearers and on their coats.

CERTAIN traits, not especially attractive, of Hemingway's psyche emerge through these letters. He reflexively saw wives as the ruin of their husbands. In 1924, he wrote his Chicago friend William B. Smith, Jr., from Paris, "The number of genuwind all Caucasian white guys in the world is limited. . . . There'd probably be a number more if they didn't marry foecal matter in various forms. There's a guy named Lewis Galantiere over here was a priceless guy and he has been hooked and married by the most absolute copper plated bitch in the world and he aint a good guy any more." Smith's older brother Y. K. and Maxwell Perkins ("Max was Max with five daughters and an idiot wife") and Scott Fitzgerald were among the other priceless guys that Hemingway viewed as unworthily wed. Even Gertrude Stein he saw as maliciously dominated by her companion Alice Toklas. "Alice had the ambition of the devil and was very jealous of Gertrude's men and women friends. . . . Alice was her evil angel as well as her great friend." When Fitzgerald's "evil angel" Zelda fell ill, Hemingway's heart did not soften. He wrote Maxwell Perkins:

> A woman ruined Scott. It wasn't just Scott ruining himself. But why couldn't he have told her to go to hell? Because she was sick. It's being sick makes them act so bloody awful usually and it's because they're sick you can't treat them as you should. The first great gift for a man is to be healthy and the second, maybe greater, is to fall with healthy women. You can always trade one healthy woman in on another. But start with a sick woman and see where you get.

About his own ex-wives he could wax sentimental, but only the divorce from Hadley seems to have given him real pain. He was an unabashedly unfaithful husband and, of course, antagonistic to his mother, whom he blamed for her lack of loyalty to his early published work, for his father's suicide, and for an obscure oppression upon himself; he wrote to Maxwell Perkins that he could not "write anything true [about Scott Fitzgerald] as long as Zelda is alive anymore than I can write with my bitch of a mother still able to read." Yet, at the same time, he was a ladies' man, virile and courtly, and even something of a mama's boy. A curious juvenile tone runs through his letters like a plaintive uninvited music. To Pauline Pfeiffer, in the period immediately after he left Hadley for her, he whimpered, "And all the time when you won't get letters and me instead of us being so happy and having all the world just being made into the figure representing sin and I get the horrors . . ." Years later, in the midst of leaving Pauline for Martha Gellhorn, he turned back to Hadley as to an ideal mother and confided, "I'm in the wrong of course. But I never do what I shouldn't just to do it; nor from carelessness. Only sort of when you have to." With the same ingenuous trustingness, like a little boy bravely reporting from camp, he assured Mary Hemingway in the last year of his life, "Plenty others [problems] but we will work them out and I'll get healthy and write fine."

In the last months of his life, he was haunted by the fear that he was being trailed by the I.R.S. and the F.B.I., and there is no more touching, or gallant, document in this volume than the letter written in the Mayo Clinic "To Whom It May Concern," absolving Mary Hemingway of complicity in his phantasmal crimes:

> She knew nothing of my misdeeds nor illegal acts and had only the sketchiest outline of my finances and only helped me in preparing my returns on material I furnished her. The bags that I carried had her labels on them but she always believed from the time I met her in New York that the only reason I traveled as I did was to avoid the press a practice I had followed for years. She was never an accomplice nor in any sense a fugitive and only followed the advice of a doctor friend that she trusted.

The letters of some years previous—indeed, back to 1940, when "For Whom the Bell Tolls" gave him his first big income—show an exceptional concern with scrupulous payment of his taxes, and when the matter of obscene words in his early novels arose he several times expressed a slightly off-key fear of going to jail, of "trouble." "I do not want trouble," he wrote Perkins. "—But want everything that can be had without trouble." Also to Perkins, he wrote, "You see my whole life and head and everything had a hell of a time . . . (and you must never let anyone know even that you were away or let the pack know you were wounded.)" This vague, menacing pack seems to have included critics, legal authorities, predatory and jealous women, and even (in an anecdote related by Edmund Wilson) the fictional characters of William Faulkner; it helps account for his quickness to turn and make enemies out of friends and for the shocking viciousness with which he phrases repudiation. "It is dangerous when you have an enemy to do anything but kill him," he wrote Maxwell Perkins. For whatever irretrievable reason, he was a man on the defensive, on the run. In the Army, amid buddies and declared enemies, he felt safe from authority, and relished the share of it that fell to him as soldier and officer. In the Second World War, he was threatened with the loss of his press credentials for tak-

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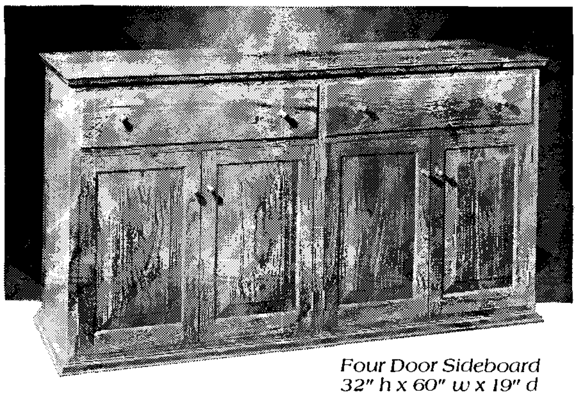

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ing upon himself a degree of military command and martial ardor improper to a middle-aged war correspondent; before going to the European theatre, in 1944, he had concocted a maverick naval command for himself in the Caribbean; and during his last trip to Africa he relished his official role as honorary game warden. Repeatedly he stated that his months with the American armies in France and Germany in 1944 and 1945 were the happiest days of his life—the most wonderful time of all. "You will be very proud of what the Division has done and I have never been happier nor had a more useful life ever," he wrote his son Patrick from the battlefield. To the Russian writer Konstantin Simonov, he explained, "The time with the R.A.F. was wonderful but useless. With the 4th Infantry Division and with the 22nd regiment of Infantry I tried to be useful through knowing French and the country and being able to work ahead with the Maquis. This was a good life and you would have enjoyed it." After the war, to prolong his joy and usefulness, he wrote long letters to his former superiors, the Generals R. O. Barton, Charles T. Lanham, and J. Lawton Collins. To Collins, in 1949, he wrote, "I would like to say that I will be happy to serve under you in any capacity (preferably in one which involves writing) at any time, any where, and against any enemies of our country." Hemingway's wish to sign up under somebody motivates much, I think, of his fulsome correspondence with men, and produced in his last lonely decade embarrassing effusions to Bernard Berenson, one of which winds up:

> But B.B. (my brother and father) if you ever wanted to father a really bad repeat bad (Give no quarter—Take no quarter) boy then you have this worthless object who will make the small pilgrimage but I promise will not embarrass you. Specially with Miss Mary who is under the impression that she (SHE) keeps the discipline in the column.
>
> Please forgive me for continuing writing. It is only because I am lonely. You with your lovely achieved age are, in a way, or without any stupid compliments my HERO.

One need not be a psychoanalyst to hear in such abject ramblings the inner voice of the small, mysteriously "bad" boy who found refuge from the pack led by his redoubtable mother at the side of his father—doctor and hunter, healer and killer.

The letters make more vivid than even his previously published descriptions of blood sports and war how sincerely Hemingway liked to kill. "I like to shoot a rifle and I like to kill and Africa is where you do that." His detailing of animal death is remorseless:

> Charles [Thompson] shot a bull elk, we shot one together, and I killed one alone.... Bull went down in gulch. We started over, Charles watching to see if he got up. ½ way there bull got up and Charles opened on him. I ran back under his fire, got a rest against tree and hit him. He slumped forward and spraddled but still going. Charles shot his hind leg clean off (really) at knee joint and he went down. He was hit five times and when we opened him up found top of his heart shot off—both lungs—Charles first shot was through and through but in his mouth just above back bone.
>
> I killed a 7 point huge bull at 11,000 about one shot, running, (he and I both running!) bullet went in ribs above kidneys took top off lungs. He bled internally—ran 50 yards down hill without a drop of blood and was stone dead.

Even more gruesome is his tale, to Charles Scribner, of his murder of a German prisoner of war:

> One time I killed a very snotty SS kraut who, when I told him I would kill him unless he revealed what his escape route signs were said: You will not kill me, the kraut stated. Because you are afraid to and because you are a race of mongrel degenerates. Besides it is against the Geneva Convention.
>
> What a mistake you made, brother, I told him and shot him three times in the belly fast and then, when he went down on his knees, shot him on the topside so his brains came out of his mouth or I guess it was his nose.

Whether or not this is fantasy, his proposed treatment of Max Eastman, who had criticized his "literary style . . . of wearing false hair on the chest," certainly is:

> I've got one ambition. Not an obsession. Just an ambition to nail that son of a bitch max eastman to the top of a fence post with a twenty penny spike through the base of his you know what and then push him backwards slowly. After that I'd start working on him.

Cheerfully he machine-gunned sharks, yearned "to take the tommy gun and open up at 21 or the N[ew] R[epublic] offices," boasted of killing 122 "sures" ("armeds not counting possible or necessary shootings"), and complained to General Barton that "writing is dull as hell after what we used to do. I haven't killed a son of a bitch for over four years now." His last quarry he brought down by resting the butt of a double-barrelled shotgun on the floor of his house in Ketchum, Idaho, resting his forehead on the business end of the gun, and—an enthusiast's nicety—tripping the trigger on both barrels.

ANY lifetime's worth of letters read straight through will trace a grim organic curve from obscure and hopeful youth through success of some sort (else why would we be reading the letters?) into decay, decline, disappointment, and death. The aroma of death is present in "Selected Letters" almost from the start; on page 13 we have a drawing, done by the artist on his nineteenth birthday, of the young hero lying on his back with his legs wrapped in bandages lettered "227 wounds" (always a great tabulator, Hemingway) and the words "gimme a drink!" floating in a balloon out of his mouth. Ten years later, the now mature artist was to transcribe that formative trauma into these sentences of "A Farewell to Arms":

> I ate the end of my piece of cheese and took a swallow of wine. Through the other noise I heard a cough, then came the chuh-chuh-chuh-chuh—then there was a flash, as when a blast-furnace door is swung open, and a roar that started white and went red and on and on in a rushing wind. I tried to breathe but my breath would not come and I felt myself rush bodily out of myself and out and out and out and all the time bodily in the wind. I went out swiftly, all of myself, and I knew I was dead and that it had all been a mistake to think you just died. Then I floated, and instead of going on I felt myself slide back. I breathed and I was back.

Back from that supernatural experience, Hemingway enjoyed ever after an ambiguous, exhilarating intimacy with the idea of dying, with religion, with pain and danger. Authentically cool and stoical, he was accident-prone to a grotesque degree, and survived more injuries than normally befall a dozen men: skylights fell on his head, drunks (including, once, Wallace Stevens) challenged him to fistfights, cars he was in ran off the road into ditches or steel water tanks. To Maxwell Perkins in 1932 he wrote, "Since I started this book have had compound fracture of index finger—bad general smash up in that bear hunt—14 stitches in face inside and out—hole in leg—then that right arm—muscular spiral paralysis—3 fingers in right hand broken—16 stitches in left wrist and hand." In 1945, he figured that he "had 5 concussions in a little over two years." In January of 1954, in Uganda, he and Mary were involved in two crashes of small planes on successive days, and while recuperating from his very seri-

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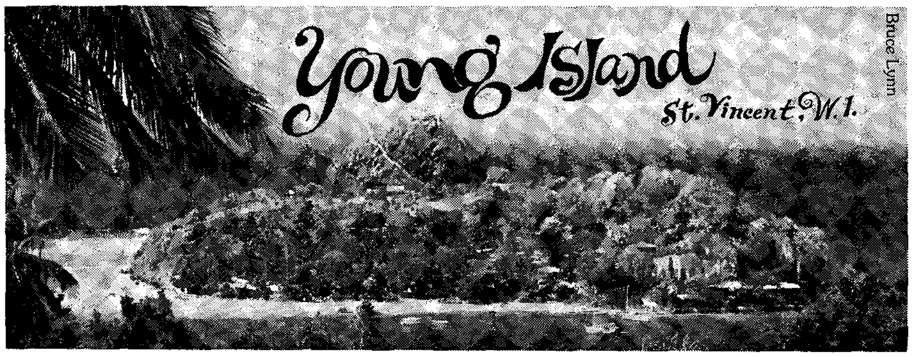

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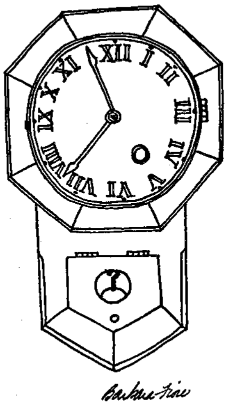
ous injuries (concussion, ruptured liver, spleen, and kidney, a crushed vertebra, temporary loss of vision in the left eye and of hearing in the left ear, and paralysis of the sphincter), Hemingway insisted on helping put out a brushfire and fell into the flames, acquiring second- and third-degree burns. Just before this last episode, he had dictated a fifteen-thousand-word account of his misadventures for *Look*, a masterpiece of droll understatement ending with a confession of his new "vice," the reading of his own obituaries. These had appeared, prematurely, worldwide. "I intend to read them at least once a year in order to keep my morale up to par when the critics have recovered their aplomb and return to the assault." But his battered head and body never recovered completely, and he published no more books in his lifetime and toward the end looked much older than his years. The letters hold a number of curious, flirtatious thoughts about dying. From his hospital bed in Milan, he wrote his family, "Dying is a very simple thing. I've looked at death and really I know. If I should have died it would have been very easy for me. Quite the easiest thing I ever did. But the people at home do not realize that. They suffer a thousand times more." This was so much what the people at home wanted to hear that the letter was published in the local newspaper, the *Oak Parker*. To the terminally ill Ernest Walsh, he offered from Paris, "Altho the more I think of it the more I think that any form of dying can be made pretty swell. One of the things that I really look forward to is dying—but want to be at least 85 when it happens." After his tour of the Spanish Civil War, he wrote Pauline's mother, "This last spell of war completely eliminated all fear of death or anything else. It seemed as though the world were in such a bad way and certain things so necessary to do that to think about any personal future was simply very egoistic." Hemingway's disillusion with the rightist Church during the Civil War eliminated, as well, the last vestiges of his professed Catholicism. His relation with the Catholic Church also could be described as curious and flirtatious. Confirmed as a Congregationalist, and in his youthful letters given to reassuring his mother of his Christianity ("Just because I'm a *cheerful* Christian ought not to bother you"), Hemingway by 1920 was writing to Grace Quinlan of how, in Boyne City, he and his friend Kate Smith "went to the catholic church and burnt a candle and I prayed for all the things I want and won't ever get and we came out in a very fine mood." Amid the cathedrals of Europe, he kept some kind of look-in. Jake Barnes, hero of "The Sun Also Rises," is a professing Catholic, and Lieutenant Henry, in "A Farewell to Arms," when asked "Are you *Croyant*?" answers, "At night." Hemingway married Pauline Pfeiffer in a Catholic service at the Paris Church of Passy in 1927, claiming to have been baptized into the faith in an Italian dressing station nine years earlier. In a letter quoted in Baker's biography but not published in "Selected Letters," he assured an inquiring Dominican father that he possessed "so much faith" that he "hated to examine into it." A letter of 1929 mentions attending Mass in Paris with Pauline and Allen Tate, and his pre-1940 fiction not infrequently alludes to Christian symbols and prayers. A wry, Unamunoesque sort of faith compels shadowy blasphemies like the "our nada who art in nada" parody in "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place" and the interior soliloquy of Robert Jordan in "For Whom the Bell Tolls" that runs in part, "Now and forever now. Come now, now, for there is no now but now." By 1953, all mystical light has been filtered from the stoic stricture he presents to Bernard Berenson: "About dying: We must do it but there is no reason we should give it importance." However, years before, he had written a private reserve clause into his contract with death: upon receiving the volume of his collected short stories in 1938, he wrote Maxwell Perkins, "When I got the book and saw all those stories I knew I was all right as a sort of lasting business if I kicked off tomorrow."



For this rough, rude, appetitive, and even murderous man had bent his thoughts more intently toward literary immortality and perfection of prose than any American fiction writer since Henry James. His writing competed with his life—at first, with the need to make a dollar and the wish to have a good time; later, with celebrity, ill health, and the wish to have a good time.

In going where you have to go, and doing what you have to do, and seeing what you have to see, you dull and blunt the instrument you write with. But I would rather have it bent and dulled and know I had to put it on the grindstone again and hammer it into shape and put a whetstone to it, and know that I had something to write about, than to have it bright and shining and nothing to say, or smooth and well-oiled in the closet, but unused.

Thus he introduced the book of stories that certified him, he felt, as "a sort of lasting business." In all conditions of convalescence and hangover, in hotel rooms and in his homes in Paris and Key West, Cuba and Sun Valley, he wrote, rising early and lovingly noting the number of words achieved each morning—a habit left over from his days of counting words for foreign dispatch. Through those last addled years, though the words kept sliding and bloating and not coming right, he battled on, piling up manuscript. In February of 1961, invited to contribute a sentence for a presentation volume to be given John Kennedy, he wrote all day, covering sheets of paper, and could get nothing to satisfy himself; Baker's biography reports that "tears went coursing down his cheeks." A few months later, he killed himself. He had never believed writing should be easy. In a letter of 1927 to Waldo Peirce, he says disapprovingly of Henry James, "He had obviously developed a fine very easy way for himself to write and great knowledge of drawing rooms." Hemingway began with difficult, outdoorsy theories. "I'm trying to do the country like Cezanne and having a hell of a time and sometimes getting it a little bit," he wrote Gertrude Stein in 1924, of the short story "Big Two-Hearted River," which represented to him a breakthrough. "It is much better than anything I've done," he told Edward J. O'Brien, one of his first appreciators. "What I've been doing is trying to do country so you don't remember the words after you read it but actually have the Country. It is hard because to do it you have to see the country all complete all the time you write and not just have a romantic feeling about it. It is swell fun." The young modernist of the Paris years, eagerly consorting with Pound and Joyce and Stein, living above a sawmill with his pretty Hadley and little Bumby and tapping out his elliptical tales of a boy's Michigan and a soldier's Europe

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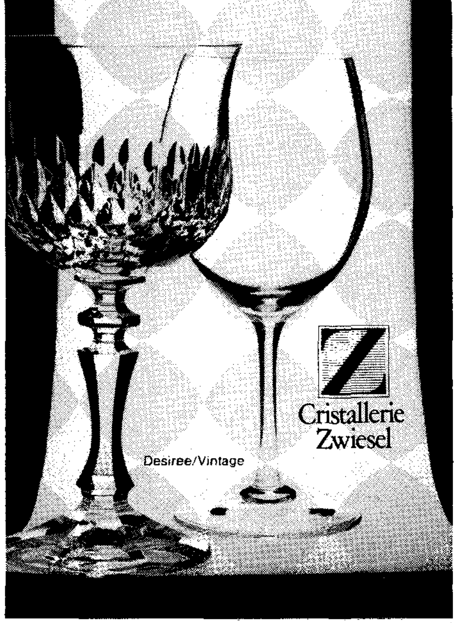

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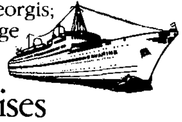

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in a language as clean as dawn air, scarcely needs the idyll of "A Moveable Feast" to strike us as Hemingway's best self. In obscurity and poverty, alloying the direct voice of his journalism with the exalted resolves of the Mandarin expatriates, he stubbornly forged a style that became, for a generation and more of stoic, hedonistic, "lost" men, a life style.

The style seemed to some (but not to Pound, or Fitzgerald, or Wilson) naïve; there were always New York critics who found Hemingway simply stupid. Yet the letters show a remarkable range of reading, classics and contemporaries both ("Thank God for books," he wrote Berenson fervently), and, though professors and translators find errors in the foreign phrases with which he garnished his fiction and his letters, he did make his way, through sheer quickness of ear, in French, Italian, Spanish, and German. As Malcolm Cowley has attested, "he learned almost anything with amazing speed." On the subjects of writing and being an author, he is always interesting, shrewd, and sound, if sometimes ill-tempered. He cared about every facet of his craft, however small. He wrote of typos, "There is nothing to spoil a persons appreciation of good stuff like typographical errors," and cannily saw that too many blurbs on a book jacket "simply put the reader on the defensive." Slang, he thought, should be used sparingly, because it "goes sour in a short time." He never had an agent, didn't like advances (though he came to depend on "loans" from Scribners), and said that critics "have ruined every writer that reads them." "When they do not understand it you get angry; if they do understand it you only read what you already know and it is no good for you." Even fan mail, when, after "A Farewell to Arms," it began to arrive in quantity, he found disturbing: "People write swell letters about it and I am so sick of it that a fan letter only makes you embarrassed and uneasy and vaguely sick. It's hard enough to write —and writing prose is a full time job and all the best of it is done in your subconscious and when that is full of business, reviews, opinions, etc., you don't get a damned thing." In his faith in the subconscious, he is almost a Surrealist. A lot in his life that seemed like wasteful fun—the drinking, the marlin fishing—was an attempt to keep the vessel of his mind clean for next dawn's distillation of words. He had keen senses of smell

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and taste, and purity was his dominant ideal. "When you tell so much of the truth you can't afford to have anything not true because it spoils the taste." He thought Scott Fitzgerald ruined "Tender Is the Night" by putting in too much that was not true of the Murphys and himself and Zelda. Concerning the residue of actuality in his own fictions, Hemingway testified variously: "I believe when you are writing stories about actual people, not the best thing to do, you should make them those people in everything except telephone addresses," he told Ernest Walsh in 1926; a few years later he confessed to Perkins, of "In Our Time," "The reason most of the book seems so true is because most of it is true and I had no skill then, nor have much now, at changing names and circumstances. Regret this very much." His short stories were more *à clef* than his novels; he assured Perkins, "I invented every word and every incident of A Farewell to Arms except possibly 3 or 4 incidents. All the best part is invented. 95 per cent of The Sun Also was pure imagination. I took real people in that one and I controlled what they did. I made it all up." Joyce, the one contemporary writer he always respected, made up Bloom, and Bloom is the character that saves "Ulysses" from the dully autobiographical Stephen Dedalus. The definitive pronouncement on this uncomfortable matter is perhaps given in a letter in 1951 to Thomas Bledsoe: "Every writer is in much of his work. But it is not as simple as all that."

READERS of "A Moveable Feast" startled by the acid sketches Hemingway provides of his former friends and fellow-writers would not have been surprised had they read these letters first. They abound in harsh and even rabid put-downs. "Tom Wolfe was a one book boy and a glandular giant with the brains and the guts of three mice." "T. S. Eliot . . . never hit a ball out of the infield in his life and he would not have existed except for dear old Ezra, the lovely poet and stupid traitor." "Scott [Fitzgerald] was a rummy and a liar and dishonest about money with the in-bred talent of a dishonest and easily frightened angel." "Sherwood Anderson was a slob." And so on. He said of Scott Fitzgerald that he was "generous without being kind," but the remark seems truer of Hemingway himself. Though self-forewarned, he did not entirely avoid following Ger-

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trude Stein's bad example when "she started taking herself seriously rather than her work seriously." In all the anecdotes relayed in these letters, there is hardly a one in which Hemingway lets himself look bad, or in need of the kindness and expertise of others. He several times relates scornfully that Fitzgerald advised him to bring in the United States Marines at the end of "A Farewell to Arms," but slurs over (and, in "A Moveable Feast," coldly disowns) the crucial good advice Fitzgerald gave him on "The Sun Also Rises," which began with a mean-spirited and mock-suave essay on the chief characters that Fitzgerald found "careless and ineffectual" and that Hemingway accordingly cut, assuring Perkins, "I think it will move much faster from the start that way. Scott agrees with me." As Fitzgerald's letter and the discarded opening chapters, both printed in the Spring, 1979, *Antæus*, demonstrate, it was Hemingway who agreed with Fitzgerald, just as Eliot agreed with Pound's brilliant suggested cuts in "The Waste Land." No doubt there are other sides to many of the boasts that pass unchecked in the "Selected Letters."

A man less committed to dominating every room he was in might have developed more as a writer. He knew the problem: "Publicity, admiration, adulation, or simply being fashionable are all worthless and are extremely harmful if one is susceptible to them." His projection and protection of himself as Superpapa swallowed the authentically bookish, sensitive man and contaminated his alter egos; the heroes of his seven novels—Jake Barnes, Frederic Henry, Harry Morgan, Robert Jordan, Richard Cantwell, Santiago, and Thomas Hudson—are progressively sentimentalized. It is a pity, too, and a mystery, that after the four egocentric but compelling tales of the Spanish Civil War published in 1938 and 1939, when Hemingway was not yet forty, his large and lively gift for the short story sank from sight—swamped, it would seem, by the nightmare of violence always lurking beneath the pellucid tense sentences. Still, much unsinkable work was done. A reader of "Selected Letters" should keep nearby, as did this reader, some volumes of the œuvre to turn to when overwhelmed by the braggadocio, brutality, and bathos that Hemingway inflicted upon his correspondents and now, without his willing it, upon posterity. The distilled—the fine and good and true and lovely—Hemingway is to be found in the writing he published in books, just where he said it would be.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

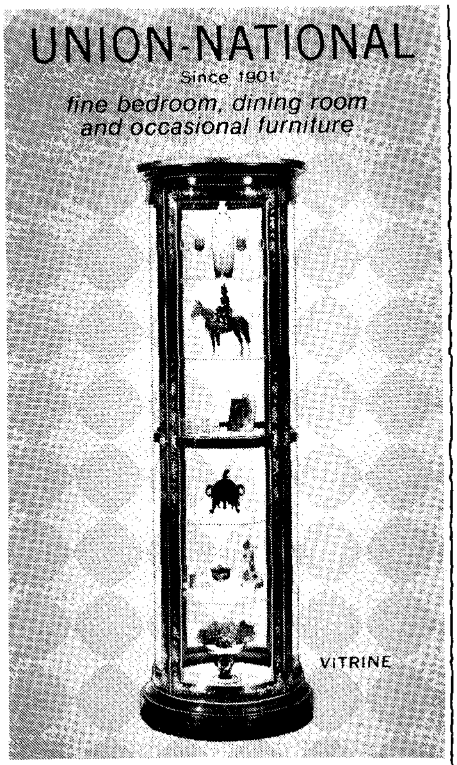
FICTION

MONKEY GRIP, by Helen Garner (Seaview; $10.95). A startling love story, told by a woman in her mid-thirties who works for a feminist newspaper and lives in a colony of artists, hippies, and drug addicts in southern Australia. Her lover is a heroin addict ten years her junior, with a "crooked, wrecked, and wild" face and a "dangerous idleness in the bloodstream." It is with amazement, and sometimes amusement, that she watches herself stand back or stand by him, as his addiction demands—and in complete disregard of her feminist instincts. This could be a maudlin or a gruesome story, but instead it is elegant and wry; the woman depicts every detail of her days and nights with eye-catching precision (a drug dealer passing through customs: "Even his Harris tweed jacket couldn't disguise his irrevocably bent nature, the translucent, fined-out pallor of the ex-junkie"), and the reader is always alert to her vigorous intelligence and her sensuality. This is Helen Garner's first novel, and a winner of the Australian National Book Council Award.

NOTE: "The Last Laugh," a collection of S. J. Perelman's pieces (all of which originally appeared in these pages), along with a segment of his unfinished autobiography, has been published by Simon & Schuster ($12.95).

GENERAL

NATIONAL DEFENSE, by James Fallows (Random House; $12.95). This is the most intelligent (and, unfortunately, the most disheartening) book on its subject in a long time. The author points out that our present political cleavage has the right wanting to spend more money on defense and the left less, but that neither party has examined with any care just why defense costs have risen and what we are getting for our money. The answer, he tells us, is a lot of technological wizardwork, which, it turns out, is less effective in action than simpler and cheaper weapons are, since it breaks down constantly because of its need-



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less complexities; indeed, Mr. Fallows says, it is rare that any of our gadget-laden armament works (as witness the abortive rescue in Iran), and most of our national defense is in the repair shop most of the time. The greatest single scandal in this panoply of ineffective military hardware is the M-16 rifle, standard infantry equipment in Vietnam, which was inadequate in every respect. Mr. Fallows' observations are not ill-tempered but detailed and factual, and his discussion of planning for nuclear war is bitterly funny: he shows that nobody has the dimmest idea of what such a war would be like, and that the alleged strategies for such a conflict are just wishful thinking.

Nellie's Story, by Nellie Grant (Morrow; $12.95). This work is partly a selection of its subject's letters and partly a biography by her daughter, Elspeth Huxley. It is a totally enchanting book. Mrs. Grant, née Grosvenor, was born in England in 1885 (she died in Portugal in 1977). Her father was a member of the ducal house of Westminster, but he and, later, her husband, Josceline Grant, lacked the ability to hold on to capital, and for most of her life she was poor. She attempted to remedy that condition by the riskiest of enterprises—agriculture. With her husband, a peripatetic Scot, she settled in Kenya in 1913, and she remained there until 1965, sometimes planting, sometimes ranching, often experimenting, and becoming, along the way, an expert in horticulture, animal husbandry, and crafts. High-spirited and active, ready to go on safari or play ladies' polo, she was wonderfully articulate. Natural calamities and uncertain markets bedevilled Nellie's career—her lifetime's work just about broke even—but at every step of the way she radiates enjoyment.

Note: Thomas Whiteside's "The Blockbuster Complex," an account of recent changes in the book-publishing business, has been issued by Wesleyan University Press ($12.95). All the contents first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Riverside* (*Calif.*) *Press*]

In the interview, Nancy Reagan said she supports capital punishment, adding, "I think that people would be alive today if there were a death penalty."

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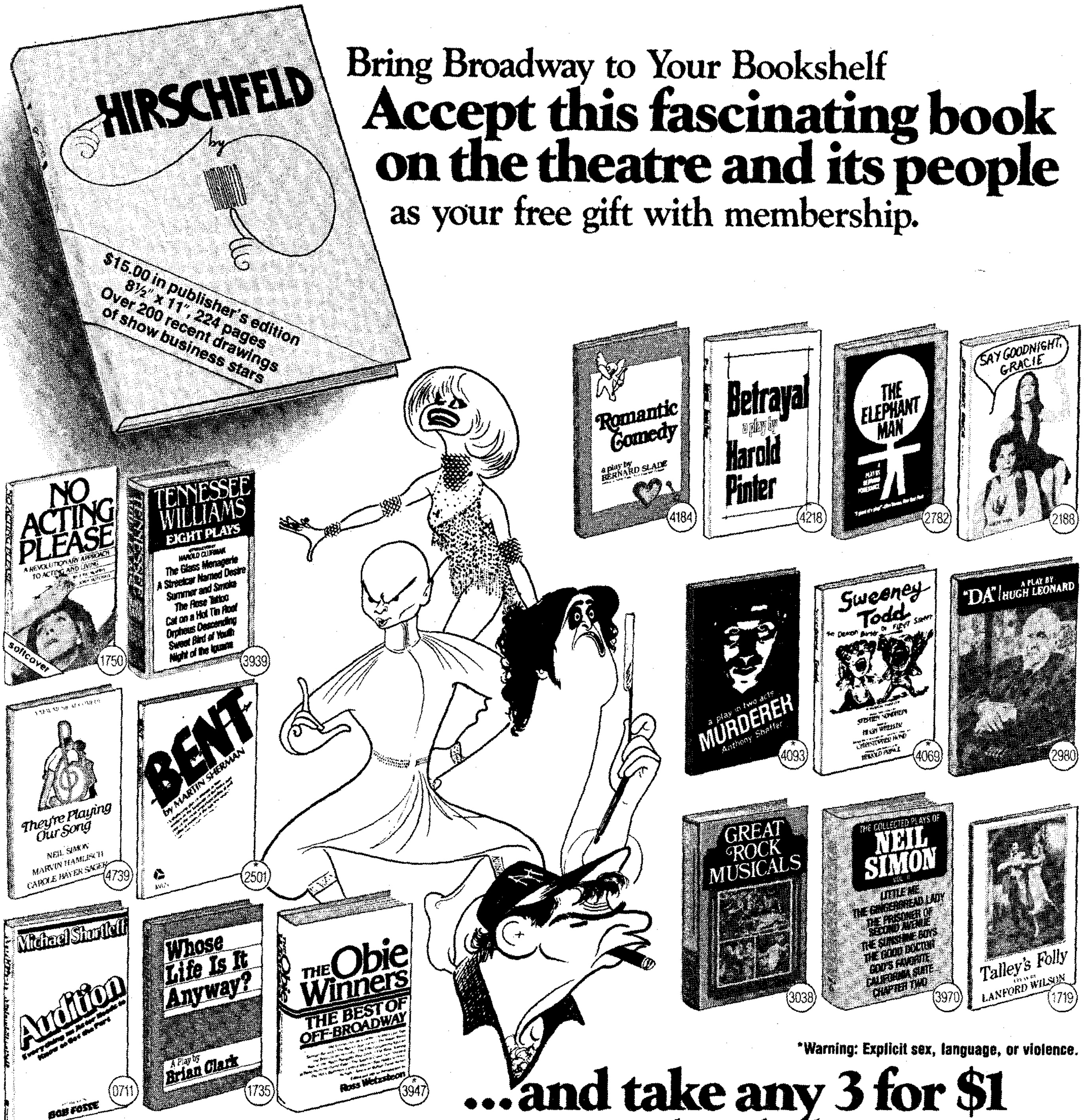
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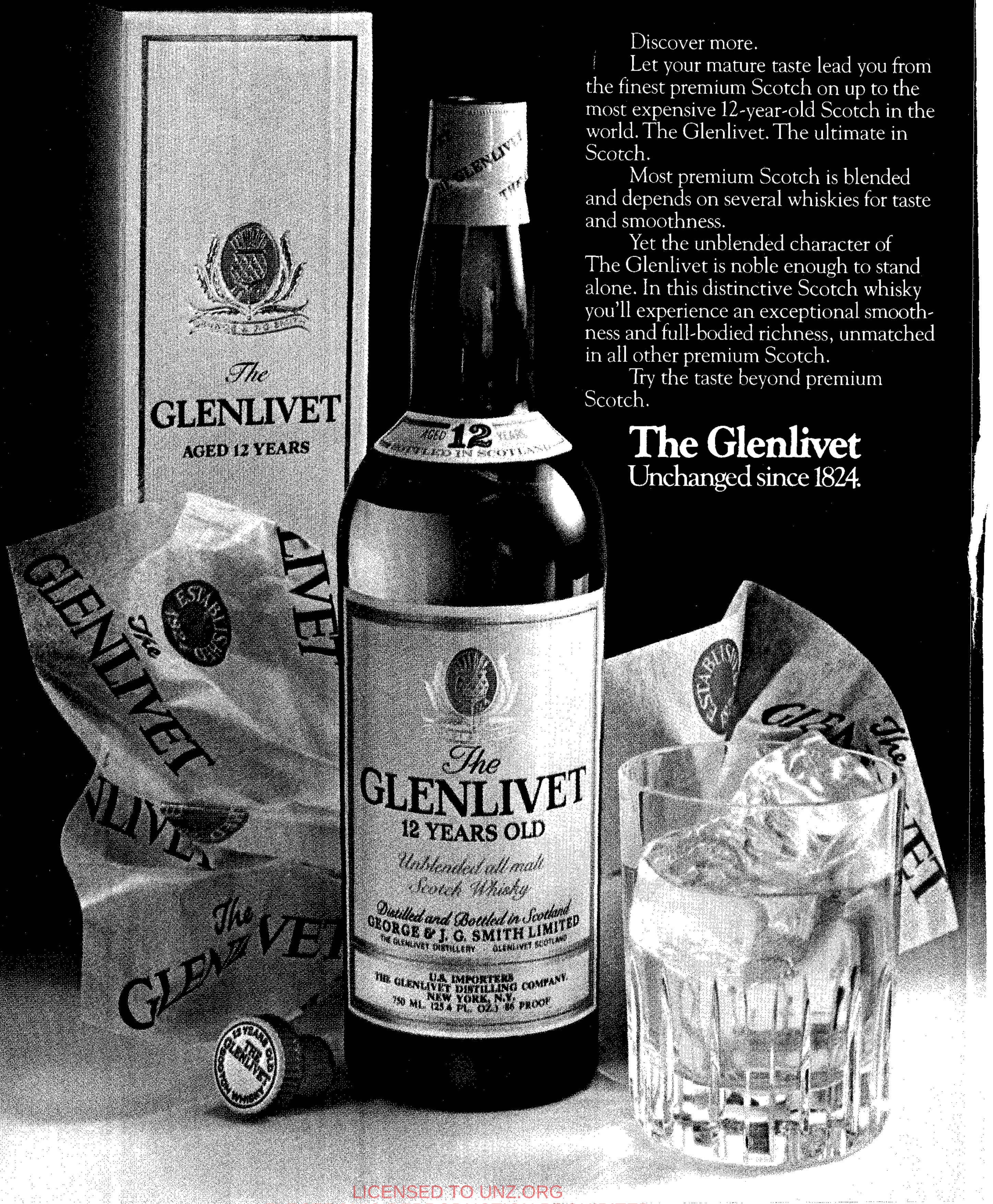
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